THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 14, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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YOUNG MEN who are as particular about wearing the correct metropolitan fashions as we are about making them can't go wrong in any Kuppenheimer garment.

OUR Young Men's division doesn't go in for extremes or features bizarre, because we can't discover any permanent reason why young men should not wear clothes as correct as their elders.

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THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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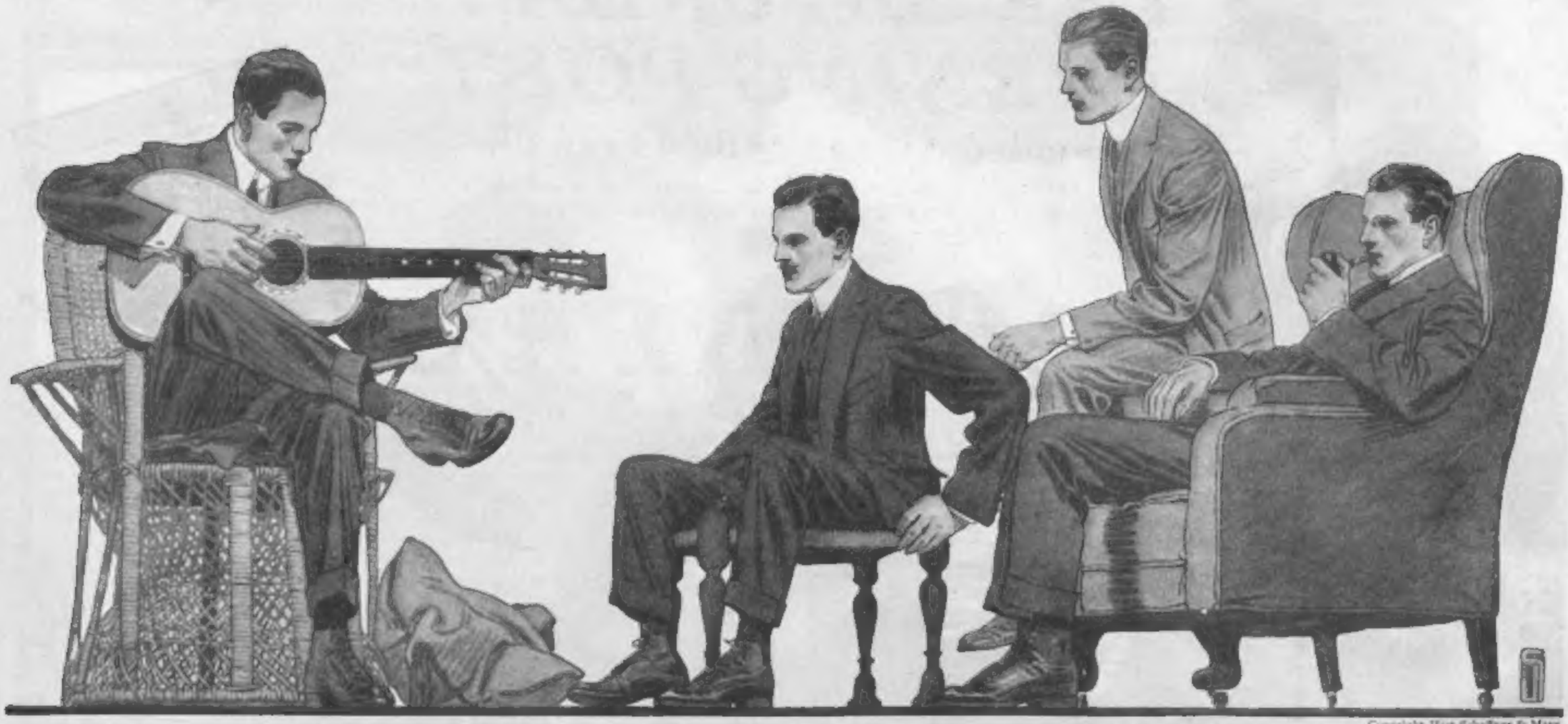

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Send six cents for a copy of the Fall Style Book; showing many good styles.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. WATSON

"Oh, He'll be a Crackerjack Job Printer Some Day!"

I AM grandmother's boy—and yesterday I was forty. Sitting here on the twenty-ninth floor, looking out of my office window at the restless little insect, Man, hurrying through Broadway, down below, on his absurd legs and in his toy automobiles, I sometimes wonder what grandmother would think of me now if she came up in the express elevator and walked in. Grandmother left this world more than ten years ago. Her days and her ways seem far off. Everything has changed. Sometimes I wonder what she would think and say—and at the same time I know; for the world may change, but grandmothers never do.

You see I was the baby in a family of seven; and when mother died grandmother appropriated me. I was ten years old then. My brothers and sisters were old enough to shift for themselves, and father broke up the home. Even while mother was with us I had lived much of the time at grandmother's; for our home was in a dull little town, forty miles from the city where my grandparents kept a small restaurant. I was a puny little chap, who had to be driven out to play and would much rather curl up in a rocking-chair and read Oliver Optic. It was believed that I must be brighter than the older children and ought to have a better education; so every winter after I was old enough I lived at grandmother's and went to the city schools.

My parents were past thirty-five when I was born, and much of my boyhood was spent with these two old people, whose own youngsters had long grown up and gone away. That made me a serious child. To this day I cannot play very well.

If my grandparents' restaurant could be put on some side street in New York today it would soon be famous in this city where so many people are interested chiefly in where and what to eat next; for grandmother did most of the cooking, with the help of several sturdy Canadian girls. It was old-fashioned American cooking of a kind that I sometimes fear has become extinct. The dinners she served every noon for twenty-five cents would be good value at a dollar in New York now. I remember that when the church had any sort of festival to raise money grandfather was looked to for a cash contribution; but when the elders came to grandmother they always asked her to donate a big bowl of her baked pork and beans.

The Sin of Sending a Substitute

GRANDFATHER was very religious and objected to cards, dancing and amusements; so, until I got out into the world for myself I never saw anything of the circus but the parade, and no theatrical show except Uncle Tom's Cabin, which was considered a moral exhibition because of the part it had played in freeing the slaves. One other professional amusement was permitted—grandfather would let me go to the dime museum as long as I was satisfied to see the freaks, coming away when the theatrical part of the show began.

After school every afternoon I would read if I had a book. As the public library then had a rule limiting those under fifteen years of age to one book a week, and I could finish an Oliver Optic or Harry Castlemon in one evening, my supply of reading was scanty.

Granddad's restaurant was down near the depot. There were plenty of boys there, but they were considered too rough for me to play with and I had to stay indoors after supper. I now know that a stirring gang life went on all round me. Occasionally one of the Pop Works gang would stop me on my way from school, ask my name, go through my pockets and make me run home after he was sure I did not belong to the rival Hack Stable gang. And one night when I happened to be out after supper I saw a Pop Works gangster caught and tied to a telegraph pole. He promised to stay there faithfully all night, a prisoner of the Hack Stable crowd. I was kept out of all that, and I now think it made a difference in my after life.

However, I had amusements of a rather elderly character. For one thing, the Salvation Army barracks were near us, in an old boiler shop. It was new then and a great novelty, and grandfather let me attend the meetings because they were religious. To see the poke-bonneted lasses bang the tambourine and hear the songs and exhortations was almost as good as a show to me, and I was there night after night, hoping they would convert somebody and half afraid they might convert me. Grandfather often attended auction sales of bankrupt merchandise and took me along—and the auctioneer was always good entertainment; and there were church festivals and picnics.

Then grandmother was a wonderful gossip. Visitors seemed to come from far and near to discuss their lives with her; and I have often seen her make friends with some woman with her own gift for gossip among the casual customers of the restaurant, and invite her to supper in our little dining room. When the table was cleared and the lamp lighted grandmother would sew or knit and talk until long past my bedtime. The Civil War was fresh in everybody's memory then. There were stories of strange fellows who turned up in the Northern towns and afterward proved to be rebel spies. There were stories of soldiers who went away to the front and women who served as army nurses. Of men, then rich and respected in the community, grandmother could recall the time when they had sent substitutes to the front instead of going themselves when drafted, which was the blackest sort of sin.

The Fascination of Printer's Ink

THE details of a marriage, a divorce or a sickness would fill an entire evening; for grandmother and her own kind of gossips would go over every detail in a comfortable, thorough way, and the good people of these true stories were blameless and long-suffering, and the bad ones cunning and full of evil works. Grandmother's gossip had no malice. It seemed to be necessary to her as a relaxation from much hard work. I drank it all in and it was like a book. Perhaps it was all tittle-tattle; but I now believe that this is the way folk-stories, ballads and traditions grow.

I could wander round the streets after school provided I didn't go too far and was home in time for supper. There were saloons, pawnshops and cheap stores, such as one always finds round a depot; and I saw fights, and drunken men put out of barrooms, and countrymen being swindled with brass jewelry. All the people who kept these places were discussed by grandmother; so I knew which were good and which were bad, and to see an awkward farm youth being led into Black Jake's by a tout was just like watching a fly going into a spider's web. The depot, with its arriving and departing trains, was a place of great bustle and interest. We had a good deal of trucking in that neighborhood and some of the wholesale establishments were interesting, though the handling of coils of rope and barrels of sugar does have a tendency to get monotonous.

One establishment, however, drew me again and again. It was nearly a mile away, and if I lingered too long I was late for supper; but I never tired of looking in the windows of Thompson's Steam Printing House, and what I saw there fed my imagination and influenced my whole life. There were three windows, originally painted over to prevent sightseeing; but now they had convenient peepholes.

Through the first I could watch a cylinder press at work. The white sheets went in; the forms rolled back and forth; the printed paper slid out and was piled by the delivery

He Looked Like Horace Greeley

frame. There was music in the pleasant grinding of the gears, the screech of the belt, the steady pulsation of the press bed and the soft hiss of the glossy black-ink rollers. I thought the pressman, with his clean, bare arms, feeding in the sheets, a far more enviable figure than any cowboy or pirate—to tell the truth, I never cared much for pirates or cowboys anyway. Merely to have him notice me by making a face was an episode; and I made many fanciful mental pictures about him and about myself as a press-feeder in the future.

Near the next window were a couple of job presses, fed by boys not much older than myself; and I watched them put dodgers, envelopes and other work into the clanking jaws.

The last window showed something that appealed to me most of all; for the composing-room alleys ended there, and there was always a compositor or two setting type with quick motions or distributing it so fast that the dropping letters were invisible.

From the day I found Thompson's windows I wanted to be a printer. The smell of the printing ink fascinated me, as it has many other boys. If older people solemnly asked me what I meant to be when I grew up I promptly replied: "A typesetter." I would have said "compositor," only I wasn't sure how to pronounce the word, familiar enough in print. A serial about a printer boy, running about that time in a story weekly, strengthened this decision. So did my liking for books, because any work connected with making them seemed most attractive.

When I was about twelve, I guess, granddad bought a second-hand printing outfit for me. I remember the serious way in which he bargained with the man, who brought it on a wheelbarrow, and how I nearly cried when it seemed as though the owner would not come to granddad's terms; but finally the deal was made and I had the outfit to myself in a corner of the attic, and grandmother said I might grow up to be the publisher of a great newspaper. The press worked with a lever and would print a form about three by five inches. How I loved to handle the little black reversed letters and study the queer arrangement of the printer's case! I do not remember how I learned to set a composing stick, fill it with type, justify the lines and lock up a form in the little chase. These arts seemed to come naturally to me, just as reading had—for I could read well when I first went to school.

Getting the Ideal Job

BY-AND-BY I was printing business cards for the people in our neighborhood. I shall never forget the first hundred cards turned out for real money. Pat Sands, the red-headed Irish saloon-keeper, three doors from granddad's, was my customer. What he wanted printed on them was left largely to me, as an expert in such matters, and the copy was quite a triumph in commercial conventionalities—Patrick Sands' Depot Liquor and Refreshment Saloon—Choice Wines and Whiskies; Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars—and so forth. Probably those cards were a bit smudgy; but I thought them wonderful, and so did Pat, for they were his first business cards too. He put them in a little box labeled: "Take one." It was an experience for me to go into his barroom; for the place had always been prohibited, and what I heard in Sunday-school about the liquor traffic led me to regard Pat as a hairy red spider, who stood at his door and lured people to destruction behind his green screen. Poor Pat Sands! I suppose he was like most other saloon-keepers—a bit of a politician, a neighborhood adviser with his help for people in trouble, and his lecture and a drink for those who wouldn't behave. Now that I had something to sell to Pat grandfather let me enter his lair; and Pat made an immense impression on me. Behind his high, shiny bar he looked as dignified as a judge.

By the time I was fourteen the printing trade interested me far more than school. My schooling had been interrupted by sickness and moving from one school to another. I was a ready reader and an accurate speller, and could get the sense of a geography or history lesson quicker than any of the class; but my arithmetic was weak, and even now I cannot figure fractions. I wanted to leave school and learn the printing business. Grandfather opposed this, but finally yielded when I pointed out that I might be able to earn as much as three dollars a week if I got a job like other boys, and half consented to let me work if I could find a job that he approved. So I set out haphazard to secure my first position; and, like most little boys who have to fit themselves into the world somewhere, I jogged round a good deal for a year or two. In a cigar-box factory I was delighted to be set feeding wooden covers into a slow job press, and I fairly buried myself in the stock of type, small though it was. Then I set up pins in a bowling alley a few months and worked for a furrier one winter, and tried other occupations as they came along.

One day, while I was running errands for a milliner, I was sent to Thompson's printing house to see why some circulars had not been delivered. The foreman swore genially, and said they were not promised until the next day, but if I would wait he'd run off a few at once. If I would wait! While the last paragraphs were being set up and the form locked I walked round the long alleys of that composing room, admiring the stacks of leads and slugs, bank after bank of job and body type—tons upon tons of it. There was everything conceivable to print with. I saw wooden type used in poster printing for the first time, and great thirty-two-page book forms waiting on the imposing stones. The foreman couldn't have taken too long with that circular to suit me. I talked with a friendly compositor, asking questions, told him about my own little printing outfit and confessed that I wanted to become a printer.

"Why do you want to learn such a dad-blamed trade as this?" he asked; and all I could say was:

"Why, don't printers earn big wages?"

That wasn't my real reason, of course. A boy cannot express his ambitions in such circumstances. How could I speak of my longing and the rosy colors in which imagination had painted the printing trade? He would have laughed at me.

"If you want to earn big money," he advised, "better study to be a lawyer or a doctor." He added, however, that sometimes the foreman put on a boy to distribute job type and suggested that I ask him for a place.

The foreman said I was too young, however—he wanted a boy with more experience. I soon learned that there are different degrees in printing offices, as in all other industries, and that a lad with a few fonts of type and a second-hand toy press could hardly aspire to a job in this the best and largest printing office in town.

That summer the millinery business grew dull and I was discharged. I set about hunting a new situation. This was always exciting, for I answered different advertisements and applied at various places, and never knew in the morning what romantic work I might find before night. There was every chance to give free rein to fancy, and I recollect applying for jobs at a theater, a dime museum, a hotel, a doctor's office and a shop where they made artificial arms, legs, ears and noses—but something stood in the way at each place.

One day I found a very small printing office that had just been opened, and hanging outside was the magic invitation:

BOY WANTED—TO LEARN TRADE

A young woman in the office referred me to the foreman upstairs. He questioned me about my experience, and I told him of my self-taught knowledge of the trade. He made light of that, but said I would do, and that he would soon teach me real printing; and he told me I might come to work next morning for three dollars a week, to set type and be generally useful.

It was hard to get to sleep that night. I longed for morning when I would be put at work in a real printing office. It is true the place was very small, with only two or three cabinets of type, an imposing stone, a slug rack, and two small job presses run by a motor; but it was a start and I was on the sidewalk half an hour before seven. When Metcalf, the foreman, opened the front door and we passed from the summer sunshine to the stuffy interior it seemed to me that no fragrance in the world could compare with the smells of ink and benzine, and type and paper, and dust and rats and cockroaches, and all those composite odors that make up the peculiar bouquet of the printer's craft. I pitied people who had to be content with ordinary callings such as drygoods and groceries.

First Steps in a Musical Education

METCALF told me to set a composing stick to twenty-two picas—which he pronounced "pikers." The stick was new and shiny, with a more accurate setting device than the amateur tool I had at home. While I adjusted it carefully by a nonpareil slug he lifted on to one of the racks a cap case and a lower case of bright long primer body type, a new face then greatly favored by printers that I had longed to possess. Then he tried my stick and set it over again, telling me never to rely on a slug or lead for a gauge, which might be a hair or two short or long; but to set it with a row of pica quads or a piece of brass labor-saving rule. He showed me how to get just the right play with a piece of thin paper, laid a sheet of written copy on my cap case and went downstairs to get the pressboys started.

That copy was the program for a band concert in the park the following evening, and I had instructions to set up the list of musical numbers in long primer, after which Metcalf would show me how to set the display heading. The first line of copy puzzled me. It read:

1—Rienzi, Overture and Potpourri .....Wagner

Metcalf had to read it for me. He said that all Italian music had foreign names. This was the first good music I had ever seen described, and the whole list interested me so much that next night I went to the park to hear the band play my program—the beginning of the education that my work as a printer led me into. In some way I had heard about Wagner and got the idea that his music was tremendously noisy. When the leader raised his baton for the first number I braced myself, and a fat woman near by, who saw the attentive look on the faces of the trombone and tuba players, put her fingers in her ears; but I decided that Wagner was not so bad. Maybe this was not one of his noisy pieces. I didn't understand him, but there were many lighter compositions on the program and some of the humorous effects for which American bands are famous. I liked the whole recital so much that the next morning I tried to describe it to Metcalf. I said I meant to go to other concerts and advised him to go too; but he said emphatically:

"No band concerts for me! Give me a can of beer and I wouldn't go to hear the finest band in the country."

Later on I got many checks like that from the men I worked with; for I liked books, music and plays, and was eager to talk about them. Occasionally I ran across some printer forty or fifty years old who had been an imaginative youngster like myself and retained an interest in actors, writers of books and band leaders; but mechanics are usually conservative, and I soon learned that if I talked too much of these matters I was regarded as light-minded.

The theater was a great discovery. I had seen Uncle Tom's Cabin several times and been in the dime

(Continued on Page 36)

The Details of a Marriage, a Divorce or a Sickness Would Fill an Entire Evening

HIS NAME ON THE DOOR

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Do You Want Money, All That Money Brings?"

THE ground glass in the doorway of Proctor & Bounds' Wall Street law office bore on it in prim gilt lettering an imposing array of names and titles. The firm's two members headed the list—John Hamlin Proctor, its grave, bookish senior; and J. Pelton Bounds, aggressive and less retiring, the concern's active man—after which ran two closely banked columns of other names, all in turn prominent in the world of corporate interests. Among them, for example, was a capitalist, a well-known investor who, like many of his kind, modestly preferred deskroom with a good, substantial firm to offices of his own; then came a foreign railroad's financial agent, the managers of two large estates, a Western traction magnate, and an eminent, highly paid mining expert—these and two or three others equally responsible; while the rear was brought up by a string of heavily financed industrial corporations, solid enterprises for which Proctor & Bounds were the New York representatives.

It was a big concern. It was, moreover, growing. As the screed on the door showed clearly, its two members had "made good" in every sense.

The firm's rise had been rapid—almost astonishing, in fact. Considering the partners' years—or, rather, lack of them—it was all the more remarkable. Proctor, the senior partner, was not more than forty-five, while Bounds was three or four years his junior. Nevertheless, young as they were, the twain had already raised themselves to an enviable position in the affairs of the Street. Their lettered doorway was the high hallmark of their success.

On the glass, however, was one name that somehow seemed less important than the others. In the first place, as if crowded out of the way, it stood far down in the lower left-hand corner, thrust close against the molding; then, again, it was printed in type much finer and smaller than the type of its fellow names. "James Gurney," one read, and that was all. Few knew the man. Fewer still knew why his name was on the door.

Frankly, Gurney himself had often pondered it. He was Proctor & Bounds' head law-clerk. Three years before he had seen his name put up, and for three years now he had sat and gaped at it. In the look, though, was little vanity. Instead one saw in it an air of deep abstraction, an expression curiously suggestive of distaste.

The fact is, Gurney had long ceased to preen himself over the sight of that line of finely stenciled print. To him its honor was fictitious—a delusion that no longer endured. As he told himself, he was a clerk—nothing but a hired man; and not even his name upon the door could alter that one salient circumstance. What galled him most, though, was not that he took his bread from others, but rather that he was employed by men younger than himself. Somehow it cut him to the quick.

In the Street, however—the financial quarter—were many that would have envied Gurney his place. With it went a salary of fifty dollars a week; then, besides, it gave its incumbent an experience, an insight into the law that could be gained in no better way. Altogether it was just the place for a young and capable man.

Gurney was no longer young however. Moreover he had begun to doubt even whether he was capable. For three years now the thought had festered in his mind, a soreness that grew upon him as he saw others—younger, no more competent than he was—rapidly forge ahead of him. That morning, as it happened, the pain of it had struck him with redoubled force; for his eye, roaming from the print upon the door, had strayed to the calendar on his desk. Starting consciously, he realized the date.

It was his birthday. He was forty-six years old—forty-six and still a clerk! The thought scourged him like a lash; and with a quick gesture savagely fierce and abrupt he bent forward and, snatching up the calendar, thrust it into a drawer. Then with his mouth set and his nostrils quivering he drove himself to his work, but not for long. Unwittingly a moment later his eyes again wandered upward from his writing and fixed themselves on that line of smally printed type.

"Pshaw!" he grunted, his tone contemptuous.

In fine, Gurney long had realized why his name stood there on the door. That it did meant neither honor nor distinction. It was there, as he assured himself, merely as a sop to his vanity—in other words, as a means to keep him quiet. More than that, it seemed little short of an affront; for in times gone by more than once Gurney had smiled grimly at men cozened much as his own firm now cozened him—office menials, underpaid drudges, clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers—men like that, who got their names on the door or the letterheads in lieu of promotion, of better pay. In his case Bounds was responsible. Three years before Gurney had asked for more pay and, in addition, had inquired what his chances for the future were. In return Bounds had allowed him a beggarly five dollars a week and had put his name on the glass. All told, it had been only a shrewd trick of his to curb a clerk's unrest. Gurney knew it; and now, with a hand that shook, he wiped the moisture from his brow.

Vanity? He had none! No man not a fool can remain at forty-six a clerk and still be vain—at any rate, not any man of Gurney's temperament. There was this about it though: it was not self-pity alone that scourged him. Instead his pain was far more due to the fact that, if he was nothing but a clerk, if he had failed, he himself was not the only one to suffer. No; for, like others of his kind—the failure he had begun to account himself—Gurney was equipped with the usual incumbrances. In short, he had a wife as well as a child—a girl now almost a woman; for, in train with a cynical saying, a belief he had once heard uttered by Bounds—"Has-beens always marry young!"—Gurney had married at twenty-eight. However he had yet to regret it. All he regretted was that, if he had failed, these others must suffer with him—or, worse than that, because of him.

But why had he failed? Why? In what had he fallen short? It was a query Gurney often put to himself. Few men knew more law or more about the law, and few were better equipped—intellectually, at any rate—to practice it successfully. Then why—why at forty-six!—was he a hired man, a paid drudge in others' employ? Especially why was he employed by Bounds? Bounds—pshaw!—a man like him! For how and why had Bounds made good when he himself had only failed? Twenty years before the two had been classmates, fellow students in the same "quiz" classes at the law school; and though Gurney had been admitted to the bar with flying colors, Bounds, on the other hand, had pulled through only by a narrow margin. Nevertheless eight years later, when Gurney failed in the practice he had set up—failed ignobly too!—Bounds had been able to hand him out a job. Even then Bounds was swimming high, cocksure of coming success—but why? In what had he succeeded? That was the question—how?—how and why?

Laying down his pen, Gurney fixed his eyes before him and, step by step, trudged backward over the beaten pathway of the past; but the answer would not come. How he had failed was as much an enigma as how Bounds had succeeded. Still wrapped in thought, he was sitting there when the door to an inner office opened and Proctor, the firm's senior partner, emerged abruptly.

"Mr. Gurney!"

At the tone, crisp and curt, Gurney started. Proctor, with a gesture brusker even than his voice, indicated a row of fat tin boxes in the vault.

"The Coe Estate," he grunted briefly.

Rising hastily, Gurney started for the vault. Ordinarily Proctor's tone, even to the least of his employees, was thoughtfully courteous; he seemed both to realize and to respect their feelings. Now, however, its sharpness was almost rude; and with a clerk's quick alarm, the sensitiveness of an underling, Gurney's heart gave a panic-stricken thump. Had Proctor's tone been personal? Was it due to any fault of Gurney's?—some error he had made? It was hardly probable, for, as he assured himself, he seldom made mistakes. Then again, he had nothing to do with the estates managed by the firm. Bounds personally looked after them. Lifting down the box, he carried it to Proctor's office, his heart still thumping fitfully, apprehensively. It shamed him, too, that he dare not lose the place that so demeaned him. "Anything else?" he asked as he laid the box on Proctor's desk.

Proctor gave a half-uttered grunt. As Gurney saw, he was more taciturn, more self-repressed than ever. However just as Gurney reached the door Proctor spoke again. "The Union Sugar file!" he barked.

Then, when Gurney had returned with the papers, Proctor looked up with a scowl.

"Here, I don't want these!" he rasped, indicating the envelopes Gurney had handed him. "Get me the confidential files."

Gurney reminded him that Bounds kept them in his room.

"All right, get them!" Proctor bluntly ordered.

Gurney hesitated. Once before he had been sent to rummage among Bounds' papers and Bounds had bruskly called him to account. It had made little difference to him that Gurney had had his orders; papers in his room were not to be disturbed by any one.

"Mr. Bounds hasn't got down yet," Gurney said slowly, and at the speech Proctor flashed at him a look. Then, with his jaw set and his brows bent together, he said ponderously:

"You get me those papers, Mr. Gurney! You have my orders—mine, you understand?"

Flushing to the roots of his hair, Gurney went. Had Bounds spoken so, he would have paid little heed to it, for Bounds rarely wasted courtesy on a clerk. With Proctor, though, it was different; and at the bruskness in Proctor's tone a sharp retort sprang to Gurney's lips—but for a sudden thought he might have uttered it. Proctor paid for the right to talk to him like that. If Gurney resented it, where would he find another place?—he, forty-six years old and nothing but a clerk! Veritably man earns bread by the sweat of his brow—some men anyway.

Unlocking the steel cabinet in Bounds' room, Gurney got out the Union Sugar file. The papers were in a big manila envelope sealed carefully with tape, a batch of correspondence that no clerk ever handled, not even Gurney. In the same pigeonhole was also another packet—sealed too, but unmarked; and drawing it out he undid the fastenings. However it was not a part of the Sugar Company papers. Instead the envelope contained a small, red morocco memo-book in which had been penned a long series of cabalistic signs and numerals—"5000 F. W. 4's"; "16,000 Chi. 4's"; "32,000 N. Y. 3½'s"—so forth and so on. It was a list of bonds, Gurney figured—Bounds' private investments probably; for after entry in ink appeared a penciled notation—"5000 Un. Sug. pfd."; "16,000 Un. Sug. pfd."; "32,000 Un. Sug. pfd."—item by item to the bottom of the list. Bounds apparently, as the book showed, had at various times converted his bonds into Union Sugar preferred. The stock paid at par seven per cent in place of the three and a half or four that the bonds gave him, a fact that no doubt had influenced him to switch. What chiefly interested Gurney, though, was the amount involved. It was close to three-quarters of a million. Bounds, indeed, had made good! Sighing painfully, Gurney replaced the book and, locking the steel cabinet, returned the key to its place in the office vault. Then he carried the papers to Proctor.

"H'm! Got them, did you?" growled the senior. Already he had opened the fat tin case upon his desk, the box of the Coe Estate, and was delving among its contents. Without looking up he reached out a hand for the Union Sugar file and, taking it, as bruskly waved Gurney from his presence. Obviously Proctor's mind was on something more important than courtesy or deference to an employee. However just as Gurney reached the door he heard Proctor give a grunt.

"Wait!"

Its tone snapped like the crack of a whip. Gurney, halting abruptly, saw Proctor staring at him fixedly from under his half-closed eyelids.

"Mr. Gurney," he snapped suddenly, "you're past forty—aren't you?"

Gurney started in astonishment. Yes, he was forty-six.

"H'm! Married, too, I believe?"

Gurney stared. Heretofore there had never been any intimacy—little, at any rate, bordering on the personal—between him and the senior partner, though Bounds, of

course, had no such reserve. Often, in fact, the junior was pleased to be complacently affable and patronizing—akin to the fatherly, in fact; and Gurney accordingly had despised him. But now for Proctor his feeling was far more substantial. He hated him! At Proctor's tone, to say nothing of his questions, Gurney could have leaned forward and struck him in the face.

"Mr. Gurney," Proctor said abruptly, "I need hardly warn you that your position here is confidential. You understand—don't you?" Gurney understood perfectly. Even so, as he asked himself, what had either his age or his domestic affairs to do with his position? Inwardly he boiled with righteous resentment. "I wish to warn you," Proctor curtly added, "that what may happen in this office is to be mentioned to no one. Be sure of that, if you please!"

Then his manner suddenly changed. Dropping his eyes, he swept a hand across his brows and drew a deep, sighing breath. Afterward, fumbling for a moment among his papers, Proctor pushed them away from him and pushed the tin box on his desk toward Gurney.

"The Coe Estate has asked for an accounting," he mumbled. "Find the inventory and check off each security. I want to know their total market value."

Gurney silently withdrew. What lay beneath Proctor's warning he did not know. That there was a threat in it he was sure. No one could have mistaken it. If he talked he would lose his place—that was what it had meant.

But why had Proctor warned him?—worse than that, virtually threatened him? If the firm felt its affairs were not safe in his keeping, why did it retain him? Incensed at the manifest affront, Gurney strode to his desk and seated himself, white to the lips with feeling. Opening the tin case, he delved among its contents for the inventory, and was still hunting blindly when Proctor emerged from his office. In his hand was a telegraph envelope torn open at one end. Entering Bounds' room, he laid it on the desk, then returned. His face looked drawn and peaked.

"H'm!" murmured Gurney, still nettled at Proctor's obvious affront. "Indigestion—lives too high." Shrugging himself indifferently, he settled to his work.

The Coe Estate was one of those plump, conservative, middle-class fortunes that lawyers delight to handle. Four per cent was all the heirs expected, and if the income came regularly they maintained a satisfied silence. Accountings were seldom required—at all events, rarely outside their regular times. Sometimes an heir arrived at majority; occasionally a partition might be involved; or, again, a death among the beneficiaries demanded a statement of account. Gurney spread out the inventory before him and, opening a newspaper at the financial page, idly scanned its columns until he came to what he wanted—Prices at the Close.

Ordinarily he felt little interest in the market. He had nothing to invest, as little with which to speculate. However as his eye fell upon the long array of quotations he saw with a dull interest that the market the day before had sold down heavily. The reason was evident, for under the caption Financial News and Comment the leading paragraph caught his eye:

"A rumor of Federal suits against another large corporation again served yesterday as the basis of a bear attack upon the entire list. Washington reports intimate that criminal procedure is projected."

Gurney smiled. It was the purest buncombe. Nobody would be prosecuted he felt sure, for the men that ran these big corporations knew how to protect themselves. With their money they could buy the best legal opinions, advice to keep them safely inside the law; in fact, at Bounds' orders—Bounds, who knew no law—Gurney himself had more than once grubbed up the statutory rulings, so that some captain of industry could steer a safe course along the tortuous channels of honesty. Grinning sardonically—Bounds, of course, had seized all the credit and reward—Gurney turned back to the list of prices. Most of the Coe securities were bonds, for the main part municipal issues, and all were gilt-edged. None paid more than four and one-half per cent and some even paid under four—as, for example, a huge block of New York City three and one-half per cents. One by one, Gurney tabulated the value of each series, then computed the total. It was $711,230.20. With a sigh he stared at the amount—almost a million! It seemed incredible that any human should have been able to amass honestly an amount like that; yet, as he knew, the amount was insignificant compared to other fortunes in the Street. Bounds himself must have more—easily a million or over. With it he seemed to have, too, a millionaire's traits, especially the self-made, ostentatious sort. Without a qualm he would fritter away a clerk's weekly dole on some trifle for himself—a scarfpin, a new robe for his motor car, a dinner or a case of choice cigars. Should the clerk, though, ask for better pay—a needed, reasonable raise—Bounds would protest irritably; or, worse than that, he would cozen and delude the clerk. Probably it was one of the ways by which he had succeeded. It seemed possible at any rate. Gurney had just seized upon the thought and was chewing it morosely when he was aware that some one had entered behind him and was staring over his shoulder.

It was Bounds. He rarely arrived before ten or ten-thirty, but today he was unusually prompt. Half past nine had just struck, and Bounds, too, looked hurried. He was a small man, with all a small man's show of energetic force—sharp-eyed and equipped with a prominent nose and equally prominent jaw; and as he stood there one saw in his look shrewdness and self-reliance.

"Any telegrams?" he demanded.

Gurney answered evenly: "I think there's one on your desk, Mr. Bounds." But, instead of departing, Bounds pointed to the papers laid out on Gurney's desk.

"Here, what're these?" he asked, his tone sharp.

Gurney looked up in surprise.

"Why—er—the Coe Estate," he answered hesitantly. "They've asked for an accounting."

Bounds shrugged himself impatiently.

"An accounting?" he echoed, a sudden frown twisting up his brows. "Who told you to give it?"

Gurney restrained himself with difficulty.

"Mr. Proctor," he answered shortly; whereat Bounds, tightening his lips together, thoughtfully edged away. Entering his room, he picked up the telegram that lay on his desk and slowly unfolded it. Once he had read it, though, he seemed to awake suddenly from his reverie, for with a start he spread it out before him and again perused it, his face dismayed. A moment later, as if conscious that Gurney was covertly watching him, Bounds came hurriedly and closed his door; and as he did Gurney saw his face. Like Proctor's, it, too, had become drawn and peaked.

What had happened? Obviously something was in the wind—something serious, moreover, for Bounds' face had expressed more than mere fretful irritation, a commonplace mood with him. Was it fright? Perhaps the market had gone against him! Perhaps he had let slip through his fingers a part of his precious wealth! But then, even if this were so, it would not explain Proctor's smoldering temper. Proctor never dabbled in the market. Whatever the case, though, it was nothing that Gurney was paid to concern himself about; so he picked up the Coe papers and had just tumbled them back into their case when Proctor's bell rang sharply.

Gurney was alone. The three other clerks had left the anteroom and the office boy, as usual, had disappeared. Consequently, in the way he had learned to saddle himself with every extra duty, Gurney rose wearily and answered Proctor's summons.

In the few minutes that had passed the senior's manner had again composed itself.

The Packet Contained Only Union Sugar Stock!

"Mr. Bounds, please—ask him to step in here," he directed, his tone again courteous. "And, Mr. Gurney," he added, his mouth twisted into a tired, careworn smile, "if you've finished with the Coe inventory let me have it."

Gurney handed him the paper and, after scanning it a moment, Proctor handed it back to him.

"Haven't you the numbers?" he inquired—adding: "I want each security listed separately."

Gurney reminded him that Bounds had the numbers, as, at the same time, he kept the stocks and bonds. Proctor looked up sharply.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean he keeps the securities here in the office?"

Gurney said no. Only the list of numbers was in Bounds' possession. The stocks and bonds themselves were in the firm's compartment at the safe-deposit vaults.

Proctor, comprehending, sat back with an idle nod.

"All right, Jim," he murmured; and at the name, Jim!—it was the first time he had ever ventured so friendly a familiarity—Gurney started. "All right. Get them from him or at the vault," Proctor murmured, and once more bent over his writing. "Don't forget about Bounds!" he called out as Gurney, silent and in wonder, was withdrawing. "Have him step in here—at once, you understand!"

Then, again, as Gurney looked back, he saw Proctor once more deeply draw in his breath. He looked old and careworn—older and more tired even than Gurney himself.

The room Bounds occupied was the best, the largest, in the suite. In addition it was also the most luxurious. A heavy rug carpeted the floor; the chairs and table were mahogany; and in a corner stood a high, square cabinet that looked like a letter-file, but in reality was a combined humidor and cellaret. Bounds, in fact, knew how to make himself agreeable to his cronies, though to the usual, ordinary client his front was strictly business. Moreover he took good care that no clerk should see the contents of his cabinet. At the moment, though, the junior's mind seemed to be on anything but his creature comforts. As Gurney opened the door Bounds sat at his desk—it was a big, cumbersome affair, mahogany too—his face screwed into a frown, and thoughtfully chewing his mustache. Starting nervously, he half rose at Gurney's entrance; then, with an abrupt movement, he bent forward and hurriedly thrust something into the drawer at his side.

"What do you want?" he demanded, his tone harsh and irritable.

Quick as he had been, though, he had not been quick enough to hide from Gurney what he had flung into the opened drawer. It was the red morocco memo-book, the same one that Gurney had found filed away with the Union Sugar papers. Gurney's mind, now actively at work over the day's doings, seized swiftly on the fact. He wondered what the book had to do with Bounds' ugly humor.

"Well?" Bounds repeated sharply. "What is it?"

Gurney, controlling his voice, announced that Proctor wished to see him. Rather bluntly he added: "At once, Mr. Bounds."

Bounds shoved back his chair and rose. At Gurney's words his eyes had flickered; now he frankly scowled.

"You knock when you come in here," he ordered. "I've told you that before."

So he had. However at the open affront Gurney gave no hint of the tumult that leaped up within him, his resentment that a man like Bounds should hold the whiphand over him.

"Mr. Proctor says I'm to list the Coe securities. Have you the numbers?" he asked.

Again Bounds flung at him an angry, startled glance.

"Who? What's that?" he exclaimed.

Gurney repeated what he had said, and Bounds shoved back his chair and rose. As if oblivious of the question he

"It's Not the Looks of it. I Won't Have You Working Yourself to Skin and Bones"

stood shuffling his papers together, his manner all the more suggestive of concern and ugly, resentful trouble. Gurney, perhaps curiously, felt a sudden pity for the man. He looked forlorn, in trouble and, like all others in trouble, lonely.

"If you'll tell me where the list is," said Gurney gently, "I'll get it."

Then and there Gurney's pity died a sudden death. Bounds, with an irate exclamation, flung up his head.

"What list? What're you talking about?" he snapped; and Gurney, his voice quivering, again told him.

"The list of numbers, Mr. Bounds. Mr. Proctor says we've got to have it."

Bounds then growled out an answer:

"I haven't got it. The list's at the safe-deposit vault. When I have time I'll attend to it myself."

Having said this, or rather growled it, Bounds jerked his head toward the door, a hint for Gurney to go. And pale and crimsoning by turns Gurney went, his nerves at the breaking point of revolt. Once outside, though, a sickening calm spread over him. Bounds, too, paid to talk to him like that. Alone in the world, Gurney might have faced him with hardly a qualm; but Gurney was not alone and the remembrance that he was not had its curiously sobering effect. He recalled his wife and child.

That morning, just as he was leaving for the office, his wife had glanced swiftly at his haggard, furrowed face.

"Jim!" she had exclaimed. Then as if she had realized she came hurriedly and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't do that!" she smiled, with her other hand smoothing out the wrinkles on his brow. "You'll win out yet—just wait!"

"Aren't you tired waiting?" he asked.

She shook her head determinedly.

"Not when I'm so sure." Then with an encouraging pat she added: "Why, you just can't lose—a man that tries like you!"

Possibly—but, though Gurney laughed cheerfully, his heart was lead. It was all up to him. As he told himself, if he failed it would be through no lack of faith on her part—effort too. Other men's wives might be stumbling-blocks set in the way of success; but his—no! Through it all her cheerfulness and aid had been like a beacon shining across the stormy waters. Only in the last few weeks had he begun to lose his courage. It had taken the heart out of him to see, for example, men like Bounds make good when he himself, a better man, far better equipped, had only flunked it all! Why? It was the same question that more than one middle-aged clerk has asked himself—why? In what had he fallen short?

He was still ruminating, still chewing the bitter cud of his reflections, when Bounds emerged from his room and opened Proctor's door. Then he carefully closed it behind him, and a moment later Gurney heard a hum of talk come floating toward him—eager, animated talk. Evidently the two were at it—horse, foot and artillery.

Gurney was still alone. Inside the hum of talk grew louder; and, though he made no effort to listen, he still could distinguish the voices—Proctor's firm and decisive, Bounds' keyed shrilly upward. One associates with the successful lawyer gravity and self-repression, a calm, judicial pose; but Bounds seemed merely opinionated, a man whose self-confidence poured out of him at every speech. What he said went—he told you so himself. Had not he made good? The fact that he had indeed gave him a right to self-assurance. Gurney grinned sardonically.

Then suddenly Proctor raised his voice. That he was angry was evident. What he said had something to do with the Union Sugar Company business, for Gurney heard its name. Afterward Proctor's tone grew irate.

"Law?—the law?" Gurney heard him demand. "What do you know about the law?"

"I? Why, nothing maybe," Bounds said contemptuously. "If I want the law I hire a clerk to grub it out for me—that fellow Gurney, say."

The disdain in his voice was not to be mistaken. Gurney whitened to his lips. He sat stunned, wondering with painful self-depreciation whether this was the way by which Bounds had grasped success—that is, by climbing to it on the shoulders of other men. Again he heard Bounds' voice raised contemptuously.

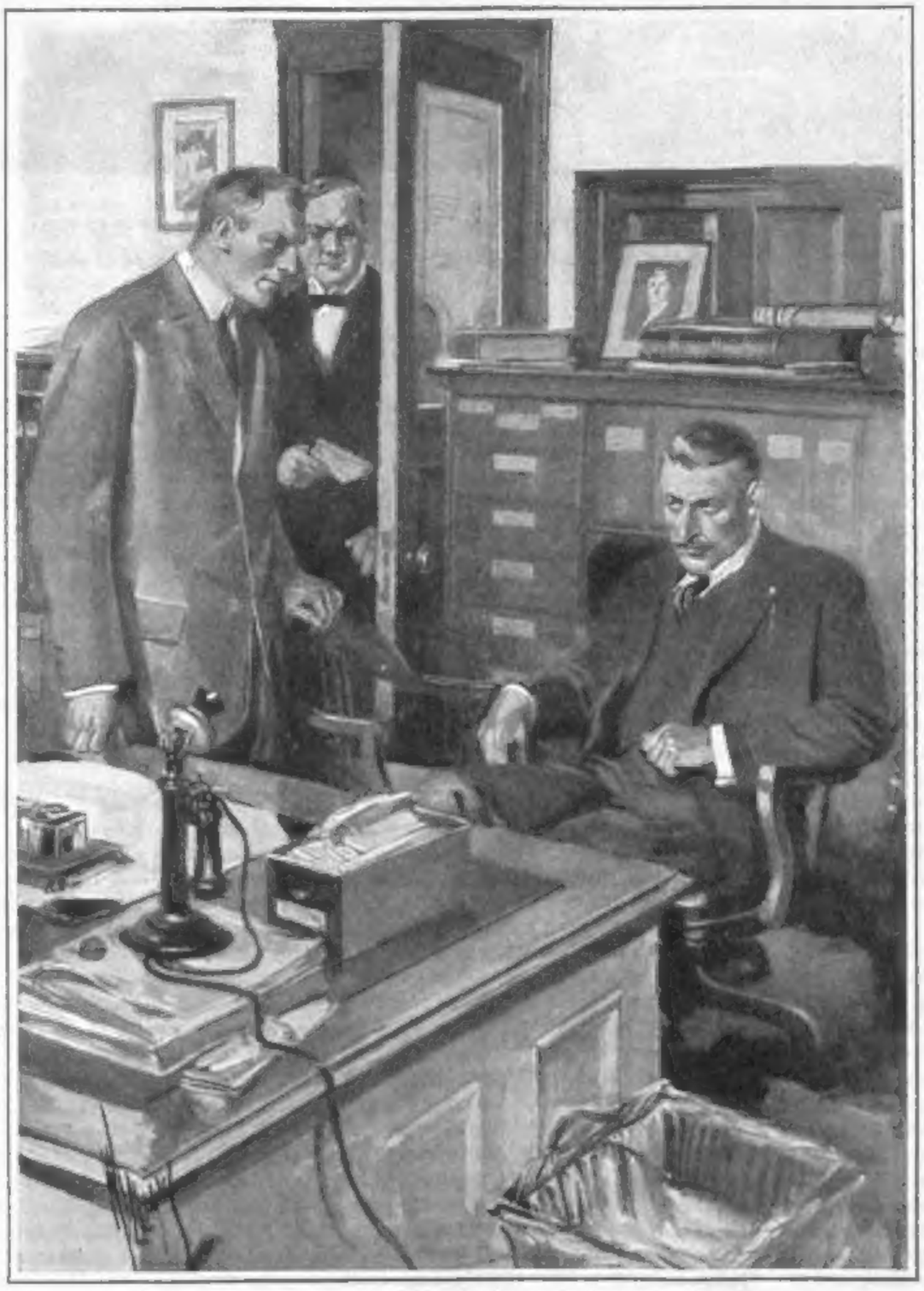
"What the Street wants is not the law. It wants, instead, men who know how to shoot it full of holes!"

A gleam of light, of understanding, flashed like a bolt through Gurney's opening mind. He had begun to see. Holding his breath, he waited, listening intently for other revelations. None came, however. The voices droned away, then a few moments later the door opened and Bounds emerged. With him he bore the Union Sugar file, and flinging it on his desk he hurriedly snatched up his hat and as hurriedly scampered from the office. Gurney watched him, his eyes alight. Then, when the office door closed after Bounds, its glass rattling perilously as Bounds slammed it to behind him, Gurney alertly rose. He knew now where he stood; and, with his mind alive now to a sudden ugly suspicion, he edged his way into Bounds' room and craftily opened the top drawer of his desk.

Within lay the file of Union Sugar letters. Two of them had been detached and, pinned to a telegram, lay loosely on the top. A glance assured him the message was the one Proctor had received that morning, and with little compunction he read it:

General Superintendent and four subordinates at river works indicted. Others higher up to follow. Bribery of Federal weighmasters charged.

That was all. However, in the two attached sheets he found the key. One was a brief written four years before by himself—a digest relating to the customs impost on raw sugar. In it he had defined exactly the provisions of the tariff and at the same time had expressed the opinion that it would be unwise for the sugar company to attack the schedule. As he pointed out, the same tariff that taxed the company also protected it from competition. And what use had been made of the information he had so arduously put together was shown in the letter attached.



"You Scoundrel! Do You Think You've Got Enough to Buy Me?"

Bounds had written it. At the top the sheet was rubber-stamped in thick red type: Confidential. Then followed a few lines of handwriting:

See inclosure. Our opinion is that customs costs cannot be reduced except in matter of weighing. Advise private conference at your office.

And that the conference had been held Gurney had no doubt. The telegram was significant of that, and at a glance Gurney saw all his employer's methods disclosed. It showed him, too, how Bounds had succeeded when he himself had only failed. In other words, Gurney's law—the only law he knew—had been the kind that protects clients in their rights. Bounds appositely had protected them in their wrongs—their wrongdoing, rather; for, as he had said, he had learned nothing about the law, but, instead, how to shoot it full of holes. Unscrupulous, corrupt and lawless, he had given others like himself exactly what they wanted—exactly what they paid for. It seemed to Gurney, now that he understood, an epitome of Wall Street's successful methods—its methods of success.

However, this was not all. Under the papers, pushed far back in the drawer, he found what he really wanted—the red morocco memo-book. Hurriedly he turned its pages. Each was filled with the same long tables of cabalistic signs and numerals—"5000 F. W. 4's"; "16,000 Chi. 4's"; "32,000 N. Y. 3½'s"—so forth and so on; each followed by a penciled notation: "Un. Sug. pfd." Now, however, Gurney remarked something that before had escaped him—at intervals Bounds had reconverted his seven-per-cent Sugar stock into the original bonds, only to change it later back into Sugar again. Why?

Thrusting the book into his pocket, he seized his hat and darted from the office. Five minutes later, moist and almost breathless, he arrived at the safe-deposit vaults.

He was no stranger there. In addition to the securities Proctor & Bounds stored in their compartment other valuable papers, and when they were required Gurney had invariably been sent for them. Walking up to the grille, he hailed the clerk in charge.

"Proctor & Bounds' box," he mumbled with what aplomb he could master. "Warm—isn't it?"

"So?" returned the clerk, mildly astonished. Personally he had thought the day a little raw. However, when Gurney, steadily mopping his brow, had signed the book, he opened the grille, then turned his passkey in the double lock on Proctor & Bounds' compartment. Gurney had the other key. He was in a towering hurry now, for what he feared was that Bounds himself might come in before he had time to see what he meant to see. Unlocking the compartment, he fumbled among its contents until he found what he wanted—three narrow tin security cases. One was marked, Coe Estate; the others, Hannah Rogers and E. & J. Pryor.

"Clipping coup's?" the clerk asked tentatively. If so Gurney would find shears and a vacant table in the third booth on the right.

Gurney shook his head. He was merely looking for a paper—"a conveyance," he mumbled. Hurriedly, his hands clumsy with nervousness, he pried up the lid of the Coe Estate's tin case. In it lay a thick bundle of securities; and, with fumbling fingers, awkward in his agitation, he hurriedly ran through them.

It was as he had surmised. The package contained only Union Sugar stock!

"What's up?" inquired the safe-deposit clerk, eying Gurney curiously.

Gurney mumbled an unintelligible reply. Returning the case to its place, he opened each of the others. It was the same with both. They, too, were crammed with Union Sugar stock! There was not a municipal bond in the lot, and involuntarily he gave vent to an exclamation.

"Say——" the safe-deposit clerk began tentatively.

With a gesture of irritation—that and positive fright—Gurney signed for him to close and lock the compartment. A moment later he found himself out in Broadway, aimlessly hurrying, blindly plunging his way through the crowd. Then the Wall Street subway station loomed up before him, and with a sudden resolution he stumbled down the stairway. A northbound express stood waiting, and buying a ticket he dropped it into the box and flung himself aboard.

The fact is, Gurney had just made the surprising discovery that he was employed by a firm of thieves—successful thieves!—in short, the firm of Proctor & Bounds!

. . . . . .

One o'clock had just struck. Emily, having finished her luncheon, had departed downtown to her daily music lesson; and Mrs. Gurney was clearing off the table. She kept no servant. Until recently a maid of all work had helped; but now, with the expense of Emily's music added to their living, Mrs. Gurney had to do without a maid.

(Continued on Page 52)

Politics in the Wide Spaces

What the Voters in the Intermountain States Have in Mind

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. SOULEN

UTAH is the little candle that shines forth for Mr. Taft in the much-mixed political situation in the intermountain states. Utah casts a cheerful gleam for the President across a politically dark, forbidding section of this country, that is tremendous in extent but rather restricted in electoral votes. Understand, please, that Utah casts this gleam along late in August. There is in Utah a power that can snuff the candle whenever snuffing seems desirable, and the snuffers may be put into operation later in the campaign, especially if another than Mr. Taft seems likely to win. For the power that holds the snuffing privileges has a strong predilection for being with the winner—a marked fondness for that advantageous position, in fact. But more of that later.

Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming cover many thousands of square miles of territory, but total only eighteen electoral votes. Of these Nevada and Wyoming have three each and Utah, Montana and Idaho four each. Nevertheless each of these states has more politics of more kinds and of greater fervor than New York, with her imperial forty-five electoral votes, or Pennsylvania with her thirty-eight. Politics is incidental in the big Eastern states. It is an essential in the intermountain territory. Moreover the women vote in Utah and Idaho, and that adds considerably to the complexity and the interest of the various situations.

In a Republican sense Idaho is frankly radical, and all the other states have pronounced leanings that way. In some of them there will be great endeavors to suppress enough of this radicalism to enable the old-line Republicans to win, but it is a large question whether Mr. Taft can carry any of them save Utah, and it may be a large question there before the end of the campaign. The regular Republicans think they can pull through, but they are by no means certain of it. Pulling through means that something must happen—miraculously or otherwise—that will suppress enough of the progressiveness in their party to enable them to operate the machinery successfully. The old-line managers are frank to say they do not yet know what is going to fall out, just as the Progressive leaders are enthusiastic over their prospects.

They Dearly Love a Winner

WHAT is most likely to happen in several of the states is the split that will make it easier for Wilson to get the electoral votes. It is too early to say definitely what will happen, but the trend is that way, especially as the Democrats seem to be reasonably solid for Wilson, except in Montana, where Wilson has created no special enthusiasm. The hopes of the old-line managers are based largely on the gradual disintegration or subsidence of the Roosevelt movement. That is not yet apparent, but the old-line managers are optimistic and pray for what they think will be the best. They think Mr. Taft will begin to grow presently and that The Colonel will begin to lose strength. They say that is sure to happen. It is noteworthy that the old-line managers are the only ones who foresee this political circumstance. The Progressives cannot see it at all nor can the Democratic leaders. Of course in this year of political grace anything may happen, but the probable outcome is that the Republicans will remain badly split and that there will be a consequent Wilson advantage therein. As it stands when this is written, Roosevelt has an excellent chance in Idaho and Nevada, and Utah is more favorably disposed to Taft than to any other candidate. Wilson seems strongest in Montana and Taft in Wyoming.

The Mormon church has a grudge against Colonel Roosevelt. The church leaders deny that officially and publicly, but admit it privately. What that grudge is based on nobody seems willing to tell, but for two or three years the church has been for Taft and is now for Taft as against Roosevelt. The Mormons are the great political power in Utah naturally, and their influence extends up into Idaho and Wyoming and into Nevada as well. The southern part of Idaho is locally known as Little Utah, for the Mormons are very strong there.

The Mormon church is a great commercial and colonizing agency as well as a religious body. As a developer of territory it has a comprehensive detailed organization and it controls its voters to a greater degree than any other similar organization in this country, not excepting one or two other religious bodies that are said to have control of a large proportion of their voting members. In 1896 Utah went for Bryan. In 1900 it switched back to McKinley by a few thousand votes, and Roosevelt carried it by about thirty thousand in 1904, while Taft got eighteen thousand in round numbers in 1908. It has always been claimed by Mormon opponents that the switch from Bryan in 1896 to McKinley in 1900 was caused by the Mormon church, by reason of a deal made by Mark Hanna and arranged by Perry S. Heath, which kept Smoot in the Senate and did a few other things. Anyhow the state switched from Bryan to McKinley and Smoot stayed in the Senate and is there yet, whether these charges were true or not.

Roosevelt was in favor with the church, which dearly loves a winner, until after he had left the White House. Then, as I have said, something happened and the church turned to Taft, to whom it is still friendly. Without going into the details of the local Mormon and anti-Mormon fights in the state where the church is always a political issue, there is no doubt that at the present time Taft, because of the Mormon support, has fairly clear sailing in Utah. If the election were to take place now, Taft would carry the state, but it must be remembered that the Mormon church is for the Mormon church first of all, and that circumstances may arise when, if the election of Wilson seems certain the word may be passed that Utah might just as well get on the bandwagon—and Utah would thereupon get on the bandwagon and vote for Wilson. However there is one contingency that must be considered. The Mormon managers are crafty politicians. They do not want to make their power too apparent. For example, there is no doubt they could have made McKinley's plurality ten or twenty thousand in 1900 if they had wanted to, just as they followed the popular trend of the state in 1896 and lifted Bryan along; but they didn't. It did not seem wise to them to make the switch too obvious, and they rested on just enough to get the electoral vote neatly for McKinley.

Now if they try to get just enough for Taft this year—provided they are still for Taft at election time—they may not be able to swing the election, for there are a lot of Roosevelt men in Utah and perhaps more than the church politicians expect, in the absence of exact and definite instructions. Yet this is but a contingency; the church politicians are shrewd and practiced men. They know how to do what they want to do without appearing to do anything, and the result will be whatever they want it to be. Moreover there is more than a chance—there is a strong probability—that if they come to think Wilson's election certain they will abandon Taft for the probable winner.

How Wilson Could Carry Utah

IT MAY be that the antipathy to Roosevelt has not yet been impressed on the rank and file of Mormon Republicans, for there are many Roosevelt men in the state, not only among the church members, who are usually Republicans, but also among the anti-Mormon Republicans. The Roosevelt men will have an opportunity to vote for their favorite for president, and it is likely there will be a third ticket for the state offices. Some of the Republicans are in a quandary. They want to vote for the Taft electors, but they want also to have a third state ticket, for there is a wide split between the so-called Federal crowd that runs things in the Republican party, and such Republicans as former Senator Kearns and others who are sponsors for the American party, which is the anti-Mormon and anti-Federal crowd, the Federal crowd usually getting the support of the church.

So far as the congressional nominations are concerned the Mormons will look after those. There are some shrewd men in the state who want to nominate two Democrats with nerve enough to go through, and run them in the hope that a Democratic House will unseat the men elected, as Roberts was unseated because of Mormon affiliations; but the church probably will see to it that all candidates for Congress are regular enough so that no contests will be made.

As it stands now Taft has the better chance for Utah. Indeed, he is sure to carry Utah, unless the Mormon church stands aside and lets the contest proceed without dictation, or unless the same influence decides to go for another candidate, that other being Wilson. It is extremely unlikely Roosevelt will be favored, but, none the less, Roosevelt will get a good many votes in the state. All the Democrats are for Wilson—or practically all of them. It would be a simple task for Wilson to carry the state if the church would pass the word for him—that is, not simple for Wilson, but simple for the church politicians.

Whether the church passes the word or not depends on developments. If Taft seems hopelessly out of it the church politicians may be depended upon to take adequate steps to keep in line with the victorious party, although, as I have said, the church leaders deprecate any intimation that they ever take a hand in politics one way or the other.

Idaho is a Progressive state. It went for Bryan in 1896 by sixteen thousand and for him again in 1900 by two thousand. It gave Roosevelt almost thirty thousand in 1904 and Taft about sixteen thousand five hundred in 1908. But James H. Hawley, the present governor, is a Democrat. One of the leading Republicans is Wm. E. Borah, United States senator, who was active in the Roosevelt movement at the Republican National Convention in Chicago but who, up to the present writing, has not affiliated with the Bull-Moose organization. Indeed, Senator Borah is on record as saying that in his opinion the reforms the Progressive Republicans desire can better be obtained within the Republican party than through the medium of a third party. The old-line Republicans are desirous of getting an explicit Taft declaration out of Borah, which may or may not be obtained by the time this is printed. Whether or not Borah—whose term expires next March and who is a candidate for reëlection—makes this declaration or makes none, or stands by what he has said, the situation, so far as the Roosevelt strength in the state is concerned, will not be materially altered, although Borah is very strong in the state and likewise in a most embarrassing position.

There was a primary in Idaho recently for the state offices. The three Republican candidates were Haines, Morrison and Clagstone. Haines won by a few votes—not more than twenty over Clagstone, his next competitor. Haines lives in Boise, the capital, and Clagstone in Northern Idaho. The largest city to which Northern Idaho is tributary is Spokane, Washington, and there Cowles, the great Roosevelt Washingtonian, publishes his Spokesman-Review in the morning and his Chronicle in the afternoon, and dominates the newspaper situation. Cowles supported Clagstone. Attempts were made to line up all the candidates for governor on the Republican side for or against the Roosevelt movement. But they refused to be complicated. Clagstone said he was running on a Progressive platform, and that the personality of Mr. Roosevelt had nothing to do with that canvass, and Haines took the same position. The vote between Haines and Clagstone was so close that it took an official count to determine the winner, and Haines came through by a very narrow margin.

Conservation and Reservation

OBVIOUSLY with Clagstone showing strength, it was the politics of the Roosevelt men to name him for governor on a third ticket, but Clagstone declined. He said he had conducted his canvass as a Progressive Republican, and as he was beaten he abided by the result and refused to run as a third-party candidate. In the mean time the places for the Roosevelt electors have been provided on the Idaho ticket, so there can be a clean-cut issue between Taft and Roosevelt.

The old-line Republicans think they have a fair chance of carrying the state for Taft, but their thought is based largely on hopes of what may turn up in the future in the way of decrease in Roosevelt strength, in a national sense, and increase in regard for Taft among the voters. Such Roosevelt leaders as former Governor Gooding say there is absolutely no question but that Roosevelt will carry the state, and they have a strongly evinced Progressive spirit in all parts of the state to back them up. One factor that will operate against Roosevelt is the Pinchot policy of conservation, which, so far as Idaho is concerned, means largely reservation, as more than fifty per cent of the state—almost two-thirds, some hold—is withdrawn for forest and power and other reservation purposes. On the other hand, the Roosevelt men say the present Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher, has a totally inadequate conception of the needs of Idaho, and that it is a standoff so far as conservation and such things are concerned.

There is not so much of the expressed determination among the Taft men to vote for Wilson if the Roosevelt movement seems likely of success in Idaho, as I found along the Pacific Coast, although a good many old-line Republicans say that is what they will do if the worst comes to the worst, on the ground that Roosevelt must be eliminated, and it is better to cast a whole vote against him by voting for Wilson than only half a vote by voting for Taft. Still, the Democrats are hopeful. Though there are some Democrats who say they will vote for Taft the bulk of the party is for Wilson and will vote for him. Governor Hawley, who has been renominated, is very popular and is for Wilson.

With the northern part of the state strongly for Roosevelt and the southern part widely split, the situation in Idaho is that Roosevelt and Wilson will be the leaders, unless the change that the old-line leaders hope for comes, and Taft a bad third. If the Roosevelt movement continues at its present strength it is likely that Roosevelt will carry the state for the electors. What may happen if a third-party state ticket is put up is a problem, although Hawley ought to win and probably will. If Clagstone had been induced to run for governor on a third-party ticket that fight for governor would have been one of the liveliest in the country. They are intensely political in Idaho. Also there is the vote of the women to be considered, and the vote of the women, as on the Pacific Coast, bulks in favor of Roosevelt and Wilson, with Roosevelt the greater favorite. Borah is in an extremely difficult position, for he has his own reëlection to obtain. So far as Idaho's tariff wants are concerned, Borah has been protectionist and regular. His other progressive beliefs have won favor in the state. The pressure on him to line up definitely has been and still is very great. If he should lose, it is likely Governor Hawley would go to the Senate.

Nevada is an extensive commonwealth that cast some twenty thousand votes in 1910 for governor and a few more than twenty-four thousand in 1908 for president. Roosevelt carried it by two thousand in 1904, and Taft lost it by 437 in 1908. The present governor, L. L. Oddie, is a Republican and a Roosevelt man. He was one of the governors who urged The Colonel to declare himself. The late Senator Nixon was the head of the Republican party in the state, and he was a regular and would have been for Taft had he lived. That would have given Taft a great advantage in the race for the electoral votes Nevada has, which are three in number—less than those controlled by scores of counties in the East.

The Democrats of Nevada say they are solid for Wilson and that there will be enough of a split in the Republican party over the Taft and Roosevelt candidacies to enable them to deliver their three electoral votes to Wilson. The Roosevelt men say the Democrats are just as progressive as they are, and that they will join in with the Bull-Moose outfit and give the vote of the state to The Colonel. The old-line Republicans—the Taft men—say nothing and are exceedingly gloomy. They have it in mind to vote for Wilson to make certain Roosevelt will not get the state. As it stands now, Roosevelt and Wilson seem to have about an equal chance for Nevada's little contribution to the general result. If Roosevelt keeps coming he will get a lot of votes out here. Nevada is a doubtful state.

The greatest political influence in Montana is the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the Amalgamated Copper Company would give a mine or two to see Roosevelt defeated. The managers of the institution that controls the smelters, the mines—or most of them—and the bulk of the developed power in the state dislike Roosevelt, to put it mildly. Also the managers of that tremendous institution will do what is to be done to help defeat him in Montana and elsewhere within its zone of influence.

For Wilson, But Not Fighting for Him

MONTANA is the home of Senator Joseph M. Dixon, the manager for The Colonel. Senator Dixon lives in Missoula, which is in the western part of the state. There were reports when I was in Montana that Dixon, whose term expires next March, would be too busy in the Roosevelt campaign to run again, and there were other reports that not only would he run himself, but that he would place a full third-party ticket in the field.

Still, Mr. Taft is in better shape in Montana than in many other states, because Mr. Taft has the machine with him. The Republican machine in Montana is an efficient and compact affair, working steadily and definitely at all times. You can take the map of Montana and go over it county by county and tell almost to a certainty how each county will go. There are sections where Roosevelt is very strong and where he will get a large vote, and sections where Taft predominates. Undoubtedly there will be a third ticket put up, and there will be a fine chance for the opposing factions, if led or directed by Dixon on the one hand, and by the old-line leaders on the other, to see what they can do.

In a Republican sense Mr. Taft has the better chance, for the wool men and cattle men and a good many of the business men are not impressed with Mr. Roosevelt and will vote for Taft. Also there are a good many Democrats who will vote for Taft for various reasons, some of which are not entirely unconnected with the Amalgamated. However it must not be thought that Mr. Roosevelt is without strength in this state, for he has a lot of it and will demonstrate it on election day. If the Amalgamated makes its opposition to Roosevelt too apparent, that will mean a lot of anti-Amalgamated votes for Roosevelt. Amalgamated is highly efficient in conventions, but it cannot go quite so far in elections as it used to go.

The Democrats are not so solidly for Wilson in Montana as they are elsewhere in the West. There were a lot of Clark men in Montana, as there were in Idaho, and they are not over their soreness yet; also many Democrats come within the purview of the Amalgamated's gaze. But, notwithstanding, Wilson made no particular hit in Montana, and his name arouses no very great enthusiasm. The Democrats are for him, of course, to a large extent, but they are not whooping it up as yet. Still, it may fall out that the Amalgamated may be reconciled to Wilson, and that will make things easier for him.

Some of the men who were progressive before the National convention have refused to follow Roosevelt, and Taft managers set great store by that. There is a direct opposition to Dixon in the Republican party, based on Montana politics more especially, and his advocacy of Roosevelt will hurt Roosevelt to some extent and help Taft. Dixon may be able to get back to the Senate, if he runs, but that seems improbable. The best that can be said of Montana at this time is that it is a doubtful state.

The Mild Persuasion of the Ax

ALL three candidates have a chance, with the percentages running highest for Wilson, next for Taft and third for Roosevelt. In reality Roosevelt's chance is far less than either Taft's or Wilson's. Not many old-line Republicans have said they will vote for Roosevelt, and it will be found that a considerable number of Democrats will vote for Taft. So far as the state ticket and the senatorial matters are concerned, the state politics in Montana is so intricate, so complex, that any prediction of what is likely to happen would be a mere guess. When this was written the maneuvering had hardly begun, but there will be plenty of it before the campaign closes and plenty of hot, straight-from-the-shoulder politics. The ax is a favorite implement of persuasion in Montana politics, and there are a lot of handy and accomplished choppers on all sides.

Governor Carey, of Wyoming, at present holding office as a Democrat, but a former Republican and inclined to class himself as an Independent, went into the Roosevelt movement. Also some other Wyoming personages went into it, ostensibly, of course, to push along The Colonel, but also, as a side line, to push down Senator Warren, who is the Republican boss of the state and is coming up for reelection this year—or, rather, before the legislature that is selected this year. His term expires next March. That may not have been Governor Carey's motive, of course, but that is immaterial. The fact remains that there is a strong opposition to Senator Warren, and that the men who are against him are using the Roosevelt movement to help their plan along.

Now Francis E. Warren is chairman of the great appropriations committee, and he has been able, by reason of his continuity of service and his abilities as a politician, to do more for Wyoming in a material way than any dozen other senators who can be named have done for their states, when disparities in population are considered. Wyoming has approximately 100,000 square miles of territory, and a population, by the last census, of 145,965, or about as much as the city of Worcester, in Massachusetts. However Senator Warren has sprinkled it with public buildings, and has secured many other kinds of Federal aid and exploitation for it, including Fort Russell, at Cheyenne, which is the marvel of centuries as an example of what senatorial influence can do.

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THE DISCIPLINE COMPANY

The Old Man Makes a Man of Manny

A Fireman Who Rolls to Three Hundred Fires a Month Soon Does His Work as Mechanically as a Plumber

By Arthur E. McFarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE big gong began to beat in another alarm. Again the boys from the living room above flicked by down the brass pole beside him. The horses pounded into place; but that alarm, too, was in the 700's—and they did not "roll." Again he got himself heavily back to his ink-splashed old captain's desk with its Christmas decorations.

Between an unfinished headquarters report and his water-tower paperweight, letter and telegram still lay together; and one of his great toad-freckled hands dropped back upon them helplessly. The letter was from Matt—and, like every letter from him within five years, it was a demand for money. For the second time, too, Matt needed money to cover forgery. . . . It was to Matt, the eldest, that he had given the education.

The telegram was from the chaplain at Clinton, the first since Larr'—Larr' was their second—had been removed to the prison hospital. That the telegram came from the chaplain told him enough. And, much more than that, Larr' was now asking to see his mother. To see his mother—and she did not even know yet that he was in Clinton. . . . For almost a year the captain had kept up the pretense of not knowing where Larr' was.

And now Manny, the last—"the Babe"—was following in their tracks. As the father sat there, half groaning, he could hear him below on the apparatus floor, with the Hogan boy and the two young Callahan devils—after every one had told him, too, that all Manny had needed was the department and that he was making good every minute! All four of them had walked the carpet at headquarters a week before. And then, as always, they had been transferred down to him for treatment. His mouth kept slowly opening and shutting. He had a sense of being hunted, and he felt sick—he felt physically sick.

In that great metropolitan fire department he was the famous "big feller"—Old Man O'Connor, the strong man, the terrible captain of the discipline company; that company to which all trouble-making young smoke-eaters were sent, who had either to be broken like so many bad young horses—and broken with the hackamore—or flung out of the department altogether. And for fifteen years, with all his jaw-set will and three-man strength, he had been breaking them! Now—now he felt as if he had been broken himself. . . . And it was Christmas Eve!

Already half his offtime for supper had gone by. If he was to go home and tell the old woman he must do it now. He stood a moment longer, then got himself into his uniform coat, buttoning letter and telegram into the breast of it, went down the stairs and by Cass to the street.

The temperature had dropped almost to zero and the December gale had become half a blizzard, filled and stinging with snow; but he did not know it. He was trying to think out some way to begin.

. . . . . .

She was waiting for him at the door.

"Where's Manny? Where's Babe?" She barred his entrance. Her old eyes glared under a straggle of gray hair. . . . "You could, too, if you'd wanted! Ain't you his captain now? You could have give' him an order!" Her fingers hooked themselves into claws. "And it's two years since he's et at home, let alone slep' under your roof!"

In the misery of his very impotence he felt that he, too, was capable of striking at her. And if he had that sense of being hunted, back at quarters, what was it now? His head burned. He let his hands drop and, turning, started for the street again.

"Come back! What you doin'? Come back an' eat your food! I on'y thought —— Father! Father, don't you know the night it is? An' I been preparin' for it all the day! It was on'y that I'd thought ——" She began to cry after him, and he had almost to run to keep her from following and catching up with him.

He could not do it tonight. He had not the strength for it. He would try to tell her in the morning. In the morning, too, it might be that Manny would go back with him.

. . . . . .

Old Man O'Connor still thought of him as they still called him—the Babe. And if he had applied his firehouse discipline to Matt and Larr' no one could ever say—he would go down to his grave before any one should ever say—that he had laid even a finger on him, their last. Even when the old woman herself had wanted him to, he had refused. He had his sickening of that with the other two, and Manny had never been like them either. When he had put on the uniform Manny had given him his hour of knowing, for the first time in his life, what it was to be father-proud; and his heart had yearned for him. It yearned for him now; and it was as if not a year ago they had been filling his stocking!

The Jigs Sagged Down—But It Held

It was Hogan and the Callahan scum, he told himself, that were doing for Manny. If he could only get him away from them—the gangsters! If something would only give him a chance to deal with them alone! His huge fists doubled into iron sledges, and the muscles of his great shoulders rolled and set beneath his tunic.

He passed into quarters by the side door. Young Hogan had just come in, carrying a pail of beer—the very thing for which he had been sent up on charges.

"Cripes, yes!" he was saying. "Let the old —— come back in on us, an' I'll offer him the frot' for Christmas!"

Then, seeing the look in the eyes of the others, he turned. As the dented pail ricocheted over the engine, for a moment the slops poured from Hogan's face where he stood blinded. Then all four of them seemed to rush at him together.

The old man could not tell whether Manny came of himself or, caught in the narrow way between stalls and steamer, was pushed by the Callahans behind; but the old man's only thought was to keep himself from touching Manny. The others the old captain took as they came. It was his chance. He would give them the breaking they needed; he would finish with the whole three now!

Young Hogan he swung and sent, head on, the entire concrete length of old Prince's stall. And one each would be enough for the rest! "Bat" Callahan could take his first from the left; but when the blow landed it was not Bat who received it. Manny's head went back against the tender—one could see now that the boy had not lifted his hands; and on his suddenly whitening face the blood burst out in a red gush.

"Manny! Manny—Babe! Now, God in Heaven— "

Then, clanging in upon them, the big gong began to register. They had to jump aside to let the horses by; but without that the gong alone would have stopped them. Even when delirious a fireman will often stop to count an alarm. The first two blows told them it was in the 200's; the second two that they "rolled." It was 226; and before the big brazen platter had begun to repeat the steamer was pounding its way across the gutterplank.

The old man jumped to his place beside Becke on the ashpan; and from over his shoulder, as the cold air splashed upon them, he could see the rest of them—Manny first and even the half-stunned Hogan—pulling themselves to their places and getting into their helmets and storm kings on the tender.

. . . . . .

A fireman who rolls to three hundred fires a month soon does his work as mechanically as a plumber or a member of the emergency gang of some big power company.

Nineteen fires in twenty are small; and, once he has learned the type of building, nine times in ten he knows exactly what the twentieth has for him and how it must be handled. Box 226 was only three minutes' run west and south into the drygoods district. If he, the old man, remembered rightly they had got that call before from the Descher Building—the big sixteen-story loft on the corner of Thirteenth and the Avenue.

It was the Descher Building. Through the whipping snow and the smoke-belch from the steamers ahead of them, no sign of fire could be seen from the outside; but 307 truck had already rammed the big bronze-and-glass front door. He jumped to the curb, and Chief Haynes, just taking command, met him as he came.

"Get to it now, cap! Get to it!"

"Have you found?"

"Up on the twelfth, the watchman says. . . . What the hell! . . . Doolin's gettin' his line up round on the other side—on Fourteenth. Gee! What you tryin' to do with them horses? She L's right through."

Desser and Becke were already connecting up the engine feed with the sidewalk "Siamese." The big building's standpipe, to which it fed, would be getting water and pressure enough for a first stream by the time they were halfway up. Manny and Hogan and the two Callahans were still bunched together, and the captain detailed the whole four of them as his pipemen. Each caught a coiled fifty-foot section of two-and-a-half from the tender and rolled it upon his back; and, running into the hallway after the two truckmen who bore the opening tools, they began to "carry up." The old man followed, jamming his helmet down.

It was all as mechanical as if they had been so many sailors going aloft to work out reef-points. The two companies from which the four had been transferred in disgrace were also wholesale-district companies, and even in their short experience they must have had a hundred fires such as this—if you could call them fires. They meant always the same thing—so many hose-lengths to be "jackassed" up eight, ten, fourteen stories; the line to be coupled to the standpipe at the floor below the blaze; and then, when the truckmen had opened up, nothing probably but a few flaring patterns or a smudge where a waste-basket had been put out long ago by the automatic sprinklers; or, at most, a "plant" still reeking with its criminal gasoline and asking only the necessary water to complete the always-sought-for total loss. As the slate stairs took them endlessly round and round the elevator shaft, not one of the four was thinking of the fire or would think of it, even though fighting it. They were still back at quarters, renewing the thing that had only been interrupted.

One of the truckmen began to call down from the twelfth:

"She's here all right! An' breathin' warm at that."

"Keep a Hold o' My Hand, an' Keep Lookin' Up Till You Make Your Jump"

And at the eleventh-floor landing they stopped. They swiftly backed off the length of cheap hose hanging from the rack valve. In its place they made fast their own good department line. And he, the captain of the discipline company, well knew in a building the size of the Descher they might need every foot of it. Therefore he had them couple up the whole four lengths. That, too, would give him a chance to help Manny, maybe to speak to him. The boy shook free from him with an oath.

The four dragged their bunched line on up to within half a dozen steps of the twelfth and waited. The truckman swung back his eight-pound ax, blunt side to.

"All ready?"

In the modern skyscraper loft, if the doors are solid and the windows tight, the one real danger is "back draft." Whether the loft be single or divided, until the firemen themselves open up and let in new oxygen, the fire is confined in a stove—or a series of stoves—every damper of which is closed and airproof. Though the baked-out gases of combustion may have risen to a temperature of hundreds of degrees, without new oxygen "the big flash"—back draft—cannot take place; but the smashing in of the first window or the opening of the first door may bring on that big flash instantaneously and irresistibly.

Accordingly, because there was undoubtedly fire on the twelfth, as the truckman swung at the lockwork the five of them on the pipe waited, helmets lowered, at the floor level. He struck—struck again. The lock was shattered and the door fell open. There came out to them only a few wisps of smoke and a big breath of dry, hot air.

"She's Doolin's fire—all round on Fourteenth," said the truckman. They shoved by him and in.

Again everything became purely mechanical. All that remained now was to find the fire and turn on from their end. The long line of windows, with here and there a nightlight, showed them that they were in a great display room. It stretched back for more than a hundred feet. Opening from it, divided off by thin matchboard-and-glass partitions, there would probably be a series of smaller workrooms; and then to the left, filling the big L on the Fourteenth Street side, a second huge showroom. The heat was almost unbearable, and they could plainly hear the "breathing," the rhythmic snoring of the fire. They still kept the controller on, however, for on every side of them were long display tables covered under their cotton spreads with flimsy of some sort—fine linens and laces, silks and feathers. Water used needlessly, and in a minute ten thousand dollars' worth of damage could be done!

That was something for him, the captain, to think about—if he could! Again, as the four worked the line down the narrow aisle ahead of him, it was of something else, he knew, they were thinking! That torturing heat seemed to bring it all out again, fiercely intensified. "This little hell got through with"—it was as if he could hear them say it—"we'll be back at the house again. Then there'll be somethin' else to settle!"

The big line, now filled with water, added lead weight with every step they took. He tried to lighten up for Hogan, who jerked away, swearing—and Pidge Callahan, in his turn, wrenched furiously away. Not one of them but hated him with a hatred that was like a prayer for his death; and when one is growing old the hatred of the young is the soul's poison. . . . At the next cross-aisle he got ahead again, and once more he tried to help Manny.

The boy seemed ready to strike at him!

But had he not struck him? Not an hour ago—and for the first time in his life! They were passing another nightlight; and, as Manny turned, with the heat his mouth had begun to bleed afresh. One could see the great smear of blood plainly, even through the smoke. But didn't—couldn't—the boy know that it hadn't been meant? Meant or not, from above his bleeding mouth Manny—like Matt, like Larr', like all the rest of them—was glaring death at him! . . . God! what was life doing to him? Was it to this that all his years of disciplining had brought him? Where was he going—what use—how escape from it? He stopped. They all stopped—suddenly and together.

It was as if the air had suddenly rarefied and got into motion and was leaving them! Somewhere far ahead there was a sort of "puff"—no more than the explosion of a toy balloon—then a muffled shout, doubtless from one of Doolin's men; then a second and a louder explosion—and up to the very top of the glass-lit partition ahead of them there flooded a great rose of fire.

"Back, boys! Get back!"

There was no time or room to turn in, however. And it was not a toy balloon that was exploding now, but some huge, two-hundred-foot dirigible. In turn, each thinly walled room or compartment, exploding, blew in the one ahead. Whoever or whatever had let in the oxygen, whole roomfuls of thrice-heated wood gases were getting it, and "the big flash"—back draft—awakened now, was coming at them in one continuous and tremendous explosion.

"Water! Turn on your water!"

The very stream itself seemed to be blown back upon them by that whirling tempest of air exploding into flame. The last protecting partition was going now. It came down splintering and shattering upon their heads and upon the tables, and in a heap they went down between them. They lost their grip upon the line. Even he, the captain, lost it; and, with the pullback of the water, the nozzle threshed and "snaked" itself far out of their reach toward the door. The partition shielded them, however, from the great following wave of fire, which, as if sucked through by some gigantic mouth, poured itself over them and out through the doorway itself. Some one must have left the stairwell scuttle open to the roof.

With him, the old man, it was instinct to keep his face flat to the floor—the only place where air could now remain that they could breathe and live. For an instant Manny tried crazily to lift himself; but the captain forced him down again. Young Hogan, though, had got away. Diving under the tables, he came up and ran for that sucking mouth of fire. "Come back! Come back!" But he did

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LANGUAGE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IN SPEAKING of language I refer particularly to the so-called English language; and for purposes of convenience I would subdivide it into three main classes—namely:

a—The kind of English spoken by the English.

b—The kind of English spoken by Americans.

c—The kind of English spoken by a few Americans upon returning from their first visits to England.

To be sure, there are minor variations or subclassifications, including the kind of English spoken by American actors when playing typical English parts; the kind of English spoken by English actors when playing typical American parts; the kind of English spoken by a Northern-born actress when playing the ingénue part in a Southern war drama; and the kind of English spoken by an after-dinner speaker who has learned his art in a correspondence school, when he is telling a dialect story involving a Swede, an Irishman, a Chinaman and a negro—which is positively the worst kind there is, and should be prohibited wherever found, by legislative enactment.

Speaking, however, of the main divisions, we come first to the kind of English spoken by the English, which is a fearful and wonderful thing, any way you take it. To begin with, it is largely a collection of languages formerly belonging to other races, which the English appropriated and altered to suit. They acquired their empire the same way they acquired their language. When they saw a word they wanted they just went and took it; and it was the same with a country—especially if it happened to be a small country without any standing army or any regular navy, or any influential friends anywhere. In our crude, provincial American way we used to hang people out West who acquired their riding-horses in this manner.

The When-I-Was-on-the-Other-Side Club

HAVING gathered in a desirable assortment of words, the English then proceeded to change the spelling and the pronunciation—particularly the pronunciation—their aim being to make the pronunciation as different as possible from the spelling. The rule was to eliminate most of the vowel sounds and as many of the consonants as the word could stand to lose without coming apart; and then to speak it as though it were some other word altogether. They would take over one of those gosh-awful compound German words that was long enough to run as a moving-picture film and shorten it up until it could not wag its tail any more without pulling both hind legs off the ground; and then they would calmly incorporate it into the English language, and pronounce it Chumley and go right ahead, scouting round for fresh stock.

The result, after all these centuries, is a language which gives the modern Englishman a vehicle for expressing his thoughts without reminding him too much of the races from which he swiped the original material. It satisfies him so well that he rarely uses any other, having a natural British contempt for any people who are so benighted as to prefer a separate language of their own when they might be talking English; but he certainly does take liberties with it! It is one of the inalienable rights guaranteed him in the Magna Charta; and, as some one has previously remarked, Britons never will be slaves, and especially they never will be slaves to pronouncing a proper name as it is spelled.

Passing over the well-known examples of Beauchamp, which—as you are doubtless aware—is pronounced Sin Jin,

"We Went Over on the Maurie Tanner, but We Came Back on the Lucy Tanner"

It Could Not Wag Its Tail Without Pulling Both Hind Legs Off the Ground

and Cholmondeley, which is pronounced Maudlin, let us consider, for instance, the seaside resort of Brighton. From what I have been able to gather, the real name of Brighton is Brighthelmstone. You would think that, after an Englishman had taken Brighthelmstone and dehorned it and cut off its tail and removed most of its vital organs, and carved it down to Brighton, he would rest content. But no. In conversation he has a way about him of sloughing off a few more of its remaining contents and calling it B'r'g't'n, the h being also silent, as in a cockney picnic. This is not exactly as he pronounces it, but it is as near as I can get in print. It is very difficult to imitate in print the way an Englishman pronounces such a word as Brighton—in fact, impossible; but I'm doing the best I can.

What with one thing and another, we've taken a good many things from the English. We took this country from them after they, following their custom, had taken it from somebody else; and we took our language—or the rudiments of it—from them, and some of our laws and many of our customs; but we've never taken their pronunciation—and we never will. I know, because I've seen it tried. Time and time again I've seen it tried by Americans who had spent as many as four weeks on British soil, and had returned home members in good standing of the When-I-Was-on-the-Other-Side Club, bringing their credentials with them. Invariably these efforts result in failure. In pronouncing words we follow the score, while they, as it were, improvise and interpolate. We talk by note, they by ear. But Boston people can come nearer to doing it than anybody else in this country.

Coming a Cropper on Clarks

BOSTON is the one city that has produced the perfect female who can say "limb" without thinking "leg." And in Boston they use the broad a naturally, instinctively—nay, trippingly; whereas the rest of us—no matter how hard we try—are apt to forget sometimes and flat badly. One time, taking a careful rest, we'll call a bath a barth, which is what an Englishman says he takes every morning and then brags about it the rest of the day; but the next time, speaking with a wabbling sight, we'll call it a bath, which is what our forefathers used to take every Saturday night, just as regularly as Saturday night came.

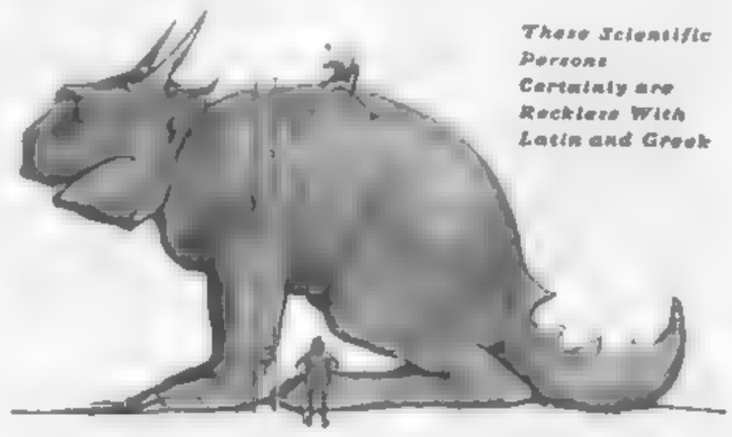
Boston people do not commit these slips. I knew a Boston lady once who always spoke with the broad a, no matter what the conditions were—she was even seasick with the broad a, which I would regard as the ultimate test; but even she could not call a clerk a clark without appearing self-conscious and ill at ease, as though she had been caught in the act of going out without her glasses on or in some other unmaidenly indiscretion. She betrayed her nationality when it came to calling a clerk a clark. Right there was where she blew up with a low, muffled report. She had once been one of a party of lady tourists seeing Great Britain in thirty days for forty dollars, and she never forgot it; and neither did any of her friends.

She would speak familiarly, in the most offhand way, of trams and lifts; and, for the life of her, she could not understand why New York would insist on having an East Side when it might have an East End, the same as London. And if you mentioned in her presence such a thing as a baggage check she would knit her brows in a puzzled sort of way a moment, and then say: "Oh, yars—brasses for one's luggage, you mean!"—only she pronounced brasses with one extra r and two extra a's in it. You may have seen them like that? And you might have supposed that this lady would have been able to make the riffle easily when it came to calling a clerk a clark—but always she had to stop and take careful aim before she tackled it; and then, likely as not, she would foozle her approach. Yet an Englishman does it without batting an eye. I reckon it must be in the blood; and probably it is a good thing for Americans that this is the case, because there is such a thing as carrying it too far.

For example, the English have a city of Birmingham and we Americans have a city of Birmingham. The English call their Birmingham Brummagem sometimes, and sometimes they call it B'm'gh'm—or sounds to that effect; and if they keep on running those popular-price excursions to the other side we here in the eastern part of this country may in time get to calling our Birmingham that too. Boston will be almost certain to do it. But it will be well to stop there, because the people of the imperial commonwealth of Alabama are a proud people and full of this hot Southern blood you read about; and any loyal son of that great state would no doubt feel perfectly justified in taking something sharp out of his pocket and nicking you severely with it in case you asked him if he hailed from Brummagem, Alum. If he were of a violent disposition he would probably cut your head off first, and after that he would start in to be right rough with you.

The Mussy Leums of You Rupp

NOR can I say that I would altogether blame him. Personally I prefer the brand of American who can go abroad and sample the peculiar institutions of England, such as the Tower of London and Shakspere's Birthplace, and the kind of cocktail they sell in the American bar of the Savoy Hotel—and still return home with the true Americanism of his speech unimpaired. English may be the mother tongue; but when you get to where you were a hundred and thirty-six years old your last birthday—the same being July fourth last past—you are supposed to be at an age where you don't have to depend altogether on mother. This spirit, I am pleased to note, appears to animate the swelling American bosoms of quite a few of our



These Scientific Persons Certainly are Reckless With Latin and Greek

returned compatriots, and especially those who hail from the glorious Middle West, where the nose is much used in conversation and the pronunciation of words has a pleasing flatness, as though to match the prevalent scenery. Also a word out there is sounded as it is spelled and in no other way whatsoever.

Only here just the other night, seated in a New York hotel lobby, I got a taste of it in its full vigor and unimpaired by foreign travel. The person speaking was one of those large, broad-beamed, middle-aged ladies who always have several chins and look as though they ought to be wearing tuck combs and black basques—the kind who can acquire prosperity and still not be uncomfortable—good and motherly. She was sitting right behind me and I could not help overhearing what she said. Everybody in the vicinity heard it. She could not have had the place where she belonged written on her any more plainly if she had been an Illinois Central box car. It was evident she had just got back from over the salted seas, and it was also evident that she longed with a great, vast, yearning, homesick longing for the white picket fences and the cast-iron lawn dogs of some town south by west of the shores of Lake Michigan. She was talking to a friend—telling her about it.

"Yes, Mrs. Witherbee," she was saying, "we went over on the Maurie Tanner, but we came back on the Lucy Tanner. Seasick? Honest, Mrs. Witherbee, I like to died! And as for Hennery—well, you know yourself how a grown man can take on when his stomach is upset. I told him—I says to him, 'Hennery Gore,' I says, 'I wouldn't go to You Rupp again with you on the same ocean—let alone the same ship!'

"But, really, I don't know as I ever want to go to You Rupp again under any circumstances. Seems like I've seen enough cathedrals and art galleries to last me a lifetime—and tombs! Mrs. Witherbee, the number of art galleries I walked through on my poor sore feet—you wouldn't believe it if I told you! And if I saw one church

I reckon I saw a thousand! I saw one down there in Cay Dizz or See Villy, or somewhere down that way—I do get the names of those different places all mixed up in my head so!—that they said was six hundred years old! And it must 'a' been all of that—no church could get that dirty in less'n six hundred years.

"But, looking back on it now, it seems to me like we spent most of the time visiting round among burying places—Mussy Leums and Catty Combs—and such things as them. Hennery, he seemed just dead set someway on tombs. I told him—I says: 'Hennery, instead of traipsing round all over You Rupp, like you're doing, you could 'a' saved money by staying at home and spending a month or six weeks in Ellum Grove Cemetery!' But he wouldn't listen—he acted like he was possessed on the subject of Mussy Leums and tombs. I can't begin to remember them all—but there was Charley Mange's and Bony Part's, and this young couple that died so sad—oh, yes, Abie Lard and Hell Loisy—and a million others, I reckon, more or less. Mrs. Witherbee, I certainly am glad to be back from You Rupp!"

She was still going—two hundred licks to the minute—when I came away, and I was sorry I had to leave; but I have a mental picture of her plowing a relentless furrow across the continent of Europe, pronouncing things the way they were spelled and leaving in her wake a trail of slaughtered French nouns and massacred Latin idioms piled hip-deep. I hope they suffered a lot before they died. They've made Americans suffer enough—trying to pronounce them the way their owners do it.

I know, also, about two chaps who went once to a French restaurant in New York for dinner and were waited on by a scholarly old French waiter, a dignified old chap with side whiskers and a love for his native tongue amounting to idolatry. The menu was printed in French, of course—restaurant French—and the man who was doing the ordering knew the French names of the things he wanted; but he spoke them according to his own private system, the same being typically American—for he, I should tell you, was a freeborn American citizen, and never more so than when he gave battle to the French language. The waiter bent over the table solicitously and the host of the occasion spoke.

"Let's see!" he said, scanning the menu. "I guess, gass-song, we'll start off with a few of the horse-doovers."

The waiter gave a violent start, but he had been trained by years of experience in New York restaurants and he restrained himself.

"A few horse-doovers," repeated the customer, "and then I guess you'd better bring us some of that pott-tage aw few. Will one pott-tage aw few be enough to serve two?"

Choking, the helpless Frenchman uttered an inarticulate sound which might have been an assent.

"Trees beans," continued the torturer airily—"trees beans. And after that—um-m—let's see—here 'tis. We'll take a nice fill-lets migg-non with pommies dee terry, and a side order of pet-tit poises. Or would you prefer the harry-cots virts, old man?"

"Let's have some of the harry-cots virts," said his friend.

"I Guess, Gass-Song, We'll Start Off With a Few of the Horse-Doovers"

"Harry-cots virts it is," said the first man. "And then, gass-song, we're going to have some of that N. Dive salad and a couple of demmer tassies. And along with the demmer tassies suppose you fetch us a bite of the Rocky Ford cheese, or else the Comma Bert—whichever is the best. Did you get all that down right, gass?"

But the waiter was spared that final onslaught upon his venerated language. Mercifully the waiter had swooned. And it was just as well he had, too, because the man was getting ready to wrestle with the wine list; and the wine list had not only French names on it—it had also Hungarian names on it; and when a man who was born in this country undertakes to order a Hungarian wine it sounds as if he were trying to push his front teeth out with the tip of his tongue.

There are several languages besides our own that I expect to devote considerable attention to some of these days when I get round to them. Some of them are live languages and some of them are dead languages, and some are just poorly. For one thing, the use to which scientists are permitted to put the dead languages is worthy of any man's study, I think, because, according to the way I look at it, the system calls loudly for reform. These scientific persons certainly are reckless with Latin and Greek. They lack a sense of proportion. They'll tack a little short Latin name of two syllables on a creature as big as a sperm whale, and then they'll pick out some microbe so small that nobody ever saw him and endow him with a name long enough to run as a serial. There's no balance about it—no realization of the fitness of things.

In regard to the living languages, I feel that I am already pretty well grounded, thanks to my readings of the dialect pathos and humor of the hour. I know, for example, that all Irishmen begin every sentence with "Be jabers!"—or, in moments of excitement, with "Faith and be jabers!" And the way to write Chinese dialect is to change all the r's to l's; while in handling the Scandinavian you merely make y's out of all the j's. I wonder if this is true! Some day I'm going to Norway for two purposes: I wish to visit a fjord—pronounced by the English, Ferguson—and I want to find out what prejudice a Scandinavian has against a j.

The Decay of the American Parent

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY WORTH BREHM

THE host held the carving implements poised over the young chicken.

"White meat or dark?" he asked his guest.

"Dark meat, please."

"Why dark?" queried the host. "I thought you were going to say 'Either,' which means white."

"You see," said the guest reflectively, "I've never had a chance to find out whether I like white meat or not. When I was young my parents got it—and now my children get it."

With this incident might go the story of the school-teacher who was trying to teach her class fractions.

"Now, children," she said, "suppose it was luncheon-time for a mother and her six children, and everything had been eaten but the pie. What share would each child receive?"

"One-sixth," shouted Johnny.

"But there were seven people, Johnny."

"Sure, I know," said Johnny; "but, if there was only one pie for seven, the mother wouldn't take any."

Is it true—what they say in England and what many people here say—that our children are spoiled, bad-mannered and ungrateful; that in the American home the child rules from babyhood until it marries or otherwise leaves its home; that the parents are mere cupboards and pocketbooks to nourish the child, asking for nothing but the chance to sacrifice themselves for their young?

If there is some truth in this arraignment—if the American parent is decaying—it is because he has, on the one hand, too much conscience and, on the other hand, too tender an indulgence for the child; the mixture of these two qualities spells somewhere a failure in common-sense. We know that it is a very choice quality to be good at parenting and we take it with tense seriousness; but if we are honest we must admit that we do some blundering.

Progress has filled us with fears and responsibilities. It was easier in the old colonial days, when people were not so much parents and children as they were settlers. The Puritans came over here to practice their lives and religion in freedom. The living part of it at least took good, hard practice. Everything was simplified for those first settlers because they had one single aim—to survive physically. Everything was subservient to that aim and every one contributed to it—even the babies. The more children there were, the better chance there was of surviving. If a couple said, "Unto us a child is born!" what they really meant was: "There is one more inhabitant of this colony."

There was no question for that baby of certified milk and weighing machines, down coverlets and kindergarten blocks. As soon as he was past the cradle age he made way for another inhabitant, and was dropped on the hearthstone to play with the chips and roast his front and freeze his back until he was able to walk steadily and help with the work. The question was not one of developing his individuality—it was one of developing his usefulness to the community. He learned his manners and his morals by implication and example, though perhaps his religion was belted into him more consciously. There was no colonial parent who sighed, "My child is such a problem!" and no child who said: "My parents are so out-of-date!" There were no filial problems—there rarely are when the problem of getting the food supply is still in the nature of a hard adventure. Those early children grew up respecting and loving their parents, and the compliment was returned—more warmly, doubtless; for it seems to be the law of life that parents shall do most of the loving. Likewise, about the relation there was no self-consciousness.

Indeed in any pioneer stage in America there is the same absence of filial problems. There lives a woman in Wisconsin—close to eighty, well-educated, alert—a strong suffragist, liberal in every way, who cannot survey without smiling the apotheosis of the American child.

"The first thing I can remember," she said, "is playing with a turkey wing. I was tethered to a leg of the kitchen table at a safe distance from the stove and just out of reach of the chair that propped up one end of my mother's ironing board. I never had any plaything except a turkey wing, but that set my imagination working quite as well as if it had been a doll's house or an aeroplane. My mother taught me to read and write and cipher, her teacher's desk being the washtub or the breadboard. If I did well I was given a gingerbread man, and if I did badly I was tapped on the side of the head with thimble or rolling-pin—not to hurt me, but to show me that the scheme of things was not going to stop for any inattentive little girl.

"My grandfather made the shoes for the community, not because he was a shoemaker by trade, but because he happened to be able to do it better than any one else. Sometimes we children helped him after school—and don't pity us for doing that when we might have been playing. We clamored to do it, for the reason that the shoes of the children of our own family were the very last made; and if they were too late the cold weather came along and nipped our feet a little mite more sharply than we liked. Nobody thought of pitying us. I believe the assumption was that we were lucky to have shoes.

"I wonder what the creators of the apotheosis of the American child would think of a month's job that fell to the lot of my thirteen-year-old brother. He and my father were the only sound persons in a village of two score down in bed with malaria. Those two did all the chores and whatever nursing and cooking were done. My brother's only complaint was that none of the boys seemed to feel like talking to him. I suppose today he would get a Carnegie medal and a swelled head; but seventy years ago no one thought that what he did was in any way remarkable—it was merely part of the day's work, and if he had shirked he would have heard from his elders. There was no factory inspector to point out that he was not of legal age; no pedagogue to define his moral rights. You see, the last century was so very backward that it didn't know enough to be the century of the child."

No generalization that can be made about the American parent is true of all types for various reasons, one of which is that the American parent has to be classified into several

different categories. If one regards him economically one can divide him into three groups: the very rich, the very poor, and the well-to-do. The very rich parents do so much of their living vicariously that naturally they are not seriously disturbed by the problems of parenthood. In the first place, they don't have very many children. They have not time—they cannot stay home long enough to rear them. They have a duty to their money. People with too much money have to take care of it and spend it, and get away from it and live up to it, and in general show that they have the ability to pay by means of so much circumstance and pomp and competition and indirection that they have very little energy left with which to produce human ties—or to enjoy them once they are produced.

Such people are separated by their great wealth from every direct necessity except those of satisfying their physical needs and of amusing themselves—and even here they are aided. Servants help them dress, and make the eating of their food as light labor as possible, and speed them to and from their amusements. Other more highly specialized servants attend to their investments, build and furnish their various habitations and keep house for them. A yellow-rich mother must bear her own child, but several other women dress and feed and educate it. When the organization of the yellow-rich home is such that father and mother are parasites they can do no better than produce a parasitic child. The uselessness of the parasitic couple reduces their usefulness as parents and also reduces the consideration they receive from their children.

They may turn out handsome, intelligent progeny, charming in manner and sophisticated in looking after the pleasures of number one; but they will not turn out grownup children with tender corners in their hearts for two faces that were once all they understood of protection and love, and with a host of gentle and sacred associations for even the words "Father" and "Mother."

Hostages to Fortune

THE problem of the very poor is entirely different. Their conduct with their children resembles that of the original settlers in one respect—they have no time to trouble over the niceties of the cult of parenthood. They differ from the Puritans, however, in several respects, the most important being that, while the Puritans reared their children—besides for the glory of God—for the good of the state, the twentieth-century poor couples rear theirs for the good of the family. This is especially true of the foreign-born. Some laboring men work hard all their lives to the end that they may elevate their children above themselves; a good many more work hard on the assumption that they will not be able to save much with so many mouths to feed, and that they will be worn out or laid off at forty or fifty—and that they must then look to their children to take care of them.

Some poor foreigners, regarding a child as at once a benefit—for it may be a means of good support, and a risk—for it may die, insure the lives of their little ones for from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Before a foreign baby—barring calls on the doctor—costs fifty dollars in board, it will have begun to make itself useful in caring for still younger babies. These parents have no delicate question in psychology to consider. Their question is to make ends meet by getting the children into as good jobs as may be had for them, and then by still holding the strong hand of parental authority over them once they have tasted that margin of freedom which consists in getting away from the thraldom of the public school into a factory or a shop. There are thousands of young boys and girls all over this country who hand to their parents on Saturday night unopened pay-envelopes, receiving ten cents back for moving-picture shows or for gum. And this may keep on for years until the call of the blood compels a youth and a girl to start a family on their own account. Two families are the poorer, but, on the other hand, there is usually a younger brother or sister to begin earning. The girls "stick" longer than the boys, but both are pretty loyal to their filial obligations. They have never heard any lectures on The Rights of the Child; nor have they read in any magazine a mother's confession—How I Was Responsible for My Child's Failure. They have been brought up to "stand round" when they are told, and they do stand round.

Of course they occasionally assert their authority on the score of paying the rent, or they otherwise rebel and leave home, and contribute no further to the family purse. More sons do that than daughters—just as poor fathers sometimes desert their families when work is slack and babies continue to come knocking at the doors of life, though one rarely hears of a poor mother deserting her family—unless she deserts through death. Even in this century of the child the children of the foreign-born usually take for granted the obligation of contributing to the support of parents.

"Gee! I've got the rough end of it all right!" complained a boy of eighteen to a settlement worker. "My old man only took care of me for fourteen years, and if he lives till he's eighty he'll still expect me to be handing out to him. That means I could hand out for forty years yet. Forty to fourteen! I guess I'll quit at the end of fourteen years like he did."

His listener inquired what he would expect of his own eldest child, considering that he was an unskilled worker and that accidents to life and limb were to be contemplated, and that living expenses were on the increase. The boy reflected.

"I guess," he said slowly, "that I'd have to play it as lowdown on the poor little kid as my father plays it on me. I guess it would be cheaper for my kid if I didn't have him, but just went on handing out to my old man."

There remains the fairly well-to-do parent, the hardest to generalize about, for that may mean a family whose

"To Show Me That the Scheme of Things Was Not Going to Stop for Any Inattentive Little Girl"

income is a thousand dollars a year or one whose income is ten thousand or more. The most hopeful phase of our American democracy is that very often the same fundamental opportunities come to the thousand-dollar family as to the ten-thousand-dollar family—the same education, ideals and energy may belong to the children of each set.

The average American couple have grown up amid the comforts of average American homes, with the underlying feeling that doubtless some day they would be in command of the luxuries. The man, as a matter of course, has worked for his living; probably the girl has or, if not, she would have had to if she had not married. They meet; love and Nature throw a net about them, and the world seems to them an alluring and a secure place. They stand up before the minister and the guests and are made one. Among the guests are those who are widowed and divorced and childless, sick and distressed, disgraced and old. The couple, of course, see them; but the things that life and chance have wreaked for these guests do not touch the consciousness of the happy two. Life is going to be different for them.

And for a time life is. They walk on clouds, and the good-natured world helps them to pick out the softest steps. It is not so much that all the world loves a lover as it is that all the world is sorry for a lover—it remembers the time when it used to be a lover itself, and it is very tender of people in the like case. It wants to disguise from the lovers as long as possible that after a time the primrose path has hard places in it. The lovers don't change, if you like—but circumstances do.

Presently there are babies, and the primrose path persists—but the little ones complicate matters. Babies are not allowed to cost anything to speak of in the very poor home, and what they cost in the very rich home is inconsequential; but what they cost in the homes between must be considered. The A's have two plump babies and a few hundred dollars in the bank—so have the B's; but the B children fall ill, and remain ill for a year; the bank balance falls away and money has to be borrowed from Mrs. B's people. The A's begin to reflect—they have no one from whom to borrow!

Young A especially reflects. He has given hostages to Fortune when he thought he was just being happy. He has put a yoke on his neck just at the time when he thought he was proving himself to be free; but he would not have it different and, as time goes on, he sticks to that. It takes courage, perhaps, to stick to it, for children cost so much in human energy. They wake in the night and break the rest of their parents. Perhaps young A has to take the room at the other end of the hall so that he will be fit for work next day, while Mrs. A gets up with the babies, planning to manage a nap next day when they are asleep.

Perhaps they are noisy and exacting on Sunday when they ought to be allowing their parents to take some pleasure out of them. The A's accept it all, for they are the average American parents. Let any person with ordinary self-control, who is noble enough to wish to discipline his character, go in for a large family of children—he'll be an archangel by the time they're grown up!

Young A accepts not only all the daily incidental inconveniences of bringing up a family but he accepts the large yoke—the common lot of the father who has assumed parental responsibility without a full realization of what chance and circumstance may do to him. He looks on this responsibility as a stimulus; he means to take one grand wallop out of Fortune and get enough ahead to pay for operations, anyhow, and to educate his children. He will give them a better start than he had. All he has had to give up they shall not give up—not while he has a finger left to work for them. He must abandon that plan he had for going on with his violin lessons; he will have to sell his stamp collection to Smith—very well, he will see that his children indulge their little fads.

Photographing Fauntleroy

OF COURSE he idolizes these children and overrates their importance. He may know they are rude and tiresome, only ordinarily intelligent and not at all diligent; but he cannot feel this. Just now it is the fashion for certain photographers, abetted by artistic and idealistic mothers, to take pictures of children, getting Van Dyck or Gainsborough or Romney effects. A small imp, with a lowering face so freckled that he looks as if he had been peppered with breakfast food, a fat, inquisitive nose, and eyes that only grow big over the excitement of a dog-fight, and with grubby, stubby little hands, appears in a photograph with his chin lifted at a delicately wondering angle, his face put in three-quarter position so that the line of his nose is almost disguised, his eyes large and soulful, his hair longish—because the picture was taken the day father said he would not stand the look of it any longer—and his stubby hand concealed in the collar of a well-behaved collie dog. The picture does not show the spirit of the real boy; but his mother and the photographer like it, and some day his sweetheart will adore it. It bears about as much likeness to the every-day appearance of the boy as his real personality does to the impression his parents have of that personality.

It is strange that we lose our heads over our children, when other nations—to whom, perhaps, we have proved ourselves superior—do not! The British parent is just as keen on offspring as we are—if anything he is more so. Among aristocracy and the well-to-do scarcely a marriage settlement is drawn in which there is not some mention of the rights and prospects of the children. Yet, though the English consider the child of the utmost importance, they differ from us in that they do not let the child discover that fact.

Everybody in an English household conspires to keep a child in his place. Even poorly paid nursemaids are quite capable of giving Master George a dignified lesson in manners if he presumes beyond the polite limits assigned for childish conduct. Master George, after he passes his first babyhood, is not supposed to be comforted if he falls

down, is supposed to take his various mishaps lightly, and is not allowed to impose his whims or peculiarities upon other people. He is shown kindness and courtesy, but he is not spoiled. Frequently this discipline is carried too far; the dogs and horses are petted more than he is. The English ideal is not to develop the individuality of the child, but to make of him an all-round citizen, with whom other people can live.

The Continental parent, compared to us, is a spoiled creature. There was originally a primeval parental authority which was preserved in Roman jurisprudence under the term *Patria potestas* and endured for centuries. The young sat spiritually at the feet of their elders. Marcus Aurelius tells us that he learned piety and beneficence from his mother; abstinence and simplicity from his father; modesty and manly character from his grandfather; good morals and government of temper from his great-grandfather—and if he had had any other living ancestor he would probably have been obliged to absorb some other virtue from him! Even now the Continent has not really shaken off the tradition of parental absolutism. In France, as all the world knows, the parents make the marriages—and a son, even if he is sixty, must have his mother's consent before he can take a wife. The human being there has to be son or daughter for perhaps sixty years, whereas his tenure of time as a parent is a full generation shorter. This Continental habit is one reason why the foreign children who come to us are so well-behaved in the public schools—at least until they learn the language thoroughly, interpret our liberty in terms of license and begin to despise their parents. And if this disrespect comes to the foreign parent it is the bitterest sorrow he has to meet.

The Problem of Spoiled Parents

THE native-born American parents, then, go on bravely planning and sacrificing for children without dreaming of expecting gratitude—at least, we tell ourselves, not while the children are little. Our reward is to make them happy; our theory that, if we cannot make up our minds to live for our children, we ought not to have any. We wish to make it up to them because the world cannot be just as ideal as it seemed when the honeymoon was shimmering. The idea is also to make enough money so that the children can perhaps go to college, and even be supported for a few months while they are looking about for the work for which they are best fitted. Being an American, the parent values freedom more than any other quality. When he finds his own quota of it smaller than he had counted on he at once desires it for his children. The simplest way he knows of measuring freedom is in terms of money. He coins his lifeblood cheerfully—that is, theoretically he does it cheerfully, though in practice he may be cross at breakfast-time. He wants to spend himself freely for his sons and daughters—and he does. Perhaps he gets worn out with it; for by the time his grandchildren arrive he is willing to enjoy them, but he refuses to take any responsibility about them. Did you ever know a grandparent who did not flee from the notion of disciplining a child's child?

What the American parent enjoys most of all—unless he is the wise exception—is lavishing on his children things he never had and always wanted when he was little. There are two children of a rising young lawyer who have everything the heart of child can desire, even though mother goes without a new party gown and father wears his overcoat another season to help pay for the Shetland pony. Any one who wants to know the latest thing in toys has merely to step into the nursery of those two fortunate—or unfortunate—youngsters. Nothing delights their father more than to see them at play, surrounded and all but satiated with toys.

"I always said when I was a child," he explained, "that if ever I had any little boys they should never have to get up in the dark to do chores, and they should never have to look in the shop windows and long in vain for things. My wife and I were brought up on farms, and we had to work hard in the mornings before we walked two or three miles to school; and we never had anything pretty until we were out of school and able to earn it. I am thankful to say that my boys don't have to do as I did—look on at happiness

"'My Boy, it Always Hurts Me to Whip You Far More Than it Hurts You'"

His Mother and the Photographer Like It

through other children's eyes. A child has the right to happiness, and childhood is the time when full enjoyment is possible. They'll never grow up to say that I denied them anything."

And that lawyer is considered one of the best judges of human nature—one of the keenest psychologists practicing at the bar today! Yet he read no lesson from the little incident that follows: He was working in his library, which opened on the front porch. On the porch were his boys, with a train of cars, a traction engine, a water tower, a steel bridge, an aeroplane, and various other toys. The pony was tethered below the porch. Along the street came two shabby children, one of whom pushed a cart made of a cracker box set on whittled wooden wheels and containing an unprepossessing baby.

"Say, Billy," said the older of these two outsiders, "wouldn't you like to have it as soft as them two kids?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Billy.

"You could play with all them trains and tracks, and you could ride on the pony—and you needn't ever take care of that baby no more."

"I guess I could take care of the baby just the same," hesitated Billy; "I guess I could stick on the pony with her across my lap!"

Billy was a little parent! All the lawyer saw or said was: "Poor little wretches! It's hard lines for them."

He did not get a hint that Billy, heavy with human responsibility, would probably make a better son and perhaps a better citizen than either of his own children. He merely felt that some father ought to be making it easy for the poor little gamins.

In line with this ideal of giving the children things that the parents were denied is another which is likely to spell disaster in the home—the desire to put the child in a better position socially than the parents occupy. This is, of course, true of the foreigner—but not only of the foreigner.

"Mary," said an energetic housewife to her washerwoman, "your Annie graduated from grammar school this year—didn't she? What is she working at?"

"I'm making a lady of her," replied Mary proudly. "She'll never have to be told to put in more bluing and to be careful about the insertion. I'm having her learn china painting and embroidery!"

The day-laborer wants to put his boy in an office; the bookkeeper wants to send his son to college and make a professor of him; the clerk in a shoe store wants to see his son in a business of his own. Sometimes, in the pursuit of this ambition, he makes parasitic fools of his children and wins neither thanks nor respect. Again, he may produce climbers who get on, but who are impatient because their parents lag behind.

For example, pretty Clara's mother deprived herself of everything possible so that the girl should make a good appearance in high school. Clara joined a sorority there and soon after began to criticise her mother's grammar and manners. Then she went to college and was pledged to a still more exclusive sorority. After this she began to want to entertain her companions at luncheon, but she objected to having her mother meet them.

"You'll be so hot and untidy from working in the kitchen," she said, "that you wouldn't be looking the way I'd want you to. I'll tell the girls you had to go downtown."

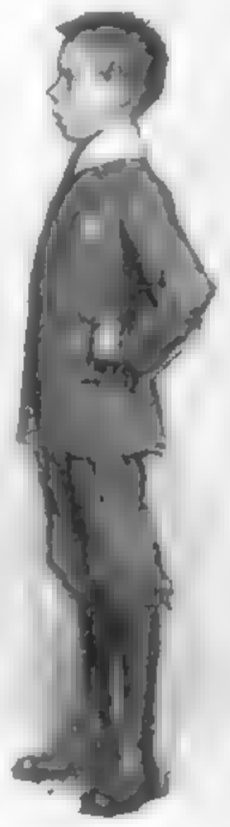
Clara's mother knew that her daughter was ashamed of her, and she knew that it was her own fault. She did not have enough spirit to resent the slight she had invited or enough energy to institute a new order of things. She simply suffered, without saying anything, as a good many parents do, while Clara went on climbing, sorry for herself because she was afflicted with out-of-date parents.

Sometimes, in America, we have spoiled parents—they do not wish to give their children enough personal liberty. This is especially true of the well-to-do. A father wants to go to Europe and take his elder daughter with him; he makes his plans suddenly, ruthlessly breaking into her cherished desire to be maid-of-honor at her best friend's wedding. The parasitic mother, whose daughter has taken up painting or writing for a career, comes constantly into the studio to interrupt, that a note may be written for her or advice given about the hour for driving, or that the possible hiding-place of her eyeglasses may be speculated upon. And among poorer people, especially in the country, frequent cases are found where the young are sacrificed to the old. A daughter will give up marriage to take care of her old father, who refuses to live in another man's house. All over this continent there are small villages where unmarried or widowed women patiently feed their lives to the old.

Usually it is the other way about however; and unless the American parent is lucky and wise he may wake up to find that, though he has been building up his own character, he has been making ducks and drakes of his children's chances for proper discipline. Devotion and wisdom do not always go hand in hand. We hear of fathers who are working so hard to make ends meet that they have not the time and energy to become acquainted with their children. The children have been trained by mother to look upon father as an important person. They early learn that he is the one who controls the purse—and they show him the respect that the purse always receives; but many a father realizes too late that his children have for him the loyalty due to the blood tie rather than the love that companionable people should have for each other. This is not always the fault of the father and the mother. Some of the blame may be put on the organization of the present-day business world and the present-day home. Competition, specialization, labor-saving devices and the American spirit of rush have made the world so complicated that it is a marvel our decay is not more marked!

Efficiency in Medieval Times

IN MEDIEVAL times family life was a close corporation. The mother took care of her daughters until they married; and of her sons until they were about seven years old, when the men of the household lent a hand. The medieval father did not go down to an office after a breakfast eaten, perhaps, behind a newspaper, returning when the younger children were in bed. When he had to leave home on the business of war or theft he left proxies behind to help look after his sons. His wife had a large household to manage—spinning and weaving and dyeing and sewing; cooking and certain kinds of teaching and training were in her charge. No matter how many castles and acres she might have brought to her husband, she simply could not be a wife without also being a highly efficient manager. There were no specialists outside the home to whom she could send those under her for training; she had to be all the specialists herself. Some such situation was repeated in the antebellum days in the South. The master of the plantation carried a great deal of domestic responsibility, and so did his wife. She knew which of the women did the washing and which the spinning, and just how well they did it, and how much work they ought to turn out in a day. She knew when a maid was sick and when another was lazy. She was as capable of running her domestic world as some of her sisters today—at whom she would be shocked—are of running a municipality. And she turned out capable, well-behaved children. All this is still being done in any part of America where simple conditions can be reproduced even with modifications—in other words, where there is still pioneering.



The trend of modern living, however, has taken her old powers and responsibilities from the wife. She does not live in a house with a garden from which she finds time to gather flowers—she lives

(Continued on Page 46)

The Adventures of Anastasius

Uninvited Guests—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"WHAT," asked Anastasius, "do you think a really smart frock, warranted to withstand criticism in the most expensive financial circles, would cost?"

Moya looked at him suspiciously. This was the third time during the course of dinner he had introduced the question of the cost of women's clothes, a sure token that his mind was dwelling on the subject with some ulterior object.

Womanlike, Moya replied to the question with another.

"What do you want to know for?" she inquired.

Anastasius sipped his coffee before answering.

"I suppose if I were to tell you that I merely wanted to remedy a hitherto neglected part of my education you would not believe me?"

"Not much!" responded Moya promptly.

"It is sad to see cynicism so highly developed in so young a member of the fairer sex," murmured Anastasius pensively to the amber contents of his liqueur glass.

"I know you," replied Moya.

Anastasius shook his head.

"No woman knows a man until she has been married to him for ten years; and by that time usually she has lost interest in him," he remarked. "However, the study of mankind is not the topic of discussion. It is frocks. Suppose I told you I was thinking of getting married and wanted to estimate the probable cost?"

Moya shook her head and smiled.

"That won't do," she answered.

"Why shouldn't I get married?" remarked Anastasius.

Moya shrugged her shoulders.

"You've never asked me," she replied.

This was a palpable fact, and it took Anastasius Yorke so fully in the face that for once he had no repartee ready; but only for ten seconds was he nonplused. Then he retorted quietly:

"May I point out, Miss Marston, that you are not the only single woman in the world; and that, even if you were, the omission to ask you to marry me is one that might be remedied?"

"All the same, you might be no nearer getting married if you did ask me," retorted the girl.

"True," said Anastasius gravely; "that has always been my impression. Consequently ——"

Moya bit her lip. She was not going to respond to the obvious bait Anastasius dangled before her. She knew, and she knew that Anastasius knew, that she was to be won by the asking in the right way, which was the sentimental way beloved by every young woman who had ever tapped words out of a typewriter in London; but she knew also, by this time, that Anastasius was far more interested in finance than in sentiment, and she had learned to bear with equanimity and even to enjoy the pseudo-sentimental approaches with which he seasoned their business and social relations. Indeed, there could have been no greater tribute to the cleverness of Anastasius Yorke than the method by which he had succeeded in transforming the typist into nothing more intimate than comrade and employee, yet had secured the equal devotion of both to his interests.

Perhaps at the back of the girl's mind there was the belief that, hidden away somewhere in her employer's active brain, there was a chord which might prove responsive to the right note, and that some day she might happen to strike that note; but experience had shown her that the wiles which would have brought assurances of devotion from nine out of every ten of the men she had ever met were wasted on Anastasius. She had been wise enough to accept the position exactly as she found it without seeking to conjugate the four-lettered verb, which in many instances looms so largely in the feminine scheme of life, in anything but the future tense.

So she did not make the obvious retort that a less capably conscious young person of twenty would have made, but rested her head on her hand, looked guilelessly into her companion's eyes and remarked:

"Do tell me all about her?"

Anastasius laughed, finished his coffee and lit a cigarette before replying.

"It's another little business adventure, Moya," he said, "in which I find once more that man alone is incapable, without a woman's assistance, of carrying out what his brain has conceived."

"Risky?" asked the girl.

Anastasius puffed a cloud of smoke into the air and brushed it away with his hand.

"As easy as that," he said.

Moya rested her chin in both hands and looked interested.

"What has it to do with frocks?" she asked.

Anastasius looked round. Grevé's was emptying. A vivacious party of four Frenchmen and two French women occupied the long table near the door. Two solitary diners occupied tables at the far end of the room.

"You've heard of Boulger—Demetrius Boulger?" he inquired.

She nodded. Who had not heard of the great Amalgamation King? Was not his name written every day on every page of every financial newspaper in the land. No city article was complete without some reference to his "stupendous audacity" or his "astounding enterprise," according to the view taken by the writers of the latest combine he engineered.

Nor was it alone in the financial columns of the newspapers that the personality of Demetrius Boulger intruded itself. He could not be kept out of the news columns. If his mission in life had been to supply people with topics for conversation he could not have framed his daily life with nicer consideration for their requirements. He was a man of many ideas—all of them costly. His activities knew no limits and he never troubled to repress them. Whether it was in building himself a house or a motor car, in furnishing his picture gallery or his wife's jewel box, he appeared to have but one object—to let the light of his millions shine before men. Of course Moya had heard of him.

"Today week Boulger is giving a big dance," said Anastasius.

"I know," said Moya; and, indeed, her knowledge was shared by a majority of the young women who read halfpenny newspapers in the mornings on their journey to the city; for Demetrius Boulger's forthcoming dance had already provided columns of vivid descriptive copy in a somewhat dull season.

It was to be the dance of dances, a sort of triumph to signalize the final capitulation of Society, with a big S, to the assault of the multimillionaire. Everybody was to be there, from royalty—somewhat minor royalty, if truth must be told—to the latest enchantress from the Russian ballet; and for the accommodation of the guests builders had been at work for weeks on the big garden that lay at the back of the mansion in Berkeley Square which for two years had been Boulger's town house. The tongues of the gossips wagged freely as to the surprises the millionaire had in store for his guests on this occasion; and they had wagged as freely in the press and with as little knowledge as elsewhere. Naturally Moya knew all about it. Devotion to the interests of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington had not deadened her normal feminine instincts.

Any Financial Information Which Came From Her Smiling Lips Must of Necessity be Without Guile

"I have been thinking of going to that dance of Boulger's," said Anastasius; "but I have come to the conclusion that it would be a waste of time unless I were accompanied by my wife."

"Your wife?" queried the girl in surprise.

"Or a lady who could be persuaded to assume the rôle at the moment she enters the front door of the Boulger mansion and abandon it the moment she recrosses the threshold."

"Oh!" said Moya. A glorified vision appeared before her eyes of being present at one of those society functions of which she avidly read particulars, partly in admiration, partly in awe, but wholly and frankly with envy.

"You have had an invitation?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"Not what you might call a formal invitation," replied Anastasius calmly; "in fact, the suggestion that I should be present may be said to come more from myself than from Boulger, though I am quite sure that if he knew me he would not have left me out."

"Oh!" said Moya again; but this time the ejaculation expressed disappointment as clearly as a moment before it had announced pleasurable anticipation.

"You can't go without an invitation," she said.

"I do not think," said Anastasius, with quiet deliberation, "that the presence of two uninvited guests is likely to be detected among the two thousand who have been bidden to the fair."

"But ——" began the girl.

"Just think what a spree it would be, Moya!" urged Anastasius. "You've never been to any of these smart affairs. Can't you see yourself swimming in the same tank with half a dozen duchesses, a score of countesses, and enough of the minor nobility to fill Boulger's boards for the rest of the century?"

"It would be a spree certainly," admitted the girl, "if it comes off."

"Well, you leave it to me to bring it off," said Anastasius; "and now you know why I happened to be so curious as to the cost of ladies' frocks. Of course my companion must be turned out to suit the occasion, and the gift of the frock ought to be sufficient compensation for the infinitesimal risk of being asked to leave."

"It would be delightful ——" began the girl, her eyes dancing with merriment at the thought. "You know the sort of frock I should want would be expensive," she murmured, half persuaded. "Molly Jenkins' sister is at a court dressmaker's in Wigmore Street and she was telling me of the prices the customers pay. They never make an evening frock under thirty guineas; and there's the cloak and the stockings and the shoes, and ——"

Anastasius interrupted her.

"That's settled then," he said. "Tomorrow morning, instead of coming to the office, you will put on your motor coat and I will send my car for you to take you shopping. Don't forget your checkbook; and remember that the first

"By Jove, Moya, I Never Before Realised That You Were a Beauty!"

thing tomorrow morning there will be paid into your account one hundred pounds, which I shall expect to see entirely on your back on the night of Boulger's dance."

"But ——" objected the girl.

Anastasius rose from the table.

"It is time for me to see you to your tube, Moya. The waiters are getting impatient for us to be gone."

II

WHATEVER was to be the outcome of the attempted intrusion into Demetrius Boulger's historic ball, there was no doubt whatever about Moya's enjoyment of the preliminaries. A whole morning to be devoted to shopping in the most expensive establishments in the West End was a welcome change from the routine of answering letters in an office in Old Broad Street. Under ordinary circumstances she might have felt some trepidation about facing the superior heads of a superior establishment; but with the moral support of Anastasius' car and a spick-and-span chauffeur, reënforced with an expensive motor coat, the spoil of a previous adventure, she felt ready to face anything or anybody.

When, therefore, the doors of a specially select establishment at the corner of Oxford Circus swung back for her entrance, nobody would have detected from her curt exclamation, "Evening gown department!" addressed to the immaculate being who came forward to meet her, that this was her first visit to one of fashion's most noted shrines.

Nor did she betray any undue diffidence when introduced into the holy of holies, where, after explaining what she required, the *mannequins* were paraded for her inspection. One little difficulty had arisen. The usual doubt had been expressed as to the possibility of supplying the gown within six days.

Moya had dealt with it promptly.

"Oh, very well," she had said, with well-assumed indifference, "I shall have to go to Paquin's again—only I thought I would give you a trial this time."

She rose to leave.

"It might, of course, be possible. Madame has no account here yet, I suppose; and, with so many orders, we must oblige old customers. You see ——" explained the head of the department.

"I always pay cash," said Moya as she adjusted her hat before a glass.

"If madame will wait one minute ——" was the hurried reply.

A brief confabulation in a corner between two black-gowned women and a black-coated man resulted in a smiling assurance that whoever else was disappointed the new customer would not be; and Moya entered with zest upon the task of selection of style and material, in which she displayed a native critical talent that effectually veiled her ignorance. Two guides she had. She knew the colors which suited her and she knew also that Anastasius had a detestation of anything gaudy or overornamented. She was quite satisfied with her morning's work when she departed, leaving behind her a check for twenty-five pounds on account.

She had not finished, however. There were a variety of minor articles indispensable not only for wear with a fifty-guinea frock, but others just as indispensable for the lady who was to undergo the ordeal of being fitted in an establishment where such confections are created.

She had accumulated quite a large number of parcels and boxes before she returned to the little flat in Glamour Street, Chelsea, where she left them, to be opened and the contents examined at leisure in the evening, and hastened cityward to take up the burden of her customary duties.

Thereafter the days flew by in a whirl of pleasant anticipation. Moya allowed no thought of any unforeseen calamity to spoil those anticipations. She had plenty of previous experience of the audacity of Anastasius to warrant her confidence that, if he had set his mind on being present at the Boulger ball, there was little likelihood of that desire being thwarted. And in those few days which elapsed between the ordering of the frock and the great day when it was sent home Anastasius made quite evident his determination to be there. He was particularly curious to learn details of Moya's frock, but though he fished for information cleverly he got none.

"Wait and see," was the only answer, in a phrase which has become classic, she would give him. She knew he wanted to know lest she should have indulged in some eccentricity that would have violated his instructions to get something as quiet as the latest fashion would permit; and she kept him on tenterhooks with descriptions of frocks she had admired and had not bought, conscious that the element of surprise might be an effective weapon to beat down that intangible something which stood between them.

She left the office early on the day of the ball, for there was the visit of the hairdresser to be provided for; and the robing in the unaccustomed finery, even with the assistance of Molly Jenkins' sister, specially retained for the event, was calculated to take some hours. However, she was ready by eight o'clock, prompt to which hour the trill of the bell announced Anastasius' arrival.

Moya was standing in the little sitting room when he entered. Her face was turned from him, her head slightly bent, one arm raised. Anastasius, having taken two steps into the room, paused abruptly. This surely was not Moya! There was no hint of the provokingly piquant young person whom he found it amusing to tease and tantalize when occasion permitted.

He became aware of a slender figure with the rounded curves of womanhood—graceful in every line of it.

"Moya?" he said doubtingly.

She looked up as if for the first time conscious of his entrance. Her arms dropped to her side as she turned to face him and asked him simply:

"Shall I do?"

Then she knew she had done well to keep her secret. For she saw in Anastasius' eyes a look of genuine admiration.

The Mannequins Were Paraded for Her Inspection

"Do?" he said. "By Jove, Moya, I never before realized that you were a beauty!"

"I don't think I realized it myself until tonight," she replied thoughtfully; "and"—there came a little catch in her breath—"I don't know whether to laugh or to cry at the discovery." Her tone changed. "You've a lot to answer for, Anastasius; but I must not keep you waiting. Will you help me on with my cloak?"

Without a word he obeyed. The relationship between them had suddenly changed; he realized it instantly. The butterfly had emerged from the chrysalis. No; he dismissed the analogy as insufficiently expressive. The magician's wand had waved over the beggar maid and she had become the princess; but again the analogy lacked something. Anyway, this Moya seemed to be so very far removed from anything to do with Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington that he wondered whether he dared expect her to take part in the little scheme he had planned for making Demetrius Boulger contribute to his rapidly increasing banking account. Yet, even as he wondered, there came upon him the realization that this beautiful creature was by reason of her beauty the very strongest card that he could play in the game he had in view. A surge of triumphant delight swept over him.

"Moya," he said as he placed her cloak carefully over her shoulders, "I have no more appreciated your ability than your beauty hitherto. I think you are wonderful."

She smiled up at him as she replied softly:

"You don't know everything, even now."

He became more certain than ever that he had never known the real Moya as the evening progressed.

He had thought of a quiet dinner at the Café Royal or Prince's. Instead he chose the Savoy, and reveled in the glances of envy and admiration which followed his companion as they passed through the crowded dining room. And the girl took it all as a matter of course. There was not a trace of self-consciousness about her. She was living in dreamland or in the land where dreams came true, and nothing could happen that was not altogether delightful. She chattered gayly, she enjoyed the dinner, just a faint rose-flush tinted the normal pallor of her cheeks, and there was a brighter sparkle in her eye when, at ten o'clock, they passed through the vestibule to the waiting motor car.

"I am sure I was born to this," she said as she disposed herself comfortably and Anastasius seated himself beside her.

"Who knows?" queried Anastasius.

He asked the question as much of himself as of her, but he did not wait to answer it. Somehow he had not found time during the dinner to unfold the details of his scheme and the time was nearly come. He talked rapidly.

"The first thing will be our entrance. That is easy enough. Afterward to scrape acquaintance—that will be more difficult. Then to talk to them; to tell them that this is Boulger's final appearance, the last flash of an expiring rocket; that the last amalgamation has missed fire!"

Moya smiled.

"I don't think it will be very difficult," she said.

The first part of the adventure proved supremely easy. Their car set them down at the edge of the carpet and they joined the queue of arriving guests which passed up the great staircase to the landing, where a frightened-looking, pale-faced little woman, who seemed to find her load of diamonds too heavy for her, stood beside a massive man with iron-gray hair, iron-gray mustache and ruddy face, receiving the guests.

"Mr. and Mrs. Yorke," were announced; and Moya stepped forward and languidly shook the little woman's hand.

"So kind of you to think of us," she said sweetly.

She turned to the great Amalgamation King himself.

"I see you don't remember me and I think it is really unkind of you!"

Demetrius Boulger looked puzzled as he clasped the little hand held out to him.

Anastasius gasped. "A woman's audacity is greater by far than a man's," he thought.

"You do me an injustice," said Demetrius gallantly, "as well as yourself. Do you think any one could forget you?"

"Well," said Moya, "as I have been in retirement so long, I hope you will find me one or two partners."

It was at this moment that H. R. H., who was the guest of the evening, was announced and Demetrius said hastily:

"Come back directly. I'll see—or my secretary shall see——"

Moya passed on as he was bowing respectfully over a royal hand.

Two men standing just behind Boulger had noticed the warm greeting given to the girl, though they were too far away to hear the brief conversation. They noted, too, her youth, her freshness. They needed no one to tell them that her frock had come from a modiste of the first class.

"Pretty girl that!" said one of them to the other.

"Must get an introduction."

"Too big a crowd to need introductions," said the other. He moved toward the ballroom and was at the entrance before Moya and Anastasius reached it.

As they came up he bowed and smiled.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE LUCKY NUMBER

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

A HUNCH is a peculiar thing. It operates in defiance of all reason, sets probability at naught, faces the prospect of disaster without a quiver, perceives no difference between a long shot and a lead-pipe cinch, and in most cases seizes its prey with the clutch of a famished hawk and the swiftness of its swoop. In some cases, however, it is a creature of growth, beginning as a protoplasm and increasing with the imperceptibility of evolution day by day, through weeks, months and years, to a perfectly formed and highly organized entity, peremptory in its demand for recognition and confirmation. Johnny Bartlett's hunches were commonly of the slow-working kind. Johnny was not a swift sort of young man himself.

That was the objection Mabel's father had to him.

"He hasn't any initiative and he'd be inclined to regard a referendum as a half-brick coming in his direction," opined Mr. Hoskins.

"He's a nice boy," urged Mrs. Hoskins, who liked Johnny and had known his mother. "He's steady; and you know, father, you weren't always so well off as you are today."

"He's too all-fired steady," declared Mr. Hoskins, frowning; "but I can tell you he's going to be considerably more infrequent round here if I have any voice in the matter."

"You've too much voice, dear," said Mrs. Hoskins. "I'm afraid they'll hear you."

This was one of several similar conversations that occurred within a period of eighteen months. Johnny had been calling at the house for nearly two years with Mabel's entire approval; but the hunch had been growing within him to the effect that Mr. Hoskins would some day express himself disagreeably. With dawning recognition of the inward monitor, Johnny began to avoid Mr. Hoskins. With some hesitation he imparted the hunch to Mabel.

"What a foolish idea, Johnny!" said the young woman. "I'm quite sure daddy likes you very much indeed. Why shouldn't he?" she added.

"I can't think of any reason, to save my life, darling," replied Johnny; "but I find myself unable to share your confidence, just the same. He has a way of looking at me lately that makes me feel uncomfortable and he is getting into the habit of snorting when I make a remark."

"You silly, sensitive boy!" said Mabel fondly. "Why, Johnny, if you'd been snorted at a twentieth part as much as I've been you might talk. He does it to mother too—and I'm quite sure he doesn't dislike her. I just pull his whiskers."

"I feel certain he wouldn't like it if I did," said Johnny.

Just then Mr. Hoskins' voice in the matter reached their startled ears.

"I told you so," Johnny said.

Mr. Hoskins met them in the hall. He looked suspiciously pleasant and his manner was elaborately offhand.

"Mab," he said, "I think your mother wants you. Bartlett, have you got a moment or two to spare? Just a moment or two—in here."

He laid a hand kindly on Johnny's shoulder, steered him into the library and closed the door. It was done very briskly and neatly.

"Now, Bartlett," said Mr. Hoskins, facing about and confronting the blushing young man, "I don't want to be unpleasant, but I'm going to talk plainly to you. You've been coming here quite a long while and we like you and that sort of thing; but it's got to a point where I'm going to ask you to keep away."

Johnny looked at the keen gray eyes that bored into him; at the wide mouth that had closed tightly below its line of short, white mustache with the conclusion of the sentence; at the inflexible, out-thrust chin—and his heart sank. "Why?" he asked.

"Mabel," replied Mr. Hoskins concisely. "Understand," he went on, "I've nothing against your character or habits, Johnny—not in the ordinary sense of the word; and it isn't because you're not a millionaire. The trouble with you is that you never will be. You hold down your job, but it's the same job you've been holding down for the last two years. I doubt if you've had a five-dollar raise in all that time. You seem to be quite satisfied to stay in a rut so long as you're allowed to stay."

Here Mr. Hoskins paused for a reply. Johnny couldn't think, at the time, of one that would utterly refute the rutty implication.

"Well, you see," resumed the old gentleman, still not unkindly, "that's how it is. The man I want for a son-in-law must be up and a-coming. You aren't up, you know, and you aren't a-coming—not any more."

Johnny was pale, but he did not allow himself to look dejected—which may have counted in his favor, for Mr. Hoskins softened the blow with a condition. "Not unless you can assure me that you have much better prospects than you have now," he added; "and meantime you will give me your word that you won't attempt to see Mabel or hold any communication with her."

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that," said Johnny boldly.

"Well, I'll see that you don't," snapped Mr. Hoskins. "That's all I have to say to you. Good day!"

He nodded Johnny to the door, remaining seated for dignity's sake, whereby he stultified himself to some

"It's About Mr. Corrigan's Place. I'd Like to Take It Myself"

extent—for in opening the door the young man bumped a blond head that was bent to about the level of the keyhole.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Johnny dear," Mabel whispered. "He doesn't mean it."

"He's a splendid actor, then," said Johnny disconsolately. "He certainly fooled me."

"I'll fool him!" said the girl, oblivious alike of filial duty and respect for the proprieties of language. "Now listen!"

What followed was concerning ways and means to meet the purely temporary exigencies of the situation. Mabel regarded them as temporary—even ephemeral.

"It won't take me long to make him see how perfectly unreasonable he is," she concluded somewhat hurriedly as the library door opened.

. . . . . .

It was rather mortifying—but, for once in her life, Mabel found herself quite unable to make her father see reason. She tried the hitherto unfailing method of pulling his whiskers; but she might as well have pulled her Angora's bushy tail. She resorted to tears, and even that was of no avail. Her mother's influence was invoked in vain. She was finally brought to realize the tragic hopelessness of the situation, and she and Johnny had to content themselves with letters and an occasional clandestine meeting. So was Johnny's hunch fulfilled.

Only one way out of the difficulty suggested itself to the young man. He would work like a fiend and make himself so absolutely indispensable to the firm that he would be in a position to compel the advancement that had been so long denied him. That was a pretty good program; but the trouble was that he had always worked hard, and as a cog in a machine that ran at an unvarying speed he found himself impeded by the action of other cogs, cams, pivots and balance wheels; and all these parts, including his own, were easily replaced. A want ad in one of the papers for a competent cog would bring a hundred to the rolltop desk of the Mainspring at any appointed hour. Johnny knew that, and the thought of it was terrifying; so, having by excessive energy worked himself out of work and brought himself to a standstill, Johnny relapsed into the mechanical click.

Then Scundling, the out-of-town order clerk with sporting proclivities, produced a lottery ticket that had behind it the inexhaustible resources of the Republic of Honduras.

"What about it, Scundy?" Johnny asked indifferently, after he had casually inspected the document.

"It's like this," Scundling explained: "Today is Tuesday. Saturday is four long, weary, twenty-four-hour days away; and it's a long walk from One Hundred and Sixtieth Street here, to say nothing of lunches and laundry, and an occasional cigarette to soothe my frazzled nerves. You can figure it out for yourself. It's going to take five bucks to tide me over the crisis!"

"Sorry," said Johnny.

"That's kind of you," Scundling acknowledged. "I expected no less from your generous heart. At the same time, I'm long on sympathy. I've had gallons of it slopped on me since I started out to make a little raise. What I want is five simoleons. Wait a moment now. Don't make any hasty remarks. I'm not striking you for a loan. I'm too proud and haughty, and I'm not going to make any unreasonable or excessive demands. This is a business proposition, tinged with the element of sport. Here's a one-fifth ticket that may or may not cop off fifty thousand dollars. It set me back a five-spot in more affluent and happier days. I propose that you invest one dollar for a one-fifth interest in the same and I calculate on interesting three other enterprising capitalists to a like extent. How about it?"

Johnny went down into his pocket and produced the dollar.

"I guess I can afford to lose that much," he remarked. "I'm opposed to gambling, but you couldn't really call this a gamble—it's a sure thing. If you'd save your money, Scundy, you wouldn't be in such a hole."

"Don't be pessimistic!" said Scundling. "And take a note of the number in case I'm tempted to switch on you. I didn't tell you about the number. Nines. Four of 'em—count 'em—four: 9817254. See? Nine to begin with; then eight and one, nine; seven and two, nine; and five and four, nine. If that isn't a lucky combination I'm going to burn my dreambook!"

The drawing was to be in something like six weeks and the cable announcing the winning numbers would be transmitted to the barber shop, the proprietor of which acted for the Honduras government in the capacity of agent. So Scundling informed Johnny, who forgot the whole matter within three minutes; but within three days hunch number two sprang into almost full-panoplied existence and took forcible possession of Johnny's imagination.

It was when he was sitting alone in his room feeling uncommonly depressed. Mabel had missed an appointment to meet him at the glove counter of a downtown department store, and from that Johnny augured the worst. She had told him at their last meeting of a certain insufferable animal, named Cooley, who had called twice and whom she really and truly disliked, notwithstanding the fact that daddy entertained a high opinion of him. That was disquieting of itself, though Mabel had begged him not to be uneasy, as it was her intention to be true to death and through eternity. But why wasn't she at the glove counter? Candor and truth shone starlike in her heavenly blue eyes, but —— Anyway, she wasn't there.

"Well," Johnny soliloquized in bitterness of spirit, "it's natural, after all, that she should grow tired of waiting, especially when there doesn't seem to be any chance of my being in a position to marry; and I suppose the pressure brought to bear on her is something fierce. If I only had a little capital I'd —— A little capital! Suppose—just suppose that —— How much would it be?"

"Have You Considered That Daddy Might be at Home Too—and the Height of the Front Steps?"

Johnny took his little red notebook from his pocket and turned to the memorandum that he had made at Scundling's entreaty: "L. T. Hond. No. 9817254. Par val., $50,000. Int., 1/6, $10,000—or less." Johnny had smiled as he made the entry. Now he looked at it quite seriously. After all, somebody had to win! He had heard that the Central American lotteries were generally straight; and, that being the case, why hadn't 9817254 just as good a chance of being the number drawn as any other? Johnny had a very hazy and imperfect idea of the doctrine of chances, but there was no getting round the fact that somebody had to win. Moreover, who could say there was not something in this number-nine business? Mankind had regarded it as a magic number from the time it first learned to count on its fingers and evolve the multiplication table; and where there was a great deal of smoke there must be a little fire. Then there was the incontestable fact that nine multiplied indefinitely still remained nine by the addition of the figures composing the sum total. Nine times two are eighteen, 1+8=9; nine times three are twenty-seven, 2+7=9; nine times eight are seventy-two, 7+2=9. Was it merely a coincidence, this 9817254? Johnny had a hunch that it was not.

He dismissed Cooley from his mind and abandoned himself to visions of wealth based upon the judicious investment of ten thousand dollars. A good deal could be done with ten thousand dollars. It was not a fortune in itself, but how many colossal fortunes had been amassed on a smaller beginning! Who was it said that the hard pull was getting the first thousand? Some multimillionaire—a man who knew what he was talking about, at least. Johnny had saved for eighteen months, denying himself even the inexpensive and innocent pastime of kelly pool and stifling a nascent passion for silk hosiery in order to add to his little hoard; and, notwithstanding these sacrifices and the three per cent interest allowed by the bank, the amount of his savings was far, far short of a thousand dollars. But with ten thousand!

Next morning the hunch routed Johnny out of bed a full hour earlier than usual and set him to a careful examination of the business opportunities advertised in the paper. Undoubtedly a good deal could be done with ten thousand—with five thousand even, and down into the hundreds. Cigar stores, for example, situated in the most populous districts offered exceptional advantages; delicatessen stores there were, the proprietors of which were obliged by ill health to sell their enormously profitable business for the merest song. Johnny was not tempted by these however. He was invariably unlucky when he shook dice, which put cigar stores out of the question, and the smell of certain popular kinds of cheeses made him ill. Then, a retail establishment was not exactly Johnny's idea.

The manufacturer of an article of universal consumption who needed an energetic partner with a moderate capital interested Johnny more. A good income to the investor was assured and investigation of the most minute and searching character was invited. Johnny pictured the advertiser—an elderly man, no doubt, whose business had prospered in spite of the handicap of obsolete methods, and who realized its capabilities of enlargement in a fumbling sort of way, as well as the necessity of new blood. Johnny saw himself at a rolltop mahogany desk, with an eruption of push-buttons, in a room lined with modern filing cabinets and card indexes, reorganizing, extending, eliminating; directing subordinates in short, crisp sentences; inspiring his partner to admiration and the office force to enthusiasm and energy.

There was another manufacturer who wanted the exact sum—ten thousand dollars—and who conservatively estimated that, with the additional capital, the business would pay two thousand dollars monthly. That looked good too. Johnny liked the conservative estimate. Assuming an equal division of the profits, that would mean an income of twelve thousand a year. With that assured, Mr. Hoskins certainly could offer no objection to his suit for Mabel's hand.

Then the breakfast gong sounded.

At the office there was a note from Mabel.

"I could have cried!" said Mabel among other things. "It was simply maddening! I made all sorts of excuses, but she hung right to me and I just couldn't; and all the while the horrid old thing was babbling I was thinking of my poor, darling boy, promenading up and down the aisle, waiting for his horrid, mean, but loving Mabel—and I made the most perfectly ridiculous answers. I'll tell you when I see you at the same place tomorrow. Oh, Johnny, I am crazy to see you! If ——"

Well, the rest of it is immaterial; but it was highly appreciated by the person to whom it was addressed.

As Johnny was changing his coat preparatory to lunch, Scundling came along with the announcement of a discovery in the way of a twenty-five-cent *table d'hôte*. "Forty-fifth Street. Basement joint, but classy for the price," said Scundling; "and, though the soup may be a trifle attenuated, you couldn't get more bread if you went to Sherry's. Come along with your Uncle Dudley and practice economy, so you'll have something to brag about when you're rich."

"After we've realized on the four nines?" said Johnny.

"Sure!" replied Scundling. "Wow! If we won't be seeing the pretty bright lights a few weeks from now!"

"You don't really think that you've got any chance of winning—do you?" asked Johnny subtly as they got into the elevator. "Of course I know you're weak-minded; but you aren't such a large-sized lunatic as that, I hope!"

"Why not?" Scundling answered. "Such things have been known to happen. I don't know of any grounds upon which I'd be disqualified—and somebody's going to get it."

Johnny felt happy at this confirmation of his reasoning, but he maintained his attidude of cynical incredulity.

"Of course those saddle-colored financiers are all men of unimpeachable honesty," he said. "There wouldn't be anything crooked about the scheme naturally."

"List, gentle youth!" replied Scundling. "List while I wise you to this lottery game. We'll say it is crooked. Very good—so's many a poker game in this modern Babylon. I've investigated and read the papers, and I've found even railroad and mining stocks that weren't so rectilinear as they were cracked up to be; but most of the operators will let some sucker win once in a while to encourage the others. A man can't be a successful crook if he's too much of a hog; and I've got it doped out that these United States have got a winning coming for advertising purposes. See, brother?"

"There might be something in that," Johnny admitted.

"What's more, I've got a hunch we win."

Johnny glowed.

"Do you believe in hunches?" he asked.

"I don't believe in them, but I always play 'em," replied Scundling.

That evening Johnny resumed his perusal of business opportunities, but 'as he read he began to grow critical and doubts urged themselves upon him. He was obliged to ask himself the question whether he would be capable of taking an active part in a business with which he was unfamiliar—even of making the courted investigations. It behooved him to be careful about risking that ten thousand. On further reflection, he decided that he would wait for an exceptional opportunity in wholesale hardware. He knew something about that, at least, though he had acquired his knowledge slowly and by a process of almost unconscious absorption rather than by digging it out with a definite purpose in view. Now he had a definite purpose.

"I've got quite a while yet to dig," said Johnny to himself. "I'll go at it."

He went at it accordingly. He cultivated the acquaintance of the salesmen—city and out-of-town; he pumped Bevan, who had charge of the foreign correspondence. He nosed into the shipping department, an engaging, companionable young note of intelligent interrogation; he descended into the packing room and loafed round the warehouse, making the most of every errand, cutting short his lunch-time, lingering after office hours and appearing in unexpected places before they began. He filled the little red notebook and bought larger ones which he likewise filled; and over these he pored by night, arranging and classifying his information.

One day Nixon, the Southern sales manager, was in town and Johnny had a question or two to ask him. Nixon, a rubicund, baldheaded veteran, was interested.

"Want to go out on the road, Bartlett?" he asked. "Office stool cramping you?"

"Well," Johnny answered cautiously, "it is rather cramping. An office man doesn't have much chance where everything runs like clockwork—does he?"

Nixon smiled round his cigar and laid a diamond-decked hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Lemme tell you something about that, sonny," he said. "I knew a boy where I was raised who was a kind of mechanical genius—always tinkering with something; and one day he took the old eight-day clock apart and put it together again. When he got through he had about a quart cupful of wheels left over."

"I've heard of that being done," smiled Johnny, slightly puzzled. "What's the answer?"

"Well," said Nixon, shifting his cigar, "the peculiar thing was that the clock ran better than it did before and went two weeks on one winding!"

Johnny didn't ask the answer to that. Inside of an hour he was, in a manner of speaking, at work on the office clock.

He was, in fact, for the first time in his life becoming aware of his mental faculties, and their exercise was getting to be more and more of a pleasure. He was gaining confidence in himself. He felt assured now that when that exceptional opportunity occurred he would be able to recognize it and make the most of it; and, though the hunch had him in its clutches more firmly than ever, his conception of the purchasing power of ten thousand dollars had shrunk. He began to think that he would have to content himself with something less than a full partnership if the concern was one worth while. The prospect did not depress him however. On the contrary, he found it rather stimulating.

. . . . . .

"Johnny-boy," said Mabel, "what's come over you?"

They were sitting at a little table in their very own particular corner in the tearoom where they occasionally met to refresh themselves with the cup that cheers and

"I'm a Little Surprised to See You Here After What I Told You. I Won't Say I'm Pleasantly Surprised Either"

surreptitious hand-pressures—toasted muffins and tender looks. Now Mabel was regarding him curiously, searchingly. Johnny laughed.

"How?" he asked. "You've come over me—if that's what you mean."

"You're hiding something from me," said Mabel—"something good. It's been bubbling inside you like warm ginger ale for ever so long. You aren't a bit gloomy any more. I just believe you like being separated!"

"It's when I see you I begin to bubble," said Johnny. "I'm gloomy all the rest of the time, sweetheart! . . . Eyes of blue! . . . Princess Goldilocks!"

"Take care—the girl's looking!" warned Mabel, withdrawing her hand from beneath the table. "I'm waiting."

"For what?"

"What's happened to you."

"Nothing," replied Johnny hesitatingly; "but ——"

"Yes?"

"Something's going to very soon now, I think. Do you mind if I don't tell you for a few weeks—two weeks? I've got a—presentiment that we won't be separated much longer than that if everything goes as I hope; but there's a chance"—Johnny felt it better to be perfectly honest about it—"that everything may not; and then we may have to wait a little longer. Not much longer, though, darling."

"If you don't want to tell me now, Johnny, dear, I'd rather you wouldn't," said Mabel.

"I'll tell you this," Johnny hastened to say: "I'm going to call at the house tomorrow—if you'll be at home."

Mabel reflected.

"I'll be at home," she said; "but have you considered that daddy might be at home too—and the height of the front steps?"

She looked at him oddly, with something of her father's shrewd humor in her expression.

"If they were as high as the Himalayas it wouldn't make any difference to me," said Johnny; and there was more than mere flippancy in his tone.

And so greatly was he sustained by his absurd delusion that the next day he ascended the front steps with hardly a misgiving and was ushered by a completely sympathetic maid into the familiar room where Mabel was awaiting him.

"You did come—didn't you, Johnny?"

"Of course I did." He looked about him, his heart warming to every well-remembered object with a sense of home-coming after long absence. "It's good to get back here again."

"Then why didn't you come before?" she asked.

"I—er—I suppose I might have," Johnny stammered, as if it had just occurred to him. "I must have been afraid your father wouldn't like it."

And at that Mabel laughed—triumphantly, it seemed.

"And you are not now?"

"Mabel," said Johnny, with evident sincerity, "I'm not afraid of a single darn thing!"

A dry cough sounded from the doorway where Mr. Hoskins stood, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets and his eyes glaring over the rims of his spectacles.

"Hello, Bartlett!" he said evenly.

"How do you do, Mr. Hoskins?" returned Johnny. "Hope you're well. You're looking well." He spoke cheerfully, but without impertinence.

"Thanks," said Mr. Hoskins, advancing and seating himself sidewise on the elbow of a chair. "I'm a little

(Continued on Page 68)

SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

We Passed the Bend and Came in Sight of the Schooner a Little Over Half a Mile Away

XIV

THE plan I had formed as I started for the end of the deck where the two Kanakas were sleeping was not the murderous one urged by Silverside. That one, I will admit, I was for the moment terribly tempted to carry out. It was safer than my own and would take less time, but even for the sake of Delphine, and though I knew that the two blacks forward had no doubt taken their part in my father's massacre, some inner conscience told me that such a thing should never be done. Perhaps my own plan showed a certain softness of fiber or a selfish regard for the welfare of my own soul, such as a man made of sterner stuff might have scorned; but it was thus that I was made, and all of my early teaching made the other plan impossible.

Even then, perhaps, if the other expedient had not suggested itself I might have nerved myself to carry out Silverside's directions; but as I had glanced forward at the two drowsing men their sleepy attitudes suggested the expedient of a drug, and suddenly I thought of the big bottle of paregoric in the secret locker. Paregoric—the camphorated tincture of opium—two hypnotic doses in two glasses of whisky!

I slipped below, quickly forced the locker where I had seen Cullom stow his spirits, and poured two glasses partly full. Then going into the stateroom where we had slept I took out the bottle of paregoric, filled both glasses to the brim, then carried them forward. The two natives roused themselves quickly and seeing the glasses their eyes shone.

"Rum" I said, and took a swallow myself. They grinned with delight and reached out their skinny arms, for both were past middle age. I handed each his dose, laid my finger on my lips and looked toward the beach.

They drank their doses eagerly, almost at a gulp, then held out the glasses and asked for more. I shook my head and they turned to their work again. As a matter of fact I doubt whether Cullom had given them any especial orders in regard to us. He took it for granted that we must consider ourselves better off aboard than ashore, with his half civilized blacks loose on the island.

Besides, we were in plain sight from the beach, and any attempt to launch a boat would have been discovered immediately.

Delphine was watching me narrowly as I walked aft. Her face was like chalk and her lips trembled so that she could scarcely speak.

"You—you're not going to do it?" she murmured.

"No," I answered; "it will not be necessary." I leaned over the rail. Silverside's drab face stared up at me.

"I have given them a dose of whisky and paregoric," said I. "They ought to be safe enough in a few minutes."

A flicker of a smile crossed his face.

"As you wish, Doctor Ames," said he. "That leaves two more for us to reckon with."

"We will have to take our chance," I answered shortly.

Delphine drew closer to me. "I am glad you didn't do it," she whispered.

"Thank you, little sister," said I, and dropped my hand for an instant on hers. She did not take it away and it seemed to me that a little of the color returned to her ivory skin. Silverside called to me softly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"If you can lay your hands on any food," said he, "make a packet of it and tie it to your belt. We may need it."

Food had been left on the table below—a fowl, looted from the poultry of the bungalow, some boiled potatoes and a tin of salmon. I stuffed what I could into my pockets. Then unloading the pistol I had found in the dead mate's locker, I was about to put the cartridges in a pickle-jar when it occurred to me to try the mechanism. To my disgust I found the arm useless, the hammerspring being broken, so I flung it back into the locker again. My father's diary I put back into the secret hiding place, fearing that the water might melt the pages. Cullom could carry the damning evidence of his crime about with him until such time as by the grace of God I might be able to confront him with it.

When I went on deck the natives forward seemed to be asleep. I was not surprised at the quick effect of the drug, especially as the day was hot and still and the doses they had taken were heavy ones. I leaned over the rail.

"They're both asleep," I said to Silverside.

"Give them another five minutes," he answered. "What about the gang ashore?"

"Still at work," I answered.

The minutes dragged past like hours. Delphine, plucky darling, set about to prepare for the swim to the mangroves about half a mile away. She slipped off her shoes, which I tied with my own to my belt, then took off her coat and laid it on the deck.

"I can't swim in *that*," she said.

"Give it to me," I answered. "Fasten it to the back of my belt. You'll need it later."

"No," she answered, "you are burdened enough already. I'll give it to Silverside. I've heard mother say that land and water are the same to him," and she leaned over the rail, first throwing a glance forward, and dropped the light serge coat to the gaunt Triton dangling from the fish line. Then she turned to me with a rather frightened smile. Something caught my breath and my eyes grew moist as they fell on the slender but sweetly rounded figure and the pale brave face. Her lips were trembling a little and her voice unsteady, but the gray eyes were cool and steadfast as they rested on me thoughtfully.

As our glances met a tinge of color came into her face. She reached out her hand to me impulsively and when I took it in mine she said shyly:

"I am not afraid when I am with you."

I stopped and brushed the back of her hand with my lips.

"There's not much that I can do, little sister," I answered.

"It's not so much what you have done as what you would not do," she answered. "If you had let Silverside persuade you to do—that"—her voice lowered—"you would not have been the sort of big brother that I could love." She looked forward. "Can't we go now?" she asked. "This waiting is horrible."

Scarcely had she spoken when one of the blacks, who had been sleeping with his back against the windlass, pitched forward, his head striking the deck a thump which was audible the length of the vessel. The concussion seemed to rouse rather than stun him, for he scrambled up to his feet and stared about, his head lolling on his shoulders, eyeballs rolling and a stupid grin on his mouth which showed the red stained fangs.

For a moment he stood there, his body bent, swaying on his bowed legs and gripping at the drum of the windlass to keep from falling. No doubt the spirits and the opiate were fighting it out inside him, for the first effect of the dose he had got might have been expected to excite rather than to soothe. A sinister old devil he looked as he tottered there leering about, his reddened eyes rolling and showing their whites, the lobes of his distended ears flapping down to the angles of his jaw, grinning gums partly toothless, and his gaunt, naked body showing an anatomy

of bones and banded, shrunken muscle, for he was an old man, big framed for his race but showing already the emaciation of advancing age.

Then as he goggled stupidly about his eyes fell on me. The leering horror of that semi-toothless grin clings yet in my mind. He ducked his grizzled head, mowing like a chimpanzee. Loosing his hold on the windlass he came lurching aft, staggering, gripping at whatever offered a hold, his huge kneejoints buckling under him and the flat feet slapping against the sun-blistered deck. Still grinning and pointing to his mouth he reached the mainmast, and there the drug took him, for he stumbled and fell, rolled on to his back and straightway began to snore, his head tilted back over a coil of halyards and the pitiless sun beating against his black, glistening face.

I looked at Delphine. "We can go now," I said.

We went to the rail and looked down. Silverside's colorless, brine-sodden face, which might have been that of a drowned man, looked up at us.

"There's nothing more to fear from these two aboard," said I, "but I wish I felt as sure about the sharks."

"We needn't be afraid of the sharks," Delphine answered. "Keowa Harry says that there are none in the lagoon an hour after the flood. They go out to the reef with the ebb and don't come in again until the tide turns. We always do our diving after the first of the ebb and the sharks have never bothered us."

This was cheering news, but before taking to the water I made Silverside pass up his amulet which I hung round Delphine's neck. Then I picked up the end of the mainsheet which was coiled over the brace of the gallows-frame, flung it over the side and took a turn on the bitts.

"Slide down, little sister," I said.

Delphine let herself over the rail and slipped down into the water. I followed her and we pushed ourselves clear of the schooner's side.

"Swim straight in for the mangroves," said Silverside. "Make for that dark spot; it's the opening of a little creek which we must follow to reach solid ground."

We struck out together through the clear, warm water. Delphine swam like a strong, athletic boy. It must be remembered that she was island born and from childhood had romped along the beach with Kanaka playmates. Her thin pongee shirt and light linen trousers offered no impediment to her strong, young limbs, and in fact it kept me busy to hold my own, for although enduring enough I was never a fast swimmer.

When we had gone about a hundred yards I looked back over my shoulder to see that we were keeping the schooner between us and the beach where Cullom was at work, and then for the first time I discovered that Silverside was not following us. For a second the awful thought that a shark had taken him flashed across my mind. Delphine glanced at me, and seeing that I was looking back she turned in the water.

"Where is Silverside?" she panted.

She had scarcely spoken when he appeared, crouching over the bulwarks of the schooner. The sun flashed on something in his hand as he made a couple of passes as though brushing the side of his dripping pajamas, and even at that distance we could see the crimson stain. As we watched him he straightened up, looked back over his shoulder, then took a clean dive into the still lagoon.

Delphine's eyes told me that she had understood. They were wide with horror.

"A thorough man, Silverside," I said, and began to swim forward. Delphine did not answer, but her long, vigorous strokes carried her steadily through the water. It was fortunate that she swam so well, for the tide was drifting us down and this added to the distance we had to go. Side by side we held on strongly, not speaking or looking back, but heading for the mouth of the creek, and before long the mangroves with their twisted boles and jutting ratoons were on either side of us. The mouth of the creek was perhaps fifty yards across, but it narrowed like a funnel and a few strokes farther on turned off to the right at an angle of forty-five degrees. As we reached this bend my feet struck bottom and I stood up on a sandy floor in water waist deep. Delphine rose beside me and we both turned and looked back.

There was not a sign of Silverside. The still water of the lagoon lay flat and unruffled by the faintest ripple, except for the mouth of the creek where we had just passed. It was like a great lake of quicksilver with the sun blazing from its gleaming surface, and aboard the schooner all was silent as the death which Silverside had left in his murderous wake. That part of the beach where Cullom was at work was directly behind the vessel.

"Where can he be?" asked Delphine, almost in a whisper.

"The chances are," said I, "that when he swam off to us in that bunch of weed he took to the water higher up. No doubt he left his rifle there and has gone back to get it. Swimming in the lagoon would be easier than wading through this tangle, but he ought to have told us. He hadn't counted on the work he saw fit to do after we left."

Delphine shuddered. "He is a terrible man," said she.

"He acts according to his lights," I answered. "As he said, there were two more to deal with, and there is no doubt that they were awful brutes. Silverside is a man of one idea, and that is to serve your mother. More than that, he is jealous as a fiend. He left me to the sharks back there on the wrecked yawl rather than have me interfere with his direction of her interests. There is a good deal to admire in Silverside, but I can't say that I love him."

Delphine looked at me thoughtfully and nodded. I glanced round at the wild, fantastic tangle which surrounded us, then at the girl. Her damp curls clustered about her face, which was flushed from the exertion of swimming in the tepid water of the lagoon. The brine glistened on her long, dark lashes; her eyes shone like aquamarines. Standing there against the dark-green background of the swamp, with the still water encircling her round, supple waist and the wet blouse clinging to her superbly molded figure, she was like some ravishing sea-nymph. In its subtle curves her exquisite body combined the suggestion of elastic strength, the rush of the free air and the rich promises of womanly maturity.

Perhaps the sweetest feature of all was her utter absence of self-consciousness as she stood there, breathing deeply and digging her bare, rosy feet into the golden sand that carpeted the floor of the creek under the clear water. Suddenly she looked up, and seeing the expression of my face gazed at me questioningly.

"Delphine," I cried breathlessly, "did anybody ever tell you how lovely you are?"

The color deepened under her eyes.

"No," she answered, looking down. "Do you think that I am pretty?"

"You are more than that," I said; "you are the most beautiful creature I ever saw—and the dearest and the bravest."

She threw me a shy, sidelong glance.

"Do you really think so?" she murmured. "I'm glad if I please you, big brother, because I have never seen a man I like so much as you."

She turned toward me, looking at me with misty eyes and parted lips.

"Delphine," I cried, "how can you expect me to be a big brother when you look at me like that?"

She smiled a little and her breath came faster. Another man who felt as I did might have known how to express himself; what to say in words edged about with poetry or romance, leading her gently to appreciate the fires that had been lighted in his heart and soul, careful not to shock her absolute innocence or to picture himself to her as a tongue-tied fool. But if words failed me, perhaps the look in my eyes may have told of the infinite tenderness that tempered the rush of passion, for Delphine's red lips parted in a smile and she raised her face to mine.

"I am not afraid of losing my big brother," she said. "And if I please you so much you may kiss me if you like, Douglas."

I caught her in my arms and crushed my lips to hers, holding her so close that she gasped for breath. And then as I was murmuring I don't know what words of tenderness there came from close at hand the grind of oars and the swash of water. Looking through the twisted growth I caught a glimpse of the whaleboat, not fifty yards distant and forging straight for the entrance of the creek.

"Cullom!" I said hopelessly, and looked round for some way of escape. The only one that offered lay straight up the creek to where the jungle closed in, about two hundred yards farther on. There was no time for this, as the water was waist deep and made progress slow and difficult. On either side the mangroves grew densely, yet were not so thick but that one could see some distance into them. To the right a heavy growth of the adventitious branches peculiar to these trees offered a thin screen, and I gripped Delphine's wrist and almost dragged her to the place. For it had flashed across my mind that the only possible hope of escape was for me to adopt the tactics of the mother bird when it trails an enemy away from the nest. There was just the chance that she might escape observation if I could lure the boat's crew away from the spot where she was hiding.

"Crouch down behind those leaves," I whispered, "and wait for Silverside. Don't move. Don't make a ripple."

I let go her wrist, then plunged through the water into the bushes on the other side of the

As I Rushed Down the Deck the Panic Became a Wild Stampede

creek, turning off at right angles from its course. Splashing and squattering like a winged goose I scrambled deeper into the jungle, clawing at scaly trunks, grabbing at the pendent branches, floundering noisily yet making good progress. Through the tangle I saw the boat foaming into the entrance and at the same time I was seen, for there rose a clamor of yells, a sharp report, and a bullet sang over my head. An instant later I had forced my way into a denser mass of foliage, when I glided quietly off to the left. Cullom was roaring like a bull, and I heard the sound of bodies splashing off into the water and guessed that he had loosed his blacks on my trail. The water deepened and the growth became a little more sparse, so I stopped wading and passed myself as swiftly and silently as I could through the swamp by gripping at the mangrove boles. The hunt seemed to be bearing off to the right, so I turned again and presently the water of the lagoon began to glimmer through the foliage and I came out on the edge of the growth, which was thicker at this point, the leaves growing to the water's edge.

I passed myself into the densest part and waited, for all the world like a wounded duck. My course had been almost a half-circle and it seemed to me that the boat could not be more than two hundred yards distant from where I hid. Then it occurred to me that Cullom's sharp-eyed head-hunters might be able to track me from the wet marks where my hands had gripped the mangrove trunks, so I slipped out into the open water and swam quietly along the fringe of growth, dipping into it again a hundred and fifty yards beyond. As I lay there panting I could hear Cullom's roarings and occasional cries from the blacks.

My heart was going like a trip-hammer, less from the exertion than from the hope that the ruse might have succeeded and that Delphine might not be discovered. Her very closeness to the boat was a safeguard, unless one of the blacks took up the back track. And this must have been precisely what happened, for suddenly a wild, despairing scream rang out, followed by an exultant roar from Cullom. Another scream followed it and my blood seemed to freeze. There was the sound of heavy splashing, as though of a struggle, then the clatter of oars. I could hear Cullom's savage, triumphant laugh and a moment later his harsh voice lifted like that of a hunter calling to his hounds.

"What are Ye," He Snarled—"Man or De'il?"

XV

HOW long I wallowed there cowering in the mangroves I have no idea. I was numb with misery and a sort of deathly sickness worse than nausea. I forgot entirely that the blacks were still looking for me or that the day was advancing, and that I was on the edge of a morass, with the shark-infested lagoon on one side and a jungle where one could neither walk nor swim on the other, and with a pack of savage head-hunters puzzling out my trail.

Cullom had Delphine! That was the beginning, the middle and the end of my whole thought, and this one idea turned slowly round and round, like a chip in an eddy. Cullom had Delphine, and before long he would take her back aboard the schooner and she would be helpless in the hands of a man to whom one more evil act mattered about as much as the slapping of a mosquito.

The blacks no doubt were swarming over the swamp like otter hounds. For some time I scarcely gave them a thought, though I realized in a vague way that my destruction was necessary to Cullom's safety. The hand of the law reaches in a rather groping way, even to the islands that skirt Melanesia, and I should be a dangerous man to leave alive. And yet not so very dangerous, either, for Cullom was shrewd enough to have gauged me for what I was—a truthful and highly conscientious youth of twenty-four, who under oath would have felt bound to admit certain truth in Cullom's claims that he and his crew had been attacked on landing on the island and had merely taken the best means for their defense. As to Delphine, Cullom could always swear that he had acted with a view to her safety. But as I lay there in the mangroves I can scarcely be said to have thought at all. I was simply a hopeless, water-soaked, sodden mass of misery. Cullom had Delphine—that one idea was crushing in its hideous reality. Cullom had Delphine—and there was nothing for me to do but to skulk there like a water-rat and watch him carry her away. The bitter conviction possessed me that from the very start I had been everybody's fool. I was a fool to have tried to rescue Silverside from the coolies; a fool to have sat tamely while he swam off and left me on the sinking launch; a fool not to have braved Cullom and insisted that Delphine and I be left undisturbed in the bungalow, for I now believed that if I had faced him boldly he would not have dared take us aboard the schooner by force. But I had been the greatest fool of all when I let that slinking wolf, Silverside, persuade me to leave the schooner with Delphine, and I was a fool not to have followed his advice, smashed in the heads of the blacks and so saved half an hour's time.

As I groveled there the whaleboat shot out so close to me that I could hear the grunts of the blacks as they hove at the oars. Delphine was huddled in the stern, and at sight of her pitiful, cowering figure my heart seemed to freeze and my bones turn to ice. A resolution came to me in that moment and I thought of Silverside. He could not be far from the place and I wondered why he had not been heard from, for I had no doubt but that he had left us to swim to the spot where he had left his rifle. I needed Silverside for my new plan, and I was sure that even at that moment he must be lurking very near in the mangroves.

This supposition proved to be correct, for as I was about to move there came the crack of a rifle and in the boat the bow oar suddenly sprang up, flung out his hands and fell across the gunnel. I saw Cullom fling himself down in the bottom of the boat close to Delphine. The rest of the crew pulled furiously. Again the rifle cracked and there came a yell from the boat, which slightly shifted its course. Cullom apparently knew that he would not fire when there was the risk of hitting Delphine.

I slipped into the water and, regardless of the danger of being seen, started to swim up along the edge of the swamp in the direction from which the firing had come. Reaching the entrance to the creek I swam into it, for beyond was a sort of projection of the mangroves which I thought to cut across. As I rounded the first bend I saw Silverside. He was wading rapidly toward me, coming apparently from the head of the creek, his rifle and a belt of cartridges held above his head in one hand and his coat buttoned about his neck and hanging behind his shoulders.

At sight of me he stopped short, stared for an instant, then came on rapidly, chest deep in the water, his white skin gleaming like wet marble and the glistening scar on his side. Within fifty feet of me he paused.

"I thought you were killed," said he.

"Small blame to you I wasn't," I answered bitterly. "Why didn't you fire on the boat as she came in? That might have given me a chance to hide Delphine."

"I hadn't time," he answered. "You needn't blame me, Doctor Ames. If you hadn't been so chicken-hearted about those two on the schooner we would all three have got away. Before I could get to where I had left my rifle the boat was behind the mangroves."

I did not answer. What he said was true enough. If it had not been for my compunctions we would have saved half an hour's time. I stood there silent.

Silverside waded up to me. "What happened you?" he asked. "Did you run away and leave the child, or what?"

I was too wretched to resent the question. Even the sneer on his pallid face left me unmoved. I told him how the thing had come about.

"What can we do now?" I asked when I had finished.

Silverside gave a sardonic laugh. "There is not much that we can do now, Doctor Ames," he answered. "Your missionary conscience has spoiled it all. I can take you to a perfectly safe place and give you a rifle, and we may be able to prevent Cullom from landing. But as for the girl ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Cullom will not dare!" I cried.

"He will dare when he is drunk," answered Silverside with an immovable look at me. "That will be tonight."

"Confound you!" I cried furiously. "If you dare say that I'll strangle you," and I lurched toward him. Silverside fell back a step.

"Don't be a fool," said he curtly. "It was all your own fault."

"It was yours," I snarled. "Why did you fire on Cullom's men, to begin with? What are a few pearls compared to the safety of Delphine? You began it all!"

He stared at me, half defiant, half afraid. For a moment I wanted to kill him, and no doubt he felt his danger, for he swashed back still farther, the water swirling about his chest.

"You are talking like a child, doctor," said he. "Just stop for a moment and think. I have cut down Cullom's force by nearly half. What have you done?"

There was no answer to that, nor did I have the heart to try to make one. I stood silent and wretched, scarcely hearing Silverside when presently he said:

"Let us see what they are up to, Doctor Ames. Unless I am mistaken Cullom will not be long in getting to sea."

"What do you mean?" I cried, a new and awful fear striking into me like a knife.

"He has been working fast at the shell-heap," said Silverside. "Gaston Berdou, Daniel Fairfax's widow, may come in here any day. Her crew would eat up these mangy cannibals of Cullom's—as many as are left—without asking for salt. Dog brothers, the whole brood. Cullom is afraid. He is only a mangy cur himself, and the only thing that keeps him here is his avarice. But now that he has the child he knows that he can make terms. When it comes to that, the beds are as much his as theirs. This island really belongs to the British crown—and Von Bulow."

He waded past me, still holding his rifle above his head. I followed him. We passed the bend and came in sight of the schooner a little over half a mile away. The boat was rounding up under her stern.

Silverside touched me on the arm.

"Give me some food, Doctor Ames," said he, in a curiously plaintive voice. "I have not eaten for a good many hours."

I emptied the food from my pockets and handed it to him. He broke it open and began to devour the contents wolfishly, tearing at the water-soaked fowl like a famished dog. With Sam Lung's knife, which hung by a cord from his neck, he ripped open the tin of salmon and had eaten almost the whole of it before I turned to look at him.

But I did not look long, for the schooner claimed all of my thought. The boat had rounded up on her other side and I could not see what was going on. Presently the boat reappeared, heading for the farther beach, and I saw Cullom's white-clad figure in the stern. I was following their course when Silverside touched my elbow.

"Look, Doctor Ames," said he; "they are heaving in chain."

The man was right. Two dark figures were swaying up and down at the windlass, and we heard the clatter of the chain cable as it came slowly in through the hawsepipe.

"Cullom means to go out tonight," said Silverside in my ear. "He will profit by the daylight that is left to load the rest of the oysters, then work out after dark. He is frightened."

I gave a groan. Silverside offered me what was left of the chicken.

"Eat some food, Doctor Ames," he said, in that hollow, toneless voice I had come to hate. "You will need all of your strength to get out of this place." He pointed behind him. "There's a mile of it to wade through."

"I could not eat," I answered, "and we are not going back through the swamp."

"What do you mean?" he asked, and gave me a startled look.

"We must try to take the schooner," said I.

Silverside's long jaw fell. "Try to take the schooner?" he gasped.

"Yes," I answered, "and do it too."

"Are you mad, Doctor Ames?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, "but madness sometimes succeeds, and we're not going to soak here and watch Cullom sail off with Delphine, are we?"

"But it is impossible," said he.

"No, it's not," I answered doggedly. "Cullom will wait for the night breeze, which doesn't spring up until after

dark. The moon is late, too, and he will want that. As soon as it gets dark we must swim out, get up over the bow and rush the deck."

Silverside gave me a look of mingled pity and contempt.

"You are talking like a child, Doctor Ames," he said. "To begin with, we haven't got the fetish, and without that the sharks would get us before we had gone two hundred yards. Then they will be keeping a bright lookout aboard the schooner after what has happened. But, even if we were to get aboard by some miracle, we have no arms, and what would we do empty-handed against eight or nine? No; we have done all that is humanly possible. If there were time we might go round and attack them on the beach, but it would take three or four hours to get there and they would have gone. Cullom will probably load the shell aboard."

I gave a groan. Silverside's face softened.

"It is hard," said he, "but what can we do? Fate is fate and we are only mortal. Come, let us get out of this. We have no more than time enough before nightfall."

"Then you won't tackle it?" I asked bitterly.

He shook his head. "If I had the fetish I might," said he, "but without it I do not dare."

"Then I must try it alone," I answered. "Give me your knife."

He hesitated. "You are young to die," said he, "and there is always the possibility that Cullom may not harm the girl."

"How much chance is there of that?" I asked in a sick voice, and Silverside made no answer. He had wound the belt of cartridges round his neck and hung his rifle in the crotch of a mangrove. Standing there in water chest-deep he stared at me moodily from his dark, deep-set eyes.

"You say that you love Therese," said I bitterly, "and Heaven knows that up to now you have proved it. Yet you will not try a desperate chance to save what must be dearer to her than life itself, and let me, a stranger, tackle it alone. Suppose we do fail; isn't that better than living on in the knowledge that we let a fighting chance go by? Besides, your life is forfeit already. Von Bulow has proof that you killed Daniel Fairfax, and do you think that he will spare you? Sooner or later he will ferret you out and send you to the gallows. Don't you think it better to die like a man than like a murderer?"

He sighed deeply and a shiver shook his gaunt frame. Warm as the water was, I myself was chilled, though I think that the cold struck from within rather than without.

"I would have done it once," muttered Silverside, "but now I do not dare. As I told you once, my spirit has been broken. I know that if I saw a shark or felt one near I would scream and spoil it all. Sometimes terror gets away with me and then I am no better than a frightened child. No, doctor, I cannot—I cannot." His voice broke into a sort of whine and his eyes would not meet my own. Chill after chill shook him and the still water went from his glistening body in ripples. Presently he looked up and his eyes were less dull.

"If you are determined to throw your life away," said he, "let us do this: The tide will turn at sunset and the schooner swing head out. You work down toward the entrance, and when you see them hoisting the foresail take to the water and swim slowly toward her. I will get on the other side of the lagoon and open fire from the beach. The range is too long for me to do any damage except by chance, but it will divert their attention and perhaps keep them under cover. If you manage to get aboard try to grab a windlass brake. It ought to be a formidable weapon."

I nodded. "The plan is not bad," I answered. "Can you get round there in time?"

"Yes, if I start now."

"Then start. Give me your knife and what is left of the food. I can eat now that there is work ahead."

He gave me the knife and some food, then reached for his rifle.

"Luck be with you," said he, and turned away. I stood and watched his gaunt white body pushing through the still, clear water, and presently the jungle closed about it.

XVI

AFTER Silverside had gone I stood for several moments staring at the spot where his white body had dwindled into the jungle. Then I turned to look at the schooner, aboard which the two blacks were still heaving in chain.

Looking backward after a span of years I am able to appreciate that in those few moments, while I stood there waist-deep in the water, there occurred the final stages of such tempering as was destined to be wrought in me. As soft, malleable metal I had come to the Pacific. The hand of the toiler had borne me to the furnace on the night when I found my father's diary, and I had writhed beneath the blast when I had come to realize that the schooner was The Christian Faith and Cullom my father's assassin. That was the first ordeal, all the more trying for the impotence resulting from the necessity of protecting Delphine. Next had come Silverside's temptation to strike down the two blacks, and whether I proved weak or strong under this test I am not sure to this day. At any rate the result of my action had been the final stage of the tempering process—the plunging of the glowing metal into cold water—and here I was like a new-forged blade, cold, keen-edged and hungry for my work.

I looked wistfully at the schooner, then up at the sun, now well past the meridian, and cursed the necessary delay. Some conviction, unbased on any reasoning, told me that my score would soon be settled. After reading the diary it had seemed to me that I had known hatred and the thirst for vengeance, but that was nothing to what I felt as I stood there in the swamp. Like a man turning the pages of a ledger I examined my account with Cullom. He had given my father as a feast for cannibals and turned the consecrated vessel into a floating ulcer of greed and lust. Heaven knows what subsequent crimes the possession of The Christian Faith had made possible to Cullom, but he had come at last to the threshold of perhaps the most evil act of his life, if what Silverside said were true, and Delphine might look for no mercy. Between Cullom and his prey was only a half-naked man, solitary and unarmed, whom he had been hunting through the jungle like a water-rat, shivering on the edge of a morass and staring with burning eyeballs at the vessel where there was waiting for the sacrifice a sweet and innocent girl scarcely more than a child. She must at that very moment consider herself to have been basely deserted by her two cowardly companions, who had seemed to save themselves like frightened curs, leaving her under the fangs of the wolf.

This last thought was bitterest of all. How was Delphine to know what my stratagem had been? To her it must have seemed rank, selfish cowardice. There had been no time to tell her of my plan. To her eyes I must have squattered off into the morass like a scared waterfowl. Contrast this with the act of her Kanaka boy, who at the first hint of violence to his mistress had flung himself unarmed at Cullom's throat.

Yet there must have been some angel militant close to me, for I stared out at the schooner hungrily and confident of success. Something seemed to whisper to me that I was Nemesis and that it needed but a little patience before the table of retribution was spread. I have no idea how long I stood there, but it must have been more than two hours; and after a while I saw the whaleboat return loaded almost awash with its putrid but valuable cargo. It went in again, this time without Cullom, for I saw his white-clad figure standing by the rail directing the blacks, who may have been cutting out the rotten mollusks. I knew that the filth sluiced through the scuppers would attract a multitude of sharks, and yet I had a feeling that when the time came I need have no fear of them. There is surely a divination that comes in moments of crisis. History would seem to prove this, and yet fools say in their hearts there is no God.

The whaleboat returned again and I looked at the sun and saw that it was getting low. Realizing how quickly the tropic night comes down, I turned away from the creek and began to wade through the jungle toward the mouth of the lagoon. Before I had gone far the water deepened and I began to swim, dragging myself ahead by the undergrowth. My coat hampered me, so I tore it off and flung it away, struggling on barefooted and naked to the belt, with Sam Lung's heavy knife dangling from a cord round my neck. It must have caught on some snag, for a little later when I reached for it to cut a creeper that entangled me I found that it was gone.

The flat water swarmed with life. Big fishes glided out from under me, and more than once a great banded water-snake wriggled undulating from the matted weed and moss through which I tore my way. These creatures, which would at most times have filled me with horror, left me quite unmoved. I felt as though I were a part of their world—an amphibian—some subject of Neptune's realm. More than that, I was Fate—an avenger of the blood!

Coming out at last on the edge of the lagoon, I looked back and saw that the schooner had swung head out to meet the incoming tide, placing me on the starboard bow and perhaps a mile away. Distance meant nothing to me except in units of time. I had always been a strong swimmer from the time when Keowa Harry had taught me how to dive for shells and to slip under a fourteen-foot comber and trick the undertow. Thanks to an inheritance of virile blood and clean living I was almost immune from physical fatigue. Even if it had been otherwise, the fire of hatred and a cleaner flame that burned for Delphine would have carried me on.

On the edge of the jungle I hauled myself up into a crotch and waited. The sun went down in a glory of crimson, saffron and gold, and almost immediately the light began to wane, as it seemed, in soft, rhythmic, pulsating waves of color. A faint air from the sea ruffled back the surface of the lagoon like a hand passed over rose-tinted velours. Then as it darkened I saw the whaleboat coming from the shore again, and scarcely had she run alongside when the blacks turned to on the mainsail halyards and the big sail came slowly up, shot with the crimson and gold and opalescent yellow of the swift afterglow that made the surface of the lagoon translucent as the inside of a polished shell. The darkness followed quickly. The sky became a purple dome flecked with pale, low-hung stars. Across the still, burnished water came the whine of sheaves, and presently I saw the dark mass of the foresail rising against the luminous sky.

The time had come, for at any moment now the land breeze might spring up. I slid like an otter into the soft, darkening water. It felt like cream, and I lounged forward slowly and with long, even strokes. There seemed no limit to the reserve strength in me, and as the muscles of arms and shoulders swelled and hardened I thought of Cullom.

Presently as I swam there came up from the water a dull concussion—a booming, gurgling sound. An echo was thrown back from the side of the crater. Again came the booming noise, as if from the water, and the resulting echo.

"Silverside," I said to myself. "Cullom was right when he called the man a fox." *(Continued on Page 61)*

As I Was Murmuring Words of Tenderness
There Came From Close at Hand the Grind of Oars

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Party Government

IT IS by no means impossible that after March fourth next we shall have a president of one party and a vice-president of another, the former being elected by the House, the latter by the Senate. Though the politics of the vice-president is not a matter of public concern, the possibility of such a situation shows how awkwardly our system of government may work. It should never be forgotten that one of the chief delusions of the framers of the Constitution was that the Federal Government would always be above party strife. Had they foreseen the rôle parties were to play in it, no doubt they would have made a different arrangement.

If ever the people of the United States have made their will clear on any subject they have done so in respect to tariff revision. But there has been no tariff revision at this nine months' session of Congress, because the President is of one party, the House of another, and the Senate, with its Insurgent balance, virtually of a third. Instead of government by party, on the British model, we have an attempt at government by parties—resulting mostly in barren negation.

Such a situation has arisen before and may at any time arise again—a popular mandate unequivocally given at the polls being defeated at Washington because no one party is in control there.

Rubber-Stamped Treaties

OUT of overweening jealousy for its own dignity the Senate killed those broad arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France which would have constituted the most important step ever taken in the interest of international peace. Now comes a report that the Senate will refuse to arbitrate the question whether remission of canal tolls to American coastwise vessels violates our treaty with Great Britain.

According to the text of the treaty the canal shall be open "to the ships of all nations on terms of entire equality." Whether this forbids exempting our coastwise vessels from tolls is a question of interpretation. Some of the ablest members of the Senate hold that it does.

If this question is not "justiciable in its nature" then no question arising under a treaty can be. To refuse arbitration would be to assume the position that there could be no appeal from any interpretation of any treaty which the Senate of the United States, in its infallible wisdom, has adopted; and we might as well stamp across all our international engagements, in bold red letters: "In case a difference of opinion arises, the high contracting parties shall accept the opinion of the United States Senate or go to blazes." That is the status to which the Senate would like to reduce American diplomacy; but we suppose other nations would object.

New York's Food Bill

FARM crops of 1909 were worth two billion dollars more than the same crops would have been worth in 1899. Here, obviously, is a great item in increased cost of living. But the same census report shows that the average value of a farm was only eight hundred and sixty-three dollars in 1909, against five hundred and twenty-three dollars ten years before. In short, the crop income of the average farm family increased less than a dollar a day. No right-minded person wants to get cheaper living by reducing that income, still less by going back to the fifty-cent wheat of 1893-1896, when the average farmer's income was mostly ciphers.

On the other hand, a recent state committee report estimates that the food consumed in the city of New York yearly costs about three hundred and fifty million dollars at the wharves and railroad terminals, and five hundred million dollars in the consumers' kitchens, though the average small retailer of foodstuffs barely makes a living. Much of this food, moreover, has already paid toll to a wasteful system of distribution before it reaches the wharves and terminals. If growers receive, say, six billion dollars for the foodstuffs they raise this year, consumers no doubt pay ten billion dollars for it, and a great deal of this increase represents preventable waste. For one thing, big markets, run on the plan of department stores, each supplying from twenty-five to fifty thousand patrons, would in the committee's opinion cut the cost of food distribution in two.

Saving Their Honor

MR. SOLDAN, who was old, ailing and terribly hard up, owned more land than he could work. His next neighbor but one, Mr. Colombo, wanted the fallow southwest eighty for some of his numerous sons. He therefore walked down the road and hit Mr. Soldan on the nose; and thereafter for a whole year he kept a contingent of Colombo boys perched on Mr. Soldan's fence, with strict instructions to throw rocks at the old gentleman whenever he appeared. At the end of that time Mr. Soldan said: "Very well—my honor is satisfied; there isn't a whole window-light left in my house; I am black and blue all over; so, like a good, affectionate neighbor, I will sell you that southwest eighty on fair terms. I never had the least use for it anyway."

Thereupon the neighbors embraced each other and sat down to arrange the price.

A year ago this month Italy seized theoretically some four hundred thousand square miles of quite barren Turkish territory in Africa. For a whole year her navy has cruised the Mediterranean at great expense, finding occasional relief from boredom in shooting up an obsolete Turkish fort, while an Italian army has fought mosquitoes and indigestion far from home. Late cablegrams say peace is nearly arranged—Turkey to cede Tripoli to Italy, while Italy pays a large indemnity in yearly installments. In short Italy will finally buy the farm she wanted, for which Turkey has no use anyway. Yet, in order to save each nation's honor, war was a necessary preliminary to the trade; and no doubt the war alone cost twice what Tripoli is actually worth.

Initiative and "Blue Sky"

WE SUPPOSE if Kansas' Blue Sky Act to stop wholesale swindling by the sale of bogus stock were brought up in the legislature of every state in the Union tomorrow it would be defeated in more than half of them. Many members who had not heard from home would be indifferent; some members would find great constitutional difficulties; others would see capital fleeing from the state; a few would be amenable to private argumentation by the threatened interest; here and there party lines would be brought in; newspapers that derived a comfortable revenue from touting fake oil and mine shares would interpose a powerful influence. To overcome inertia and interested obstruction in the legislature a great deal of hearing from home would be necessary.

Oregon has a simpler and better method. A Blue Sky Act, which will doubtless protect the people of that state from fake-stock robbers, as far as state authority can go, has been drafted; initiative petitions have been circulated and signed. The people will vote on the act next November, and upon their approval it will become law. We don't think it will take any voter who is earning an honest livelihood many minutes to decide whether stock in an imaginary gold mine shall be a legal investment for his life-insurance money. To any one who knows that fake-stock swindlers find their richest picking among widows and orphans the decision should be easy. But to decide just that will take the average legislature a good while.

When Judges Disagree

MANY years ago Chicago found her court business far in arrears, whereupon she resorted to the inevitable American expedient of creating a new court instead of requiring the courts she already had to wake up from their pleasant eighteenth-century dream and get down to business. The new tribunal was called the appellate court and was given jurisdiction of appeals from the superior courts, circuit courts and county courts. The theory was that, by interposing this new bench between trial courts and the supreme court, appeals would be expedited and a litigant enabled to recover final judgment before he had had time entirely to forget the subject-matter of his suit.

In one of its recent issues the Chicago Tribune reported that in 1909, 1910 and 1911 the appellate court reversed two-fifths of all the cases that had been brought before it. Now the appellate judges are simply drawn from the superior and circuit benches, comprising exactly the same sort of judge-stuff that decides the cases in the first instance.

This reminds us that judges are sadly lacking in *esprit de corps*. When one doctor is called upon to review the work of another, nine times out of ten he will uphold it even if he has to strain his conscience a bit to do so. But give one judge a chance at another judge, and the chances are that he will injure his eyesight searching for a reason to reverse him, thereby scoring one in the game. Law, as practiced and administered in many of these United States, has lost sight of social service and become a learned sport, interesting to the players but rather burdensome to the public.

Certainly, if the trial courts of Chicago do a material wrong in two-fifths of their decisions that are sufficiently important to be appealed they must be scandalously incompetent. If they do no material wrong, but are compelled by the appellate court to retry two-fifths of all the appealed cases because they said tweedledee when they might have said tweedledum, then the appellate court should be abolished.

Crops and Wages

GENERALLY speaking, to own a farm means owning a life job. What the average farmer receives is pay for his own labor and that of his family; and farmers are more prosperous because their wages have gone up. The value of those crops for which the Census Bureau has acreage figures was five billion dollars in 1909 against slightly less than two billion and three-quarters in 1899. By far the greater part of this increase was due not to larger production, but to higher prices; in fact, if the prices of 1899 had prevailed in 1909 the value of that year's crops would have been only three billions instead of five. Applying the same amount of labor to the same extent of land, farmers received sixty-six per cent more because prices were higher. Broadly speaking, this is as much as to say that the average farmer's daily wage advanced by two-thirds—though, if he has bought a farm meanwhile, he has had to pay proportionately more for the title to the more remunerative job.

This means more money in the hands of some six million individuals. They buy more food, clothing and vehicles, pay their bills promptly and keep surplus money in the bank, which in turn is loaned to manufacturers. Everybody realizes that this makes for national prosperity; but many very practical-minded political economists habitually talk as though a rise in industrial wages somehow jeopardized national prosperity. The number of wage-earners exceeds the number of farmers. More money in their hands is as good for the country's trade as more money in the farmers' hands; in fact, if prosperity for these two classes could be assured, the rest of the nation would be prosperous automatically. The broad proposition, on a simple dollar-and-cents basis, is that higher wages are always to the public's interest.

Waterway Improvement

THE Mississippi Valley system comprises sixteen thousand miles of navigable rivers, from Pittsburgh, Chicago and Omaha to St. Louis and New Orleans. The Harriman system comprises eighteen thousand miles of rail, from Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles to Omaha and New Orleans. The investment in the Harriman system, comprising face value of securities outstanding in the hands of the public, considerably exceeds one billion dollars, while market value is much in excess of face value. In population and wealth the territory it serves is, of course, much less than the Mississippi Valley.

If eighteen thousand miles of rail lying west of the Missouri River are worth roughly, say, a billion and a half, what might sixteen thousand miles of improved waterway in the valley be worth? The question is pertinent because such figures as fifty or one hundred million dollars for waterway improvement frighten many people.

As for investment in equipment, a modern ocean freighter costs about seventy dollars for each ton of carrying capacity; a lake boat about forty dollars a ton; a river steamer and barges only twelve dollars a ton.

The railroads have completely captured the country's inland carrying trade and have it highly organized in their own interest. Something more than merely digging channels will be necessary to get trade for the rivers. St. Louis' rail-borne traffic exceeds fifty million tons, while her river-borne traffic has fallen below two hundred thousand tons. But no doubt freight rates on these fifty-odd million tons have been affected, beneficially to St. Louis, by water competition.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Connecticut Brand

BARRING, possibly, the high cost of living and a few other little things like that, ours, without doubt, is the Greatest Republic on which the sun ever shone! Any child can tell you that, and every statesman will, especially when he is running for office and is yowling and yammering for your votes.

As is well known, we despise kings; loathe princes and potentates; have the utmost contempt for titles and the gewgaws that designate rank; abhor senseless decorations as manifestations of effete and decaying monarchies; and sternly set aside all attempts at show by preferment, elimination, selection, or any other process or contrivance whereby it is intended to maintain that all men were not created free and equal and that some are better than others.

We do—oh, indeed we do! For that exact reason undoubtedly the American people, hating and abominating titles and decorations, and all such, are the most bebadged, belodged, bebuttoned, beinsigniaed people on this earth. Beginning with the high-school, life for the majority of our citizens is but a gradual progress from the callow frat pin to the jeweled jingle-janglers that testify to the wearer's initiation into select assemblages, where the titles are as imposing as those of a mandarin. Almost every citizen has a button or six distributed about him and the women wear them by the gross. So, too, any time you come into the leading hotel at any center of population—any time and any center and any hotel—you are sure to find the lobby congested with earnest little haters of the sham of titles and decorations and ardent champions of the free-and-equal idea, in convention assembled, and so covered with badges they look like ribbon counters in a windstorm, and glittering with medals bestrewn from neck to knee.

If you should go to a political convention, for example, where the delegates froth and foam on the platform about these things, you will find them all badged from top to toe; and the man who has the gold badge looks down on the chap with the silver one, while the poor chap who can sport nothing but bronze or brass has neither caste nor class. We hate all this sort of stuff—detest it; but we go to it, nathless, as a hungry haying crew lands on the fried ham with red gravy at suppertime. And so runs the world away—so scampers the universe along; and especially our part of it, badged and buttoned and titled and clubbed to show that one set have something some other set cannot have.

A Tale of Wooden Nutmegs

WHEREFORE, in pursuance of this general plan, it so fell out at a certain Republican National Convention, in Chicago—I forget whether it was 1904 or 1908—the Connecticut delegation came marching up Michigan Boulevard looking like the ribbon dance in a kermess, so plastered were they with badges. And that wasn't all! Desiring to show they had acquired the extreme merit of living in Connecticut, and aspiring to identify themselves as possessors of that ineffable privilege, these Connecticut patriots had devised a badge they were certain would allot to them the imperishable distinction they deserved. It was a brilliant badge, multicolored, and on it, printed in gold, was the overpowering information that the wearer thereof was from Connecticut. In order to inculcate this information in more potent terms, upon each ribbon dangled a wooden nutmeg. That identified the aggregation beyond peradventure. No other state than Connecticut ever trafficked in wooden nutmegs—if I remember correctly.

Inasmuch as the passion indicated above, among delegates and others, is to conceal as much of their clothes as possible with badges, there always is a great trading of badges among those present. The man from Oklahoma swaps a badge with the man from Maine, and each proudly pins on the other's insignia in addition to his own. The wooden-nutmeg badges were unique. There was a great rush to obtain them. The Connecticut delegates did a thriving business and soon appeared looking like scrambled rainbows, though wooden nutmegs dangled from the coats of many persons from states other than Connecticut.

The result was, in a day or two, that the extra supply of wooden-nutmeg badges brought by the Connecticut people was exhausted. The demand was insistent. Certain Connecticut delegates came running to the Honorable Frank Bosworth Brandegee in evident perturbation.

"Frank," they said, "our wooden-nutmeg badges have given out. There ain't any more. What we goin' t'do?"

"Get some more!" said Brandegee.

"How'n blazes can we? They ain't a wooden nutmeg in Chicago!"—a statement, by-the-way, which the detractors of the commercial integrity of Chicago will please note.

He Has a Lucid Idea of Precedents and Pertinences

"All right!" said Brandegee, with Napoleonic decisiveness. "Then go down to a grocery store, get some real nutmegs and have some more badges printed. These people will never know the difference!"

Thereupon that was done; and many and many a badge-seeker at that convention wore a real nutmeg on his chest and thought he was displaying a wooden one, typifying Connecticut and the era of wooden hams, wooden clocks and wooden heads—these latter being possessed by those persons with whom the thrifty Connecticut people traded.

Now, then, to point a moral and adorn a nutmeg, let me say that in this affair Frank Bosworth Brandegee was running true to form. One of the specialties of that senator of the United States is substituting the real for the false; and another of his specialties is having the quiet courage to do just this, which in these days of hocuspocus and persistent piffle is a trait worthy of celebration and is herewith celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance the traffic will bear.

Young Mr. Brandegee—he is only forty-eight and has been a senator since 1905—is a sane citizen. He looks at things that start many statesmen off on ghost dances, with a clear and proper perspective. He has a lucid idea of proprieties, precedents and pertinences. He distinguishes soberly between performance and promise. He is no grandstander, whirlwinder, spellbinder or handshaker. What he is is a modest, intelligent, efficient and level-headed person, with more disillusions than illusions, and a fairly comprehensive understanding of the principles on which this Government is founded.

The Siamese Twins in Politics

IT MAY be that at times he is prone to mourn the fate of the Republic, but Connecticut man was made to mourn. They had such mournful ancestors up there! However, when Brandegee mourns he mourns discreetly and not all over the place, as do some of the other despairers we have with us tonight. Back of it all is a real sense of humor that forbids his putting crape bands on his hat and sleeve—for, though things may be going badly from Brandegee's ingrained Connecticut viewpoint, he isn't strabismic; and his view is broad enough to make him certain everything will come out all right in the end—the Ship of State will float jauntily off the rocks and we'll all be happy yet, you may wager, if so be you ever take a chance.

There is no opportunity for an argument over the statement that the United States Senate has changed in personnel and in power in the past dozen years; but when you are looking for concrete examples you will be in grave error if you pick Brandegee. There is a person who is a real senator, not a spotlight senator—a senator who attends to his job, does his work, undertakes all his responsibilities, meets all his obligations, is efficient and capable, and doesn't parade round beating his breast and telling about it. There is a senator of wide information, of sound education, of good understanding; one who is not self-conscious, is quiet, and only assertive when he has a point to make. Instead of cultivating publicity he keeps away from it. He has things to do and he does them without fuss or fume; and when the other Republican leaders want a little clear vision projected on a case in hand they go to him.

Real, commendable modesty and the practice of politics and statesmanship rarely go hand in hand. With Brandegee they are not only hand in hand but they are Siamese twins. His job, as he conceives it, is to represent the people of Connecticut in the Senate; and that is what he works at, not essaying the general salvation of the people of these United States and all dependencies—not offering himself as a Moses by declaration to lead all and sundry out of the swamps. At the same time this quiet, unobtrusive, self-contained, capable citizen is one of the big men of the Senate, one of the powers in that body. His associates recognize him as a man of considerable ability and sound legal attainments; and he has a direct and commanding influence on affairs.

He was born in New London and he lives there yet—probably on the exact spot where he was born, though I am not so sure of that. He was graduated from Yale in the class of 1885, was admitted to the bar in 1888, and went to the General Assembly that same year. He was corporation counsel for New London for ten years, was speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1899, and was elected a member of Congress in 1902. He continued in the national House of Representatives until 1905, when he was sent to the Senate, being reelected in 1909.

Brandegee is a bachelor, a collector of fine furniture and objects of art, one of Washington's most famous hosts and a most companionable man. He is chairman of the Committee on Interoceanic Canals and member of other important committees. He rarely enters debate, but when he does all others debating know he is there. He is a clear and logical speaker, making no pretense to oratory; and there is no senator more popular with his associates.

Did I say he is a sane, level-headed citizen? Well, I desire to say it again. There is so little opportunity in these days to make that remark about our statesmen I trust the editor will let it go. Having dug one up, why not give three ringing cheers?

On Inside Information

THE night before Woodrow Wilson was nominated for president at Baltimore, when the Democratic convention had been in session for many hours and there was a nervous expectation that the cat would start jumping one way or another almost any minute, Jack Hammond, the New York press agent, who had charge of the publicity end of the Harmon campaign, got hungrier and hungrier as time dragged on. Finally, when he was nearly famished, he had an idea.

He hunted up the busily confabbing floor managers of the Clark boom. Approaching them with that air of importance so essential to political conventions, he said in a mysterious tone:

"Gentlemen, as you know, I'm representing Governor Harmon here. Take a tip from me and move for an adjournment of two hours."

Then, leaving them startled, he moved gravely off, until he found the captains of the Wilson forces, whom he also knew.

"Gentlemen," said Hammond, again in a tone of great mystery, "I am in a position to know something of an important movement. I cannot give you the details now, but I will say this—if a motion to adjourn should be made, vote for it."

A moment later Senator Stone, of Missouri, one of the Clark spokesmen, was moving that the convention take a recess of two hours. A Wilson mouthpiece seconded the motion. It carried and the delegates began filing out of the hall.

At once both groups of managers quickly made for Hammond.

"Now tell us what this adjournment means?" they demanded.

"It means," said Hammond, "that I want to go get something to eat—I'm hungry!"

How to Beat the Building Game

From the Ground Up—By Benjamin A. Howes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE heading of this article ought to be The Things We Slighted the First Time. Every man who builds a house to live in is guilty sooner or later of the bromide: "Well, I should know now just how to do it again!" In the pleasures of domestic planning and of taking a private laboratory course in architecture—with fees for breakages—the owners are likely to forget, if they ever knew, the immense importance of getting the primitive needs of life well provided for—water, light, heat and sanitary protection. No urban housewife ever realizes why the English run to cold baths and wax candles or what a cellar means to happiness until she has had one—the wrong kind; and even the poetically minded architect is prone to forget that civilized life in the deep country cannot go on without cesspools—they call them septic tanks now. Here comes in the great opportunity of the man of the house. He is practical, whatever the others are; and he must see to it that these base matters are considered early. True it is that a ditch in time saves nine!

The country house ought to have water, heat, sewage disposal, gas, electricity and telephone service. For the suburban or country-town dweller some of these things are already settled; but for the builder on a virgin tract they are burning questions. In any case, every householder ought to have the main problems clearly in mind, even if a fatherly government has undertaken their solution. It is not for me to give technical directions, but rather to note the lines of inquiry on which the provident home-builder should attack his expert advisers—in case they are not sufficiently alert to attack him first! His architect—or, if he has one, his engineer—must be able to satisfy his mind as to the relative merits in the premises of the possible alternatives. Let all who shrink from such prosaic business read no farther!

Have you the valid title to your land, your fixed house appropriation and your architect? The next thing to do is to spend a long day on the fated spot—I note with regret that the day is usually Sunday—with wife, architect and practical man, an ample luncheon and seagoing galoshes.

Providing Quarters for the White Elephants

WITH a general scheme of rooms in mind, the first task, of course, is to locate the house as to its place on the grounds and as to its aspect. The architect will be guided largely by the premonition of his esthetic composition; meanwhile you will pay special heed to the sun as desired in the living rooms; to the prevailing winds—for you don't want the kitchen betwixt the wind and your nobility—and to the general direction of drainage and water supply, two presageful subjects into which you will soon be further initiated. For the effective use of the site the architect's judgment will doubtless prevail. With a comparatively small, square or oblong, plat, it is worth considering whether an end-on or lengthwise position of the house, near the road, will not give garden, entrance and service fronts, with an effect of amplitude and privacy not otherwise to be had. The English manage small holdings most effectively; and here, as so often, a previous study of the placing of English suburban houses will probably give you some new ideas as to what you really like. Very possibly there may be two or three desirable locations, the choice between which will be determined by the later considerations of water, drainage and grading.

If your tract is a large one the possible variations are endless. If you are far-seeing you will take thought for the possibility that you or your children, as they grow up, may want to indulge in the expensive amusement of farming, and set aside some space for farm buildings and fields and an orchard slope or two, besides the inevitable tennis court and the seductive swimming pool. In a New York family in easy circumstances it was the regular, responsible farming during the vacations on his father's country place that reëstablished the shattered health of a boy in school, whom his parents hesitated to pitch into the rough-and-tumble of a boys' summer camp. Sooner or later, also, whatever the size of your tract, you or your wife will want to experiment with a real garden—a white elephant every one tries to domesticate. And you should have this in your mind's eye from the first.

It is When Your House is on Level Ground That the Trouble Begins!

In these early counsels concerning location, however, a most important thing to remember is the necessity of at once finding out your foundation conditions. A preliminary hole or holes will show whether you are going to strike water—at least if dug when the neighbors' wells are full; and if dug at the four corners of the proposed house will disclose what kind of material the foundations are to rest on—not to know which is one of the most expensive and mortifying kinds of ignorance in which the owner can indulge. Your contract is likely to specify that the price includes no blasting; even if it does not, however, but calls only for an excavation to a certain depth, excavation is usually taken to mean digging, not blasting.

As an illustration of the varied kinds of foundation-trouble one may run into, take the following: Previous to the signing of the contract for a house near New York, a hole dug at one corner disclosed excellent gravel; therefore a narrow footing, with no footing drains, was specified. On starting work the excavation opened up on another corner a very fine sand which, with the addition of a little water, became quicksand. Inevitably a large "extra" was incurred for concrete and reënforcement and labor to provide for the increased depth and width of footings for that corner.

To complicate matters further, the contractor presented a bill for doing this extra work all round the house, after it was erected, and when the owner "went up in the air" frightened the architect with a notice of "no responsibility for settlement and cracking" if the footings were dug up to see whether all the work had really been done. Fortunately, on a hint from the honest foreman, the engineer obtained legal proof that the claimed extra excavations had not been made, by sounding them with a steel rod. This is, of course, not a typical occurrence so far as the contractor's performance is concerned, but it shows the evil possibilities of deferred investigation. As a builder once remarked, a hole dug in time keeps the owner out of a hole.

Probably you learned where your water supply would come from when you bought your land; but if not, here is your next problem. Look the ground over for a wet place indicating a spring. Here is the place for a well; but carefully scrutinize the possibilities of undesirable drainage into this. Consider whether, if the well strikes a ledge, its slope may not bring drainage from the neighboring tracts. If the spring has a good fall you needn't bother with a well; put in a hydraulic ram instead. The builder of a country house on a long, steep slope in the Connecticut Valley found he had a spring near the bottom of his slope, the fall of which was sufficient to operate a hydraulic ram to keep the two-thousand-gallon concrete tank in his attic full nine months of the year. A fall of twenty feet will pump water up a hundred-foot hill. At the foot of a similar hillside in Massachusetts, also crowned by a country house, is a similar spring; but as here the spring hadn't fall enough, a well was made, from which water is pumped by a gasoline engine to a tank in the house above. Under ordinary circumstances running the engine for a day once a week will keep the house well supplied.

In the old days the idea was to have the well under the house or close to it. Those were the days of the old oaken bucket and of diphtheria epidemics; but fortunately we are changing all that. The well is now located away from the house, where it is reasonably safe from contamination and can be easily inspected. In any case, it is wise to have the water supply tested two or three times a year—not for infection but for contamination; one may note the distinction. Standard water reports, for instance, speak of the presence of "Colon B," which are innocuous in themselves, but indicate by their numbers to what extent the water supply is contaminated. The presence of chlorine, often harmless in itself, is another indication of the fact of contamination, which may at any moment become a source of infection also. For such a test, all you have to do is to send five gallons to the state laboratory or to the health officer of your district.

The last-mentioned well—as, indeed, all should be—was very carefully sealed into the ground against surface drainage and screened. The sides, all the way down to the water, were lined with concrete and a concrete curb was raised two or three feet above the surface of the ground. A bank of clay was graded sharply up round this curb, providing a watertight slope for prompt drainage away from it. The well was capped by a concrete slab, with a little door in it, and ventilated by a tiny fine-screened window in the side of the curb. Protection from heavy frosts is given all pipes of such a water supply by sinking them in earth below the danger line.

Even if the Cellar is Watertight, Water May Come Into it From the Bursting of a Pipe

Failing a spring, of course the best thing is to drive a deep well—say, one hundred feet; though one extending anywhere below thirty feet may do. For the shallower well, the same questions as to drainage must be met. In some sections of the country this may prove to be an artesian well; if so, so much the better, but don't count on it. With any ordinary well pumping must be done by a kerosene, gasoline, electric or hot-air pump—or, in a country with a reliable wind, it may be by windmill. If you are so fortunate as to have a flowing brook on your place you can hitch that to a ram and elevate your well-water. As between a hydraulic ram at ten dollars and a gasoline engine at from one hundred to five hundred, there would be no choice if it were not for the possible intermittence of the water-power. For this contingency the above-mentioned Connecticut Valley man had an electric pump attached to his spring, operated by a switch from the kitchen, to be turned on when the flow diminished. In general, keep a sharp eye out for any chance of steady water-power, for with it will come the opportunity, when you care to use it, for automatic production of light and heat through electricity, and for numberless labor-saving devices, besides the saving in gasoline-power and the time and attention needed by an engine.

The Willful Widow and the Level Plat

ONCE I knew a willful widow who absolutely insisted on having the plat for her country suburban house on a level site—she wasn't going to have any swampy land on her place! Her reward came in the shape of the greatest difficulty and large engineering expense in arranging for water supply, cellar drainage and sewage disposal—mundane matters which were literally below the level of her observation. The fact is, a sloping site and some lowland is a great desideratum, quite apart from the architectural opportunity it gives. The chance is much greater for finding a good spring; as is also the opportunity for necessary drainage of surface and excavations, and for a good fall for the sewage-disposal plant.

It may be, Mrs. Owner—or even Mr. Owner—that hydraulic rams and gasoline engines and septic tanks have heretofore possessed for you only a remote and shuddering interest; but after you have passed some hours tramping ankle-deep in mud with several superior persons, trying to locate these mysteries, you will wish that you could at least "talk golf"! Here is a whispered suggestion: Look through one of the readable scientific books on these questions or write for some catalogues to give you ammunition; you will probably get a good deal of satisfaction out of it. Nevertheless, the cleverest woman remembers that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and relies on her experienced advisers.

A satisfactory sewage-disposal plant for a fair-sized establishment in New England has two concrete tanks, close together, known as bacterial or septic tanks, of simple but ingenious construction. In the first, to which come the sewage pipes from the house—with at least a fifteen-foot fall—all organic solids disintegrate by bacterial

action and form a thick mat on the surface; while the inorganic solids, of which there are few, fall to the bottom, which has a drain for occasional flushing out. This mat is stopped off from the edge of the second tank by a baffle or skimming bar, like a stationary skimmer, which extends across the surface and some six inches below it. With every fresh inrush from the sewage pipe, the clearer liquid rises beyond this baffle and flows over the dam into the second tank. From the bottom of this it is siphoned away into a course of land draintile laid in sand and gravel. I have known of variations of this scheme which substituted a loosely laid rock tank, surrounded by gravel, for the second concrete tank; but this was used only for a medium-sized establishment occupied in summer and for week-ends, thus giving long periods of rest, so that the ground round the second tank did not become "sick."

Paying the Price of Peace for Drainage

WHERE there is public service in the way of water supply and sewage disposal, it might be thought that the anxious home-builder could dismiss it from his mind; but, alas! here, too, eternal vigilance is the price of peace. Every one has heard lurid tales of the "backing up" of the contents of sewage pipes into the cellar. The point is to be sure that the public-service pipes allow sufficient fall from the house. For instance, no servants' closets can be placed in the cellar unless the street pipes are deeper. How many people know that in many places the regulations won't let you lead rainwater into the sewage pipes and that in these cases another set of drainpipes must be provided? The provident householder, however, gets a special permit for at least one roof-leader into the sewage pipes, to flush them out conveniently with a heavy rain. And, by-the-way, if you can afford it have the rain-water pipes and gutters of copper. Copper is expensive, of course—a dollar a linear foot—but it is extremely durable; your gutters and leaders won't begin to fail, with expensive visits from the plumber, just as you are settling down to the enjoyment of your home; and it is delightfully decorative. The architect of a very pretty stucco house near New York—and he is not the only one—has taken the copper fittings of the house as the key-note of his color scheme in cream and red-brown.

After You Have Passed Some Hours Tramping Ankle-Deep in Mud

To return to our gutters. Where drainage is most important is, of course, about the cellar; and it is time for you, Mrs. Owner, to be asking pertinent questions as to how the lords of creation intend to fashion and protect yours. Have you ever considered the philosophy of the cellar? If you were brought up in the country you have memories of fine, cold red apples coming up from it on winter evenings and of stores of potatoes and other food therein; and you recall mysterious activities of the furnace man and "sliding down the bulkhead door." But those days of wooden floors high off the ground, and good-sized windows under them—and open cracks too—allowing plenty of light and ventilation to the cellar, are passed, and with our better modern construction the cellar has become, alas, more and more hermetically sealed. Today storage of any kind of food in the cellar is regarded as highly unsanitary, and no air from it, as many old furnaces allowed, is supposed to come up into the house. The real purpose of the cellar is to keep your wooden floors from rotting from contact with the earth, and to provide a place for the heating plant and for running other pipes into the house. If by chance there is no heating plant—as in the case of central heating—there is no reason why the floor should not be laid over a solid concrete base, covered with two-inch wooden strips bedded in tar. A large, all-the-year-round house in New Jersey has only so much cellar excavation as will accommodate the steam boilers, while the rest of the house is laid on just such a concrete foundation. This was, of course, a decided money-saving—and a cellar is at best an unsanitary adjunct anyway! "What becomes of the other pipes and conduits?" you ask. It was for this house a comparatively simple matter, by taking thought in time, to lead them straight down through the walls and out-of-doors. In a very cold climate this solid flooring would necessitate some system of floor-heating, but this is an improvement that is well on its way to general acceptance, and of it I shall have more to say later.

To descend again to your cellar—if you are to have one—it must be well lighted, ventilated and drained. Here is the crux for most builders. If your house is on sloping ground a course of tile, laid with open joints and covered with cinders—or sand, broken stone or gravel—to act as a strainer, can be carried round outside and below the footings, and then to an opening on a road gutter, or, if the ground water-level is always below the cellar bottom, to a so-called "dry well"—an excavation filled up with sand and stones. Thus the water is led away before it has a chance to get in.

It is when your house is on level ground that the trouble begins! Make sure, first of all, how high the ground water level rises in the wettest season of the wettest year; and, if above the level of the cellar floor in any season, make special provision for it. It may be possible to run a drain to the surface some distance away; but if not there is no way but to make your cellar a regular "dishpan," with careful waterproofing. There are plenty of "patent-medicine" methods at low cost; but believe your architect when he tells you that the only reliable method is to carry a plastic membrane of alternate layers of bitumen—pitch—and felt all round the cellar and under the floor—plastic, so that no go or come of the foundations can crack it; and heavy and thick, so that no pressure can force it. For the ordinary cellar a five-ply layer is sufficient. Whether you run this membrane round outside or inside depends somewhat on how soon you find out you will have to; but, if before anything is laid besides the footings, spread it over the whole foundation, leaving a wide margin each side of the cellar walls, which are to be laid on top. Build these; then turn up the margin and continue it up on the outside of the wall beyond the danger point; then lay a curtain of brick all round outside it to protect it from injury. Inside, cast your concrete floor directly over it. Thus you have a waterproof skin, held in place by layers of masonry. If for any reason waterproofing has to be done on the inside of a cellar already built, it should be carried over floor and walls in the same way, and then weighted down by a concrete floor and a curtain of masonry on the inside walls. Otherwise, water pressure from the outside will sooner or later force a spot away from wall or floor and get in behind it; after that, it is only a question of time before the whole thing peels off. If the water rises three feet above the floor level you will need one foot of ordinary concrete above the felt; for a one-and-one-half-foot rise, seven inches will be enough, or a thinner, reenforced slab.

Sooner or Later You or Your Wife Will Want to Experiment With a Real Garden

The Kind of Trap That Traps the Trapper

"WHY not cast the cellar like a tank of reenforced concrete—a real concrete dish, which should need no waterproofing at all?" you may ask. It is, indeed, theoretically possible, but highly impractical. In the first place, the cellar cannot be cast integral—that is, in one casting—as a tank is, with all its corners heavily reenforced. In the second place, if any crack develops in the tank it is easy to fill it with a cement "grout," which by the letting in of water is forced into the pores of the concrete. In short, the concrete watertank seals itself by internal pressure. Nothing of this sort is possible with a cellar. In the third place, the point of danger in a tank is on the inside, while in a cellar it develops on the outside and is therefore impossible to get at. It is clear, also, in this connection, why the variously advocated concrete waterproofings, though quite efficacious for housewalls and floors, sometimes prove a broken reed against flooding of the cellar. The pressures, and even movements, to which its walls and floors are subjected, make short work of any waterproofing that depends on unyielding material.

Even if the cellar itself is watertight, water may come into it from the bursting of a pipe, for instance; and a pit or "dry well" should be provided to drain away any such water, if below the sewer outlet. If above the sewer, drain under the footings into it; but—a very big but—be sure this drain is waterscaled against the rising of sewer gas. Your contract will doubtless specify "cellar drain, trapped." This trap is probably a so-called "bell trap"—your builder will explain it to you—in the surface of the floor; and in nine-tenths of the houses I know it is not far from the furnace and has probably dried out before the family has much more than moved in, and is never looked at again. This is much more dangerous from the point of view of rising sewer gas than any amount of the "defective plumbing" one hears so much about. The right trap is a running trap below the floor; and a second drain, leading into it from the areaway, insures at least some water always in it from rain. I say "dangerous from the point of view of rising sewer gas"; for, in spite of kinks in the regulations secured by the plumbers, some people still doubt that sewer gas is, indeed, disease-breeding. There is much more sanitary danger from a rat's gnawing a hole in a lead pipe to get at the water. "Unheard of!" you cry. On the contrary, I know a hotel in Boston which has had a vast amount of trouble from precisely that thing.

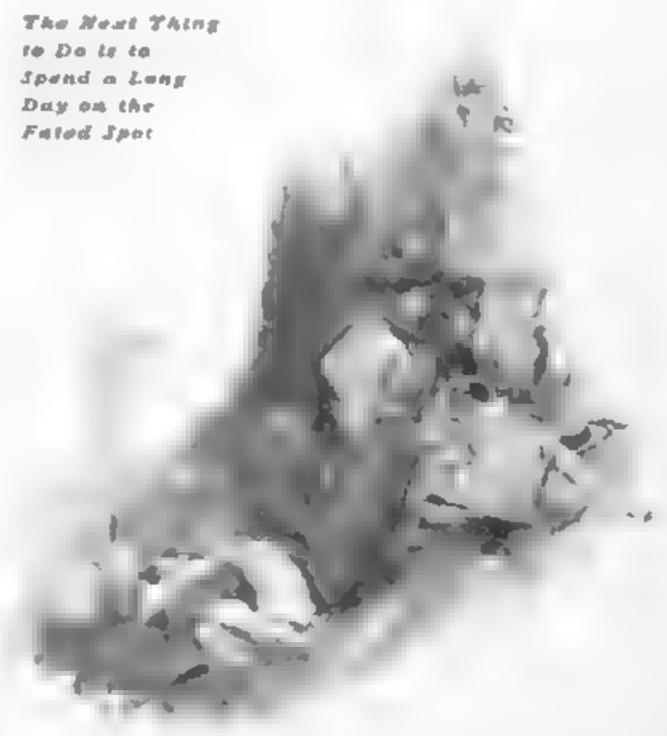
After the lay of the land, as it will affect your cellar, water supply and sewage-disposal plant, has been thoroughly canvassed, the mention of grading will at once open up the road question. In the first place, it is an invariable shock to the owner to discover how much good roadmaking costs, with little to show; and even the best-laid roads go oft awry. "I've spent more on these qualified roads on my little place than would have given me another dozen acres!" fumes Mr. Country Gentleman. If the architect lays out the roads for a pleasing approach to the house he is all too likely to give them some decorative quirks in which it would be impossible to turn an automobile. If a landscape architect is employed doubtless he will take the roads in hand and dispose them with an eye to the planting alone. On the whole, the most satisfactory method I have observed in practice is for the owner, with his own requirements in mind, to correlate these suggestions; or to lay out the roads himself, subject only to the absolute prohibitions of his advisers. And, other things being equal, he will do well to limit his mileage to the minimum.

The Total Depravity of Some Private Roads

A GOOD macadamized road costs anywhere from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a mile—and up to twice that for small jobs—depending on convenience of good material, the width of the road and the amount of grading and filling necessary. A fairly drained and crowned dirt road cannot be built under five thousand dollars a mile; while paved or concrete gutters and underdrainage will cost five thousand dollars a mile—of road-alone. A prime essential in all road-making is a good foundation, firm enough to hold together, a top surface of material that will not wash away, and so drained that it will not become a creek-bed or scour out the gutters. For a fairly level road, a gutter of turf does very well.

As to the total depravity of private roads, here is an example out of myriads: The footing drains about a country-house garage were carefully laid as prescribed above, with a good cinder fill above them. A road from the house wound across the base of a hill down to the garage—a fine Telford road, with a foundation of seven inches of broken rock which had occurred as boulders in the cellar excavation. Meanwhile, before the final grading about the latter, a layer of clay and concrete slop had washed up in the working against the building. No one noticed it; and, after the final filling in, a concrete apron had been laid down about the garage. What happened? The stone of the road foundation acted as a splendid drain to bring the flow of water off the hill straight to the garage. There it struck the watertight layer of clay that had collected over the cinder fill and drain; and, not being absorbed as it should, came into the garage cellar through electric light and telephone conduits. The upper concrete apron prevented speedy discovery and remedy of the difficulty—and I don't remember what they did do when they finally guessed it!

However, the owner should not be unduly disturbed about his road. For a modest job there is usually a neighborhood contractor of fair experience, able at least to follow the specifications of the architect—or, better, of the engineer or landscape man.



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"I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
I hear those gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe'".

"I'm not conscious of the player at all. I hardly know it is there, for I am not there

"I'm afar off with a spirit—the spirit of the music—the spirit of the southern darkies and old plantations before the war.

"I do not *want* to know that the player is there. Just let me feel this ecstasy of feeling as long as it lasts.

"I strike the last chord. I open my eyes to ask the folks how they like it. I do not need to ask. Tears are in their eyes. The tears answer for them." *(Name on request.)*

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What is this mysterious phenomenon called Music, that seems to echo from fairy land?

It stirs the emotions to religious fear, or makes the passions forget fear and rush into the shadows of death on the battle-field.

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The VIRTUOLO

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Besides, to work any mechanism, you have to use Reason. If you use Reason, you forget Instinct—the two cannot work at the same time.

Reason is for business and science. Keep it out of music. Music, like every other beautiful thing, was created by Instinct, so let's recreate (play) our music on the Virtuolo with the "light fantastic" touch of Instinct.

The Virtuolo is built by the Hallet & Davis Piano Company, of Boston, one of the oldest art piano builders in the world, established 1839.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Motor Car—How to Run It

THE human heart, being lazy above all things and desperately careless, the usual course of procedure with the amateur driver of a car is to run it until something pops and then to take it to the shop for repairs. Sometimes even the brand-new owner of a brand-new machine has to send to a garage for help before he can get it started—right while the people in the lower flat are grinning at him from behind the curtains! It is better to know a little about the works of a car, so that you can tell—by yourself—why she balks sometimes.

Supposing you have possessed yourself of a fundamental or rudimentary knowledge of the heart, lungs and stomach of your car, to the point of learning the proper rhythms of the piston and the spark, you will find it necessary next to learn more about the valves and their functions, the magneto and its functions, and the mechanical means of applying and regulating the spark. You will learn that some of the reasons or excuses for a car's balking are: no gas, overheating, dirty spark-plugs, poor current, bad valves, too much air or too much gasoline—and sometimes too much dirt.

There is really no lack of reason on the part of the car. Very likely it is not as mulish as you yourself, but perfectly rational and docile. When you comport yourself as intelligently as it does your mutual troubles will be at an end.

Suppose yourself engaged in starting your car on a Sunday afternoon at the curb in front of the lower flat, where you know the people behind the curtain are wondering how you can afford a car when your salary is so low, your grocery bill unpaid and your wife wearing party gowns four years old—let us first follow through the sequence in which the fluid is conveyed, mixed and used.

Good automobile gasoline just now ought to have a specific gravity of about .68; but you will have to depend on your dealer to get a staple automobile article. Be sure, first, that your gasoline tank, radiator and oil tank are all full. More than one man has tried to start an automobile when there was no gasoline in the tank—just as many a man has complained that his watch would not run because the mainspring was broken, when he had only forgotten to wind it.

The Proper Diet for a Mulish Car

The gasoline is fed from the tank, by pressure or by gravity, through a small pipe into the carbureter, where the air passes over the spray of gasoline and mingles with its vapor. The proportion of air and gasoline must be accurately adjusted if you are to get good results out of your engine—or perhaps, indeed, to be able to start your engine. Maybe you had better leave the carbureter alone; for too much amateur tinkeritis is a bad disease. Of course you know that, as your machine stands, you must start the motor first before you start the car. Perhaps the weather is cold so that the gasoline does not vaporize quickly. The car is very cranky and will not start. In that case you had better cut off as much air as possible. You can do this by putting your hand over the air intake or by using the valve with which some cars are fitted for this purpose. This keeps down the proportion of air so that the mixture will not be "too poor." If it were too poor there might be explosions in the wrong part of the engine or the gasoline might backfire. After you have got the motor warmed up you can restore the air-valve to its normal position.

When there is too much gasoline the mixture is called "too rich." You can tell this by the strong odor. If the flow of gasoline is too strong adjust the needle-valve to cut it down or adjust the air intake to let in more air. You must keep the balance of gasoline vapor and air.

You must know about the inlet valve, which supplies food to the cylinders. This valve must open just as the piston starts out in its first stroke, so that the mixture can be drawn into the cylinder by the vacuum thus induced. The valve should stay open until after the piston has reached the full length of that stroke. Of course, when the engine is working right and all the valves are doing their part, the ignition of the compressed charge takes place with both the inlet and exhaust valves closed.

Having satisfied yourself that you have gasoline and that your valves are working properly, you look to the ignitor, or spark. On all recent automobiles a magneto is used to ignite the mixture in the cylinder after the motor is once started—but most machines are also supplied with a battery which is used to start with, as many magnetos do not generate a strong spark when revolved at the speed furnished by hand-cranking.

Of course, before you can start your engine you want to be sure that the clutch is disengaged. You do not want the car to run away by itself, and especially do not want it to run over you while you are cranking up. See that the gear is out and that the gear-shift lever is in neutral position. Be sure of this!

Now you retard the spark-lever. Your earlier studies of the carbureter have taught you that the spark should be produced in the cylinder just as the piston starts on its second downward stroke. Should you, at starting, fire her before that by advancing the spark-lever, so that the spark struck the mixture just before the piston finished its stroke of compression, the piston would undoubtedly go the wrong way and the engine consequently would kick back. Many a beginner has had his wrist sprained and some have had their arms broken by the kicking back of the engine because of carelessness on the operator's part.

Showing the Neighbors How to Start

There are many cars nowadays that can be started by the operator from his seat without any cranking up. This is only to say that the gas charge has been retained in the cylinder. If the mixture is there, and the piston in the right place, she probably will start when the spark comes to the mixture; but not otherwise—unless the machine is equipped with the device known as a self-starter.

Now open the throttle a trifle, which lets your mixture into the cylinder, and put on the switch that handles your electricity. You are then ready to crank up the car.

A good and well-tested car ought not to give you any trouble in cranking. Of course you push in on the crank, which engages the ratchets with those on the shaft; then you lift her up and turn her over—if you can. Sometimes she balks for any one of many causes. In fairly normal conditions you will be able to turn the engine over—that is to say, get the proper compression. All the time, of course, the pipe from the gasoline tank to the carbureter should be open, so you may have gas to compress.

Should the motor now fail to start in spite of all you can do, try to be unconscious of the people who are laughing behind the curtains of the lower flat. Take out the spark-plugs and see that they are clean. Test them on the outside of the cylinder. To do this, you put the plug-wire in position and touch the plug against the cylinder. This ought to bring a strong, short spark. If the plug is dirty wipe it clean—or replace it if that will not do. When you are satisfied that the mixture is all right in the carbureter and that the spark is going to the mixture strong enough to touch it off, and when you have turned her over and she has begun to run, you have done the first part of the work, which is that of starting the motor.

Now you have to start the car itself; so when she begins to whir you take your place at the steering wheel. Push out the clutch pedal and put the speed lever in low speed. This always is done in starting—otherwise there would be a jump and a jar. Meantime your engine—not your car—should have a good speed on, but not extreme speed. Now you slowly engage the clutch by easing up the pressure of your foot on the pedal. Your car then starts slowly. When she is going three or four miles an hour, disengage the clutch as quickly as you can and shove the speed lever to the second speed position, engaging the clutch slowly once more, so that there will be no jump. Bring her to a speed of six or eight miles an hour, disengage again,

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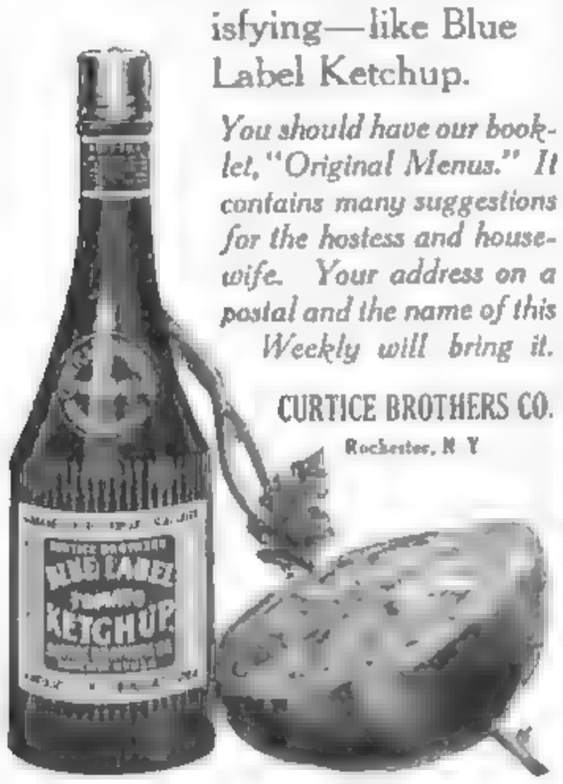

You should have our booklet, "Original Menus." It contains many suggestions for the hostess and housewife. Your address on a postal and the name of this Weekly will bring it.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

and go to the next speed notch. Continue until you reach the high-speed gear. If compelled to stop or slow down very much drop back into the intermediate, so that the car can pick up again and go ahead as indicated above.

As the motor begins to speed up advance your spark gently until the motor runs quietly and easily. If you shove the spark too far ahead in proportion to the speed of the motor you will notice a hammer-knock in the motor itself. When you hear this retard the spark slightly until the noise stops. Then you can speed up your motor again and advance your spark. In any event advance the spark as much as is consistent with smooth running; for to retard the spark heats the motor and does not give the utmost power.

We are supposing you have seen that the radiator was full and that the water circulation was working, and that you have strained your gasoline through a chamois to take out all water or dirt. Your tires and tubes should have been examined before you took the machine out of the garage for the trip. Some people do not pump their tires so tight in very warm weather as in cool. The heat causes the air to expand and in fast driving on tight tires over rough roads a blowout is to be feared. A blowout on a front tire is especially apt to make the car unmanageable. Write your tire company to send you their table of pressures proper for different sizes of tires.

If all has gone well you ought now to be able to get out of sight round the corner of the next block without breaking off a lamp-post. None the less, there are still things for you to learn. Perhaps your engine started up all right, but when you got under way it began to miss fire and slow down. When you stop, get out and turn her over, she runs all right again—only to repeat the mysterious slowing down. This is probably ignition trouble, due to a loose connection that makes contact when the engine is still. When the engine runs the vibration opens the connections—so the current is cut off. The remedy for such a trouble speedily suggests itself to the sensible man.

The amateur driver, eager to get speed out of his car—to show his best girl what the car will do—may perhaps sometimes forget to look out for the lubrication, which is so necessary to all machinery running at high speed.

Keep Her Well Fed

There is some skill, too, in stopping an engine as well as in starting it. A good driver will first throw off the ignition switch and then open the throttle. This will usually stop his engine with a sufficiently large charge in the cylinder and leave her, so to speak, cocked and primed.

Warned by generous counsel, an amateur driver is apt to go over his spark-plugs whenever anything is wrong. That is not a bad idea, but there ought not to be too much zeal in its application. Your spark-plug should be clean, without any soot or carbon to break the spark.

There are numerous other little things you can find to occupy you mentally in the conduct of your automobile, and you will learn these a little at a time. When you have mastered the vibrator, battery and the other component parts of your ignition service, you still will have something to do, perhaps, with the more docile engine. Especially you must be sure that she is getting her food. Sometimes a car may be standing a little downhill, so that the level of the gasoline in the tank is lower than it is in the vaporizer. In that case the gasoline could not run in, of course—and, of course, she would not run.

But ailments of the motor are becoming more and more rare.

Explosions in the muffler are caused by misfires, which allow the explosive mixture to accumulate in the passages of the exhaust, where the mixture is fired by a later exhaust. Poor mixture or poor spark may cause a misfire originally. Of course you know the sound of the exhaust would be much louder if the burned gases were not let out easily through a series of holes and chambers. The principle of the muffler is much like that of the silencer used on a rifle or shotgun. Indeed, the whole action of the motor is like that of a firearm. You do not really need often to "cut out" the muffler. Noise on a city street is not good form and automobile noise is not often necessary if the driver knows his business. Neither is bad odor needful, for it only

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WHEN the Campbell kids say this they are also speaking for a great multitude of other healthy happy youngsters everywhere, whose energy and good spirits are promoted by

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No other tires in the world are made as these tires are made.

During the past dozen years or more the four immense factories now making United States Tires have literally *outgrown* many methods of tire building which factories with lesser combined facilities might regard as *entirely adequate.*

We have proven—and the proof is in *every* tire—that greater strength can be given to fabric—that greater toughness can be put into tread stock—that increased protection can be given to the side walls, and that added insurance may be had against *hidden* defects.

These improvements have come about thru the close co-operation of four immense tire factories working *as a unit* to make a *superior grade* tire.

Such *combined* facilities are not at the command of any other tire company in the world—which explains the *unrivalled* service it is possible to get from United States Tires.

We repeat, that you can afford to be *prejudiced* in favor of these *combined-quality* tires.

It's *distinctly to your profit* to be so.

Plain Tread
The new Chain Tread
(A remarkably effective tire for city use)
The world-famous Nobby Tread

All sizes and styles of fastening

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY
NEW YORK

means wasted and burned lubricating oil, due to ignorant handling.

Some engines perform handsomely by themselves when not hooked up to the car, but go weak when the clutch is thrown in. This is nearly always from weak explosion, and the cause of that is usually to be found in your carbureter or ignition. Sometimes backfiring or premature explosions may come from an overheated cylinder, or from some inside deposit of carbon or soot. The thing for you to do is to learn the list of symptoms, and the remedy for the diseases evidenced by each will then readily suggest itself to you. Some men naturally take to machinery, even though you would not think it just to look at them through the parlor curtains. There are others who look wise, but who really are more or less helpless.

A certain mixture of individual courage, self-confidence and cool-headedness goes a long way toward mastering the problems of the automobile. There is no amount of reading that can equal in value actual practice on the machine itself; and sometime or other this practice will have to be a personal matter between you and your car—not between you and the demonstrator and your car. However, even the demonstrator himself had to start just where you are starting. Very likely he, too, at first studied the theory of the car and all its different parts—first by reading and then by seeing those parts actually in process of assembling in the shops. Really, the best thing an owner could do with his new automobile would be to take it apart. Perhaps, however, in that case he could not get it put together in time for a Sunday afternoon trip. All in all, he will be apt to be fully occupied mentally when he takes Irene out for her first benzine pleasure ride.

Note—This is the third of three articles on the automobile and its workings.

The Pioneer Pine

THE lodgepole pine is a nurse, a pioneer tree, and does good work in developing places that are inhospitable to other trees: it gives way after preparing for the coming and the triumph of competitors.

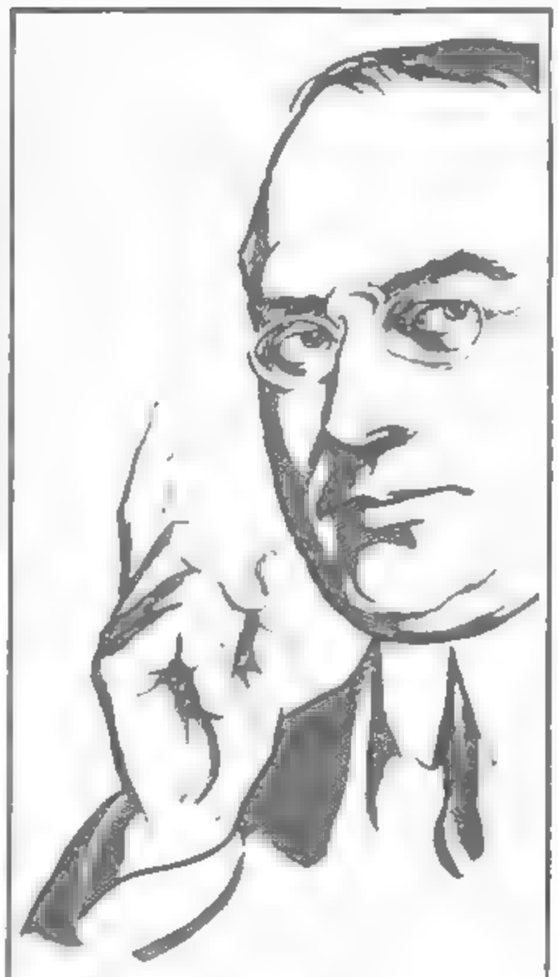
Commonly by the time lodgepoles are sixty years of age their self-thinning has made openings within their crowded ranks. In these openings the shade-enduring seedlings of other species make a start. Years go by and these seedlings become great trees that overtop a circle of lodgepoles round them. From this time forward the lodgepole is suppressed, and ultimately its fire-acquired territory is completely surrendered to other species. It holds fire-gained areas from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty years.

Though it distances all competitors in taking possession of fire-cleared territory, it is the least successful of its fellows in entering a territory already occupied. It cannot produce seed and can scarcely live in the shade. The lodgepole, therefore, needs the assistance of fire both to acquire and to hold territory.

The lodgepole has an astonishing altitudinal as well as latitudinal range. Scattered pretty well over the mountain region of the western United States, thence northward along the coast over much of the headwaters of the Yukon, in Alaska, it occupies an enormous area. Over this it adapts itself with marked success to a variety of soil, moisture and climatic conditions, and covers ragged tracts from warm sea beaches to dry, cold mountain slopes, eleven thousand feet above. In many places it surrenders the traditional pole growth of the family and wins success by becoming thick-barked, stocky and limb-covered from top to bottom.

Commonly the bark is thin, scaly and variously tinted from gray cinnamon to orange red. Bark beetles ofttimes attack this tree with deadly effect over extensive areas, while the porcupine in some districts girdles hundreds.

Lodgepole forests claim most of the area of the Medicine Bow Mountains, and they occupy three-fourths of the forested area in the Yellowstone Park. Among the local names it carries are two-leaf, tamarack and Murray pine. Its cones, which appear mashed a trifle out of plumb, average one and a half inches in diameter by two in height. Its needles vary in color from light to bright yellow green. These are in bundles of two and they have an average length of less than two inches.



Doctors Know

That the caffeine beverages in every day use disagree with many persons—

Sometimes one thing; sometimes another—such as headache, sleeplessness or indigestion—but always

"There's a Reason"

Persons unpleasantly affected by their usual table beverage, find it easy to change to

INSTANT POSTUM

and that it agrees perfectly.

It is regular Postum in concentrated form—made in the cup—

No Boiling Required

Stir a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, add sugar and cream and **instantly** you have a delicious beverage with a flavour similar to Old Government Java.

Sold by grocers in 100-cup tin, 50c.

Sample sent for 2-cent stamp to cover postage.

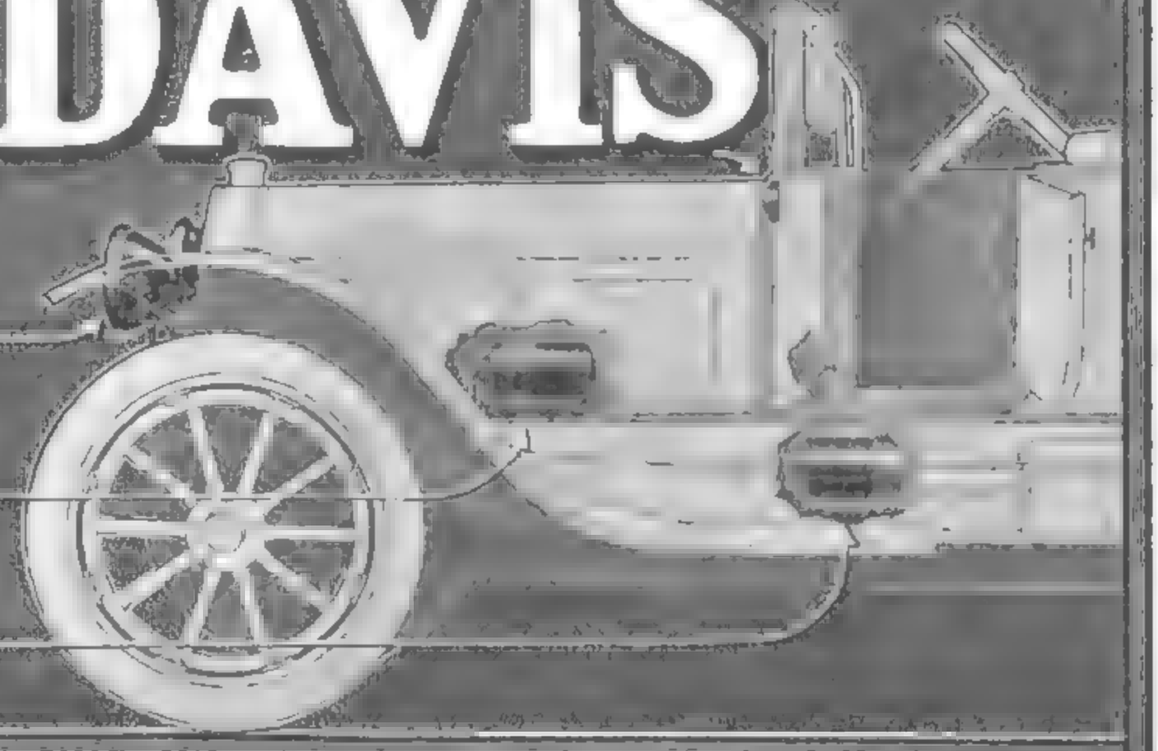
Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Quality Equipment for Automobiles

GRAY & DAVIS

Electric Lamps
Lighting Dynamo
Electric Starter



An automobile equipped with one or all of the Gray & Davis products offers maximum safety, efficiency and convenience. Such a car may be purchased with the knowledge that the manufacturer has spared no expense in his effort to produce the highest type of automobile. Read the facts about the new Gray & Davis Electric Starter—one of the big steps forward in automobile construction. Cars carrying Gray & Davis Lamps, Dynamo or Electric Starter are good cars to buy!

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Your safety at night depends upon proper road illumination. Lamps that rattle, fall apart or give half-light, are *not* the kind you are entitled to when you buy a car. Some automobile lamps are little more than a shell of brass and glass. Compare this grade with the substantial and highly efficient Gray & Davis Electric Lamps, which are the result of 16 years of lamp-building experience and are constructed in a great factory equipped with the most modern machinery.

They are lamps of Quality. They produce the most brilliant light, are strong and sturdy, and enhance the value and appearance of any automobile. If you seek handsome lamps, capable of giving penetrating illumination, if you desire an additional factor of safety—specify Gray & Davis Electric Lamps.

LIGHTING DYNAMO

We believe this to be the most efficient electric system obtainable. The Peerless Motor Car Co. has adopted it for the third consecutive year. The Chalmers Motor Car Co. says, "We believe it to be the best system on the market," all of which helps to substantiate the claim that it is *distinctly better* than any other system.

The Gray & Davis Dynamo lights the lamps irrespective of the condition of the battery. It possesses the Constant Speed feature which insures unvarying, constant voltage.

This Dynamo lights lamps, charges batteries, provides current for power-horn, speedometer light and electric starter. It saves cost for recharging batteries and gas tank. All you have to do is turn a switch on the dash. Built in the largest auto-dynamo factory in the world, under the supervision of one of America's leading electrical engineers.

ELECTRIC STARTER (6 volts)

The Gray & Davis Electric Starter is a marvel of simplicity. There are no complicated controls—only a simple switch. The big feature is the fact that it only requires the usual 6 volt battery, which is charged automatically by the dynamo. It starts a car under any conditions and in zero weather. A commendable feature to remember.

It is a specially designed motor which rotates the fly-wheel—positive in its operation—a pressure on a pedal starts the engine. It will spin a 6-cylinder car for one and one-half hours—propel it 2 miles. Two minutes after car is started, under gasoline power, the current used for starting is replaced in the battery.

A big factor of safety. If car is stalled on car tracks or in traffic, you press pedal and car is propelled *by the starter*. You don't have to change gears or touch throttles. It is not sold direct to the owner—demand it on the car you purchase.

1913 Peerless Cars are Equipped

with Gray & Davis Electric Lamps, Lighting Dynamo, and Electric Starter. The Peerless Motor Car Co. adopted this Electric Starter after the most exhaustive test made in zero weather when conditions were at their worst. This is the highest possible testimony regarding the efficiency of the Gray & Davis Electric Starter.

Read the statement of the Peerless Motor Car Company regarding the Gray & Davis Electric Starter:

"It is the most powerful ever used. It will not only start the engine—it will even propel the car if necessary. It will propel a car half a mile on high gear and then start the engine hundreds of times. It will drive the car on second speed up a seven per cent. grade. You can get under way with the starter—then switch to the engine when it begins to operate. If you stall in traffic, just press the starter pedal. Don't shift the gears or adjust the spark. Backfiring from pre-ignition is impossible—the starter overcomes the back pressure. It will start the car on high gear with clutch set and gears engaged."

Let Us Send Complete Information

Wouldn't you like to own a car with Gray & Davis Equipment? Surely nothing else surpasses the splendid efficiency of these products. They add greatly to comfort, safety and convenience. Let us send you complete information. A post-card will bring literature.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos, Electric Starters

Mallory Hats

"Cravenetted"

Derbies (Mallory)

Mallory Derbies are everything a derby can be, plus our exclusive cravenetting process which makes the hat weather-proof.

Because of this extra protection Mallory Derbies keep that *new look* longer—keep it through all sorts of weather and hard usage. They last longer than other hats.

Mallory Hats are scrupulously finished; the quality of the fur felt is the highest.

As to style—there is no limit as to choice—low, rakish shapes—extreme and modified; the more conservative models—in fact every shape that is correct.

$3, $3.50 and $4

Soft Hats (Mallory)

Mallory dealers are showing a startling variety of exclusive Mallory creations in soft hats. As usual, our soft hats are *one year ahead*—finishes, mixtures and effects not to be found in other makes until next year. The gentleman shown above is wearing one of our newest styles. Be sure to look it over.

Mallory Soft Hats have a *tailored* look—an elegance of fitting and finish which has ever been a Mallory characteristic.

The Mallory cravenetting process prolongs the period during which a soft hat looks *right*.

$3, $3.50 and $4

Velours (Mallory)

Velours are the highest and most difficult form of the hat maker's art. They are worn by men who can afford distinction in dress.

Mallory Velours are the talk of the hat trade. No other make of domestic or imported hats can compare with them in richness, elegance and superb style. They look their "class." They are the aristocrats of head-gear.

A Velour costs too much to take chances—insist on our trade-mark and be assured of supreme quality.

$5 to $10

Every Genuine Mallory Hat Bears this Trade-mark

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc.

Derbies, Soft and Velour Hats

Salesroom: 13 Astor Place, cor. Broadway, New York

Factory: Danbury, Connecticut

NEW YORK STORE:
1133 Broadway, near 26th Street

BOSTON STORE:
30 Boylston Street

Look for the Mallory Glass Sign in Your Dealer's Window

How's Business and Why

THE truth-seeker who reviews the business situation of the United States finds things that warrant a pleasing description. Likewise he finds himself quite unable to indorse altogether the enthusiastic utterances of men who obviously mistake improvement in sentiment for betterment in real business. There are always to be found in a community men whose errand appears to be to cultivate an optimistic attitude regarding all things. These men accept indications as realities, and frequently leave little margin for disappointment when the reality falls below their hopes. How often this occurs is known to every one who has noted the claims of crop enthusiasts at the beginning of the growing season and at intervals as the crops have moved toward maturity; or has observed the zeal of those who accept the first sign of business revival as the forerunner of a fresh period of prosperity.

It is held by some people that good crops assure good business, which they probably do when other things are equal and favoring; but people in general have come to realize that other factors besides crop conditions contribute toward industrial and commercial activity, and that there can be activity unattended by satisfactory profit. It may almost be said that the volume of business in most industries is decidedly good at this time—a time when, on account of political unsettlement and the vacation habit of the people, it might be expected that dullness would obtain. This is an encouraging indication surely; but how to secure satisfactory net returns from the expanded gross effort is the point.

At the present time the case of the steel industry is most in the public eye. Every day furnishes fresh statements of the large orders and deliveries of the largest of the steel manufacturing concerns and frequent announcement of advance in prices of the products of the mills is heard. Yet when this same concern makes public the result of its operations the fact develops that it is not earning, by several millions of dollars, the dividends paid for consecutive quarterly periods. The explanation of this is that "late returns of operations reflect prices being left behind, but rising prices will assure larger income." This is logical, but it does not show what is to assure maintenance of activity at rising prices. The outlook is promising for the steel trade, and it will be interesting to observe whether, as sometimes has been the case in the past, betterment in this trade has been communicated to other trades, the whole ending in a tremendous trade revival and overdoing of every line of industry. Singuine people are predicting that this will happen in the present instance, but the more conservative minds will be better satisfied with a substantial growth of industry and contentment with moderate profits.

No More Swollen Fortunes

A prominent American banker and financier, lately returned from Europe, says that Germany was very prosperous and that all England was particularly busy in all kinds of commerce and trade. Despite the political and labor and miscellaneous troubles, they are doing more business in the British Isles than ever before, he says; are building more ships than the rest of the nations combined. The building of ships means active international trade, and trade of this sort signifies prices near parity in all countries participating, while parity of prices means the limitation of profits, and especially in an exporting country like the United States. However, the circumstance of all nations doing a large business at moderate profit is indicative of conditions that might well satisfy every one who is not goaded by the ambition to accumulate great wealth at a rapid rate.

Speaking of great wealth, a man possessed of many secrets is quoted as figuring the combined fortunes of ten men in this country at a little over $3,000,000,000, an average of more than $300,000,000 to the individual; but with one of the ten having in round numbers one-third of all, another about half a billion, another about three-tenths of a billion, two about one-quarter of a billion each, two about one-fifth of a billion each and three others about three-twentieths of a billion each. The income on this vast wealth at five per cent equals the fortune of each of the three counted the least of these multi-millionaires, or $150,000,000 a year. Each of the millionaires included in this enumeration is still an active factor in the business of this country and, with a single exception, all are believed to have accumulated their fortunes as the result of individual effort. Nor is it pretended that there are not still other men in the country entitled to be classed among those possessing as much as $150,000,000 in property, cash and securities, and many who can lay claim to a fortune of between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000.

Whether the accumulation of fortunes of the above dimensions, within the time limit of a generation, is to be accepted as the proper standard for future accumulation, or whether men must be satisfied with a more moderate attainment of wealth, is a pertinent query, in view of the trend of the times and the earnest endeavor of honest souls to solve the problem, "How can equality and justice be best secured to all with the least harm to any?" Whether the standard is to be reduced or not, it is likely that in the future fortunes will be amassed more slowly and that business will be conducted on more conservative lines and be freer from booms and collapses—a situation in every way desirable.

Crops, Politics and Business

The high cost of living compels thoughtful consideration of every phase of economics; and there are those who are asking whether any relationship exists between the concentration of wealth and constructive power and the inability of the mass of consumers to develop the thrift that is characteristic of the same class of citizens in some other countries. It is evident, without the telling, that distribution of wealth means a better average condition for the mass of the people, and, therefore, a more equal condition among them. Obviously this age is undertaking to solve some very complicated problems looking to the amelioration of the condition of the people at large, not alone in this country but just as obviously elsewhere; and reform in business and financial practice is a part of the process.

The struggle to bring about this reform constitutes what is looked upon as a more or less serious handicap to the smooth conduct of business. This struggle finds expression in politics, and there is much breaking away from partisan ties and realignment under new banners. What the new friendships and associations are to achieve is one of the mysteries of the times. And so it happens that the addresses of the candidates for presidential office are studied and the campaign for election is followed with deepening interest by substantially the whole business community. Politics is now, and will be until November, a factor affecting industrial and commercial undertakings—possibly a greater factor than it deserves to be.

Another factor of major importance relative to the cost of living as well as business is the condition of the crops. It is impossible to measure the full extent to which the agricultural harvest influences the happiness and well-being of the combined interests of the community. Volumes of reading matter are published daily regarding the dimensions of the crops in various parts of the country, while private reports supplement Government reports in the effort to forecast results compared with records in the past. With most of the statements regarding acreage and yield something is said about the stimulating effect of the crop condition upon business enterprise.

Comment upon the situation in the territory lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains is especially cheerful. A year ago, in nearly the whole territory, a destructive drought was blasting the prospects of the husbandmen, making the second, third and even fourth partial crop failure in some part of the district. Not food enough was raised for man or beast in certain localities, and mortgages had to be placed and loans obtained to carry the people through the lean period. Now everything is changed, and the yield of small grains, mostly harvested, and miscellaneous crops is most promising. Corn alone of the principal crops has suffered from a late start in the spring and subsequent deficiency of moisture, and is threatened with the adversity of autumn frost. If this crop should disappoint it would have a

MENTOR

Women's Union-Suits that Really Fit: Mentor Comfort Union-Suits

PRACTICALLY four-fifths of the Mentor garments now sold are union-suits—because they're so comfortable, and because the outer garments fit so much better over them.

When the proper size is selected, they fit without wrinkle or fulness. There are no folds or bungling seams under the corset, to hurt the flesh. There's no bunching above or below the corset, to interfere with the correct fit of the outer garments.

They don't draw or sag—so elastic that one is conscious of their presence only by the sense of comfort they assure. *And they hold their shapeliness after laundering.*

Reasons Why Mentor Fits

[illegible] have been proved right. They're [illegible]

And you can't wash the fit out of the garment. Before cutting, the fabric is carefully seasoned so it will always spring back to its original shape.

[illegible] see you've found your size in Mentor, [illegible] all further care. The same size will fit you ago[illegible]

Mentor for the Family

Mentor Comfort Union-Suits are made for the entire family—from small children up. Prices for women's [illegible] union-suits begin at $1.00—children's at fifty cents.

The materials used are the best of their respective classes [illegible] and heavy-weight cotton[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

The [illegible] are made in drop or open seat and also in the Mentor closed crotch (Pat. Oct. 18, 1910)—an ideal suit for children's comfort.

Many Models for Women

There's a Mentor [illegible] suit in practically every model you could wish for—high or low neck, long sleeve, elbow or no sleeves, tight knee, loose knee, and ankle-length.

A Desirable New Feature

The *new Kantskip* shoulder-strap [illegible] feature of the low-neck suits. The [illegible] positively [illegible] down over the shoulders.

Absolute Satisfaction Assured

Every Mentor garment is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. If unsatisfactory in any respect, the dealer will refund your money or give you a new garment.

Mentor Comfort Union-Suits are for sale by dry-goods, department and haberdashery stores generally. If your dealer hasn't them, write direct to us, and we'll make it our business to see that you are supplied.

MENTOR

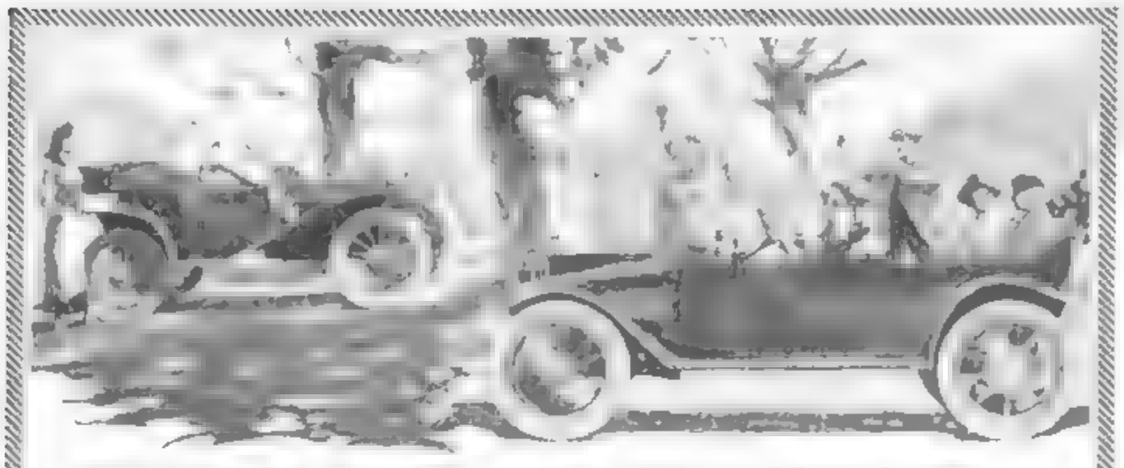
Mentor Knitting Mills
Mentor, Ohio

WITH no double thickness about the waist—no shirt to creep up, no drawers to slip down, Mentor Comfort Union-Suits for men fit almost like a second skin—as smooth and as elastic.

The Mentor closed crotch, as originally and exclusively used by the Mentor Knitting Mills, and patented October 18, 1910, has removed the last objection to men's union-suits. The crotch is closed as effectively as in a pair of drawers.

This feature, combined with the accuracy of Mentor proportions—especially in that vital measurement from shoulder to crotch, means absolute comfort.

Mentor Comfort Union-Suits for men are made in all weights and are sold in leading stores. Remember the name and be sure to get Mentor for fall and winter. If your dealer can't supply Mentor write us direct



Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, [illegible] and b[illegible]. Three speeds fo[illegible]ontrol, slid[illegible]h bore and [illegible] magneto, 106 inch wheelbase. Color Standard Hupmobile Blue [illegible] $900

Hupmobile

$750 — $900

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world

A [illegible]ture tup hammer, dropping from a fixed height to the surface of the metal, determines [illegible]ne operation the hardness, toughness and strength of all the bone[illegible]rdened and heat-treated parts of the Hupmobile

This instrument, the scleroscope, enables us to produce cars of uniform wearing quality—parts of uniform hardness and strength

And the test by this device is only one of several similar tests to which Hupmobile parts are subjected.

In the picture the operator is proving the transmission drive shaft—one of the finest pieces of mechanical work in the car.

To withstand the severe usage which this shaft undergoes, because it bears the brunt of all the gear-shifting, it is made from specially treated acid open hearth nickel steel—the hardest and toughest that the laboratory experts have been able to devise.

It is forged, machined, bone-hardened, double heat-treated; and all surfaces, including the four integral gear keys, are ground.

The little hammer in the scleroscope is dropped, and its rebound to a figure on an arbitrary scale indicates the hardness of the metal

90 230,000
220,000
210,000
80 200,000
190,000
180,000
70 170,000

A magnified reproduction of this scale and its corresponding figures in pounds of elastic limit is shown.

On the Hupmobile transmission drive shaft, the hammer must rebound to a point between 73 and 85 on the scale. Not below 75, to make certain the metal is hard enough, not above 85, to make certain it is not too hard.

This means that the elastic limit is 190,000 to 220,000 pounds to the square inch.

In other words, pressure of 190,000 to 220,000 pounds must be applied to produce a fracture—a margin of safety far beyond the most severe requirements.

On other parts, other limits are fixed; because various parts must have varying degrees of hardness to give the longest service.

And this is simply another stone in the foundation of the belief stated above.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1229 Milwaukee Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

direct influence upon the beef-raising industry, which was very badly hurt last season by the shortage and high price of corn and other grain feeds and by a short hay and forage crop. This year the forage crop, with pasturage, has been the best crop of all.

While the residents of the trans-Mississippi River farming regions have been especially fortunate with the bulk of their crops—and may yet be with all crops, including corn—certain states east of the river have been less favored by the climate and will have to be content with deficient crops. The business stimulant of an abundant harvest of certain crops will be lacking in that part of the country. It is an open question how the South will fare as to cotton. The present indication is for less than 13,000,000 bales, against over 16,500,000 last year. Prices may be better than last year, but a reduced crop at high prices never quite fills the place of an abundant crop at fair but remunerative prices. Assume average crops for the country as a whole, and, though business may be fair in most sections and better than that in a few, it will scarcely find material for extraordinary expansion. The situation is not discouraging, and there should be a season of steady and, on the whole, satisfactory commercial and industrial achievement in the months ahead.

About the Boot Business

The late summer demand for anthracite coal was never so good as this year, with the supply cut down by the recent strike. Reports from the textile industry are quite favorable, but with hesitancy in the wool trade through fear of tariff reduction. The leather market has been active and strong, boots and shoes looking higher as to price. The manufacturers of farming implements have been extremely busy. The builders of cars and other equipment for the railroads have had plenty to do. The lumber trade is brightening. Construction material for iron-frame buildings has been in large demand, while demand for labor in general has exceeded the supply. The cause of this condition of labor is to be found in the lessened arrivals of foreign laborers, in their increased volume of departure to other countries, and in the emigration from the United States to Canada, said to continue in a rather steady stream.

Bank clearings run on lines somewhat above those of last year, suggesting an improved condition of business. Export trade shows decided improvement where prices are such as to promote foreign sales. The gain in exports of manufactures is considerable, the total for the fiscal year exceeding a billion dollars and contrasting with less than $100,000 prior to 1873. Manufactures comprised 47 per cent of the exports of the last fiscal year, against 33½ per cent ten years ago. However, an increase in manufactures, unaccompanied by a corresponding increase in agricultural production, only complicates the problem of adjusting food supplies to the growing necessities of the people. Business failures continue on a large scale, being more in number this year than during any previous year, except 1908, for a long time, the same being true of the liabilities of the failed concerns. Probably this truth speaks as significantly of the general business conditions of the country as anything that can be said. The small man has little show in the business struggle of the times and is obliged to succumb in increasing instances.

How the business world deals with an adverse economic factor is seen in the substitution of fabrics for leather in the manufacture of shoes. That the price of shoes has been advanced to meet the rise in leather is familiar to all. How much more they might have risen if fabrics had not been used for tops it is impossible to say. One manufacturer in the East has estimated that twenty per cent of the demand for ladies' boots would be in fancy tops, either leather or cloth in colors, and principally cloth. Importers of shoe fabrics report a considerable call for cravenettes, whipcords, corkscrew cloth, and other fabrics. It is calculated that forty cents in a cloth top will do as well as fifty-nine cents in leather for an average. To what extent this cheapening does or will benefit the consumer remains undecided. The opinion appears to be that competition in the manufacture and sale of boots is so great that the bulk of the saving to the manufacturer will be passed on to the consumer or has already been passed on.

Not since late 1907 has the United States Steel Corporation shown such unfilled orders on its books as recently, when the tonnage amounted to 5,957,079 tons, with the largest thirty-day increase in a long time, and its books showed a steady gain for more than six months. At the close of 1910 the orders on the books, unfilled, were only 2,674,757 tons. Subsequent orders are said to have maintained fully the rate of the recent high receipts, and there was no apparent adverse effect attending the advance in prices, though whether time enough had passed for such effect to manifest itself is open to question.

The export business of the iron and steel com[illegible] has been of great assistance dur[illegible]ng a period when domestic orders have been light. Exports of iron and steel products from the United States for the last fiscal year were $268,000,000, an increase of $37,000,000 compared with the previous year. The largest gains were in sheets and plates, pipes and fittings, structural materials and metal-working machinery. The gain in exports of automobiles, not strictly included in manufactures of iron, was still larger, the figures being $25,657,000 for the last fiscal year, and $15,500,000 for the previous year. In exports of agricultural machinery there was a nominal decrease from $35,973,000 to $35,640,000.

The production of the copper companies of the country at last shows a material increase over last season, answering the theory of people who fancied or believed that a considerable amount of copper was out of sight and probably in process of refining, for it was known that the mines had been yielding increased amounts of mineral. The increase for the last month reported on was 14,845,889 pounds of copper, and the total was 137,161,129 pounds, a record amount for this country in a month's time. As domestic deliveries for the month increased but 4,948,152 pounds and exports decreased 1,328,319 pounds, the effect on the surplus was an increase of 5,945,417 pounds for the period. The gratifying feature of the latest statistics was the increase in domestic deliveries, always supposing that this represents consumers' demand and not speculation.

The monetary situation is not uncomfortable, though rates for accommodation are increasing and are about 5 to 5½ per cent for a good quality of business paper for six months. Should they be quoted higher when crop necessities are at their maximum this need not excite surprise. The bank loans of the country are extraordinarily large and the borrowing wants of the large corporations of the country are not nearly supplied.

The Necessary Surplus

Charter building is all the time in progress. Applications for new incorporations in a recent month were $332,094,000, while incorporations for seven months, counting only those of $1,000,000 or more each, amounted to $1,433,407,000, against $1,238,814,000 for like months of 1911. More or less of this vast total is supposed to capitalize future earning power or the ability of promoters to impose upon the investing public, which is wiser than formerly and exercises a different discretion in committing its resources. The public, moreover, has learned somewhat when to buy and when to sell securities, and surprises the professional speculators by its display of good sense both in buying and in selling. Publicity has made the private investor a more careful student and more apt investor than he has ever been in the past.

On the other hand the banking community cannot quite congratulate itself as formerly on its judgment in underwriting new issues of securities. These securities do not sell as they used to and the underwriters frequently have to assume a burden of stocks or bonds—usually the latter—instead of accepting a commission for the same securities without having to put up any money.

As a general principle a cash surplus is a nice thing to have about as working capital and as a guaranty of credit in times of monetary stringency, when otherwise raising funds would be difficult or perhaps even impossible at the banks or by sale of treasury securities, unless at interest rates suggesting usury. Because one does not often use a fire escape is no reason why he should "cash it in" to the junk man. Surpluses—whether of cash or property—are good things for all of us to have in case of emergency.

Kirschbaum Clothes
$15, $20 and $25

This is probably the most important clothes information that will be printed this season. Important,— because men on the average **must** *dress better, and, as a rule, have less to do it on*

IT'S going to be mighty hard this fall and winter for the average clothier to *hold* to popular prices and *satisfy* the growing desire for better style, better tailoring, better wear.

Kirschbaum retailers can do it! Here's how:

This season, at $15, $20 and $25, we are making the *same* models as in our suits and overcoats at $35, $40 and $45—even "Yungfelo" styles included! We are giving the man buying at $15, $20 or $25 the benefit of the costly designing we do for our highest-priced clothes.

We have carried the same top-notch standard of workmanship—the same thorough KIRSCHBAUM HAND-TAILORING, throughout all of our price grades! Our fabrics, at the popular $15, $20, $25 prices, are absolutely ALL WOOL. On this point we recognize no price distinction. They must pass the same *laboratory* tests for wool and color fastness, they are shrunk and RE-SHRUNK, the same as the fabrics used for our finest and highest-priced clothes.

Guaranteed
All Wool—Hand Tailored

The man buying at $15 for a suit can have either of the styles here illustrated, or any one of a number of other models.

The man with $20 has his choice of these and other models in a variety of *finer* fabrics, trimmings and tailoring embellishments. And so at $25.

WHATEVER the price—when you buy a Kirschbaum suit, you are *certain* of a LEADING STYLE; of DEPENDABILITY of cloth; of STABILITY and REFINEMENT of making.

Based on our more than a half-century experience, our belief is: That we are offering (with the co-operation of Kirschbaum retailers from the Atlantic to the Pacific) the

greatest popular-priced clothes values in America

And we are backing up our conviction—and our retailers—with the strongest guarantee ever written!

Seek out your nearby Kirschbaum retailer and ask to see the KIRSCHBAUM $15, $20, $25 SPECIALS. Note our

GUARANTY BOND

in the coat pocket. Slip into a suit and let the mirror reveal how the cl[illegible] and cut of the clothes and the perfection of fit snap up your appearance; how the clothes *satisfy*. Then buy the suit and give it the wear-test—under the terms of our Guaranty Bond: which, in a nutshell, mean that the Kirschbaum retailer stands ready to return your money if you would rather have it than the suit.

(signed) A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.

[illegible] the All Wool Policy

Art Calendar Free to "Post" Readers

Exquisite color reproductions of oil paintings of Amer[illegible] in Russia, showing the men's styles for fall and winter [illegible] of The Post. Address Dept. "S," A. B. Kirschbaum C[illegible]

Copyrighted 1912 A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

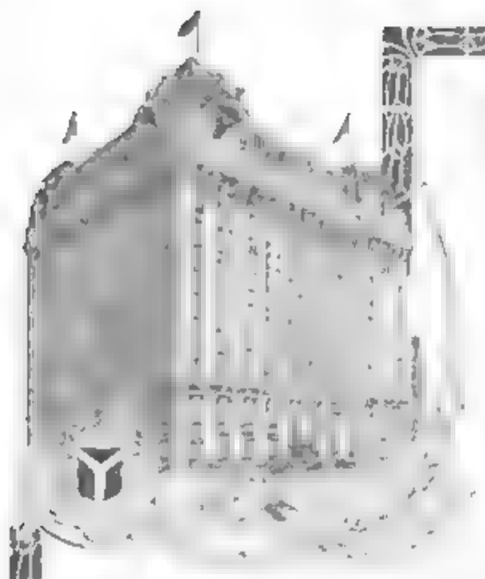
This model, from our "Yung[illegible] to be had at $15, $20 and $2[illegible] $[illegible] depending on character o[illegible] trimmings.

"*Yungfelo*" clothes ar[illegible] men's shops and unmistakably rev[illegible] master touch. Ultra in style, but of unquestioned good taste—in short, gentlemen's clothes.

A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

Philadelphia New York Boston
Chicago San Francisco

Also a "Yungfelo" model, and the [illegible] est of new creations [illegible] a style you won't see duplicated this year—except in expensive custom-tailoring. [illegible] sensational char[illegible] popular prices. Made up to $35 in ex[illegible] patterns, with the richest trimmings.



Hotel Sherman

CITY HALL SQUARE
CHICAGO

¶ Faultless service, moderate prices and sincere and unvarying courtesy have made Hotel Sherman the most popular hotel in the West.

¶ Seven hundred and fifty rooms, each with private bath and circulating, distilled ice water.

¶ Located on City Hall Square, right in the heart of the business and shopping section, within easy walking distance of every depot and every good theatre.

¶ If you appreciate a hearty welcome, perfect service and cheerful surroundings, stop at Hotel Sherman the next time you come to Chicago.

Single rooms with bath—
$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00 a day.
Double rooms with bath—
$3.50, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00 a day.
Suites—$5.00 to $15.00.

Home of the World's Most Famous Restaurant

College Inn

Between the business—man and his typist the DICTAPHONE stands for accuracy, speed and efficiency. It gets exactly what he says and tells it to her just that way. It gives him more time for dictating and gives her more time for typewriting.

THE Dictaphone is a small, compact and mechanically superior, recording instrument—simple as the telephone to operate, that relieves dictation of the incessant annoyances and exasperating delays incident to shorthand.

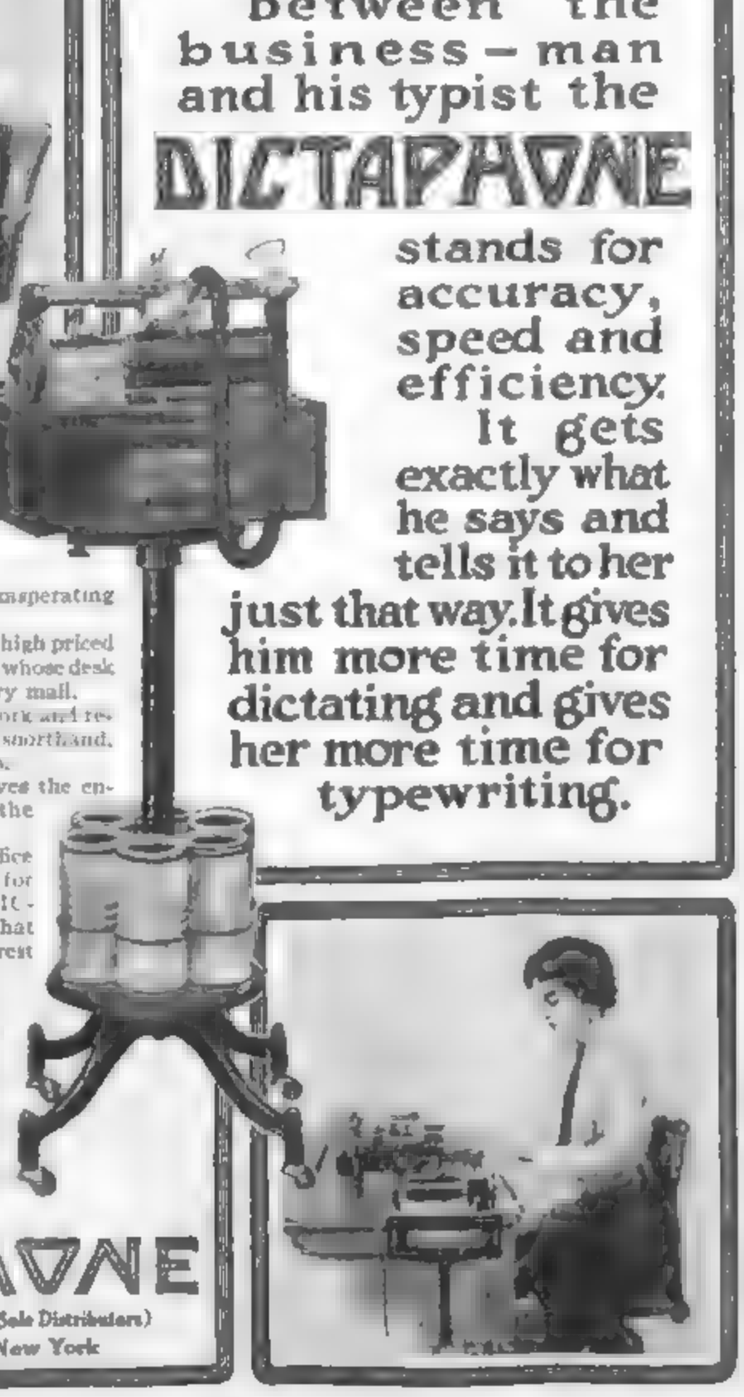
It is equally indispensable to the high priced executive and to the correspondent whose desk is heaped high with letters at every mail.

It lightens the stenographer's work and relieves her of the nerve-racking strain of shorthand, of repeat-requests and of mistakes.

In fact, the Dictaphone conserves the energy, the work and the time of both the dictator and the typist.

Demonstration in your own office and on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "THE DICTAPHONE." If you don't find that name in the book, write our nearest distributing branch.

Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, [illegible], Kansas City, [illegible], Louisville, [illegible], Scranton, Seattle, Spokane, [illegible], Terre Haute, Toledo, Washington, Wilmington, Winnipeg. Canadian Headquarters, McKinnon Building, Toronto.



THE DICTAPHONE

(Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l, Sole Distributers)
137 Tribune Building, New York

GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

(Continued from Page 4)

museum or at a medicine show on rare occasions; but that was the whole of my theatrical experience until one Saturday night, when I was about seven years old, when my Cousin Walt secured grandfather's permission to take me to a theater if I wasn't kept out too late. I went with Walt, not knowing where we were bound for, and was scared when he said we might stay out all night. Walt was about eighteen years old, with money of his own to spend. He bought me a bag of peanuts and himself a box of cigarettes, and we went into a dark alley, where there was a crowd of men and boys, and up many stairs. Walt shoved a couple of dimes in a window and said, "Two," and presently we were seated in the front row of a theater gallery. By-and-by the curtain rose. I was much impressed with the fact that nobody offered up a preliminary prayer; for my entertainments had been church affairs, where there was much praying and speaking before the real fun began. I liked the more businesslike ways of the theater and for three hours was lost in a delightful pantomime. Walt afterward declared that he several times prevented my falling over the gallery railing. Next day, in Sunday-school, I could think or talk of nothing else.

Now that I was earning money for myself I became a gallery god. Grandfather was willing to let me go to night school at the Y. M. C. A. two evenings each week, and it was easy to slip into the ten-cent gallery at nine o'clock, when school was over. After a time, when night school seemed to interfere with this more interesting world of the theater, I did not trouble to go to the school, but was on hand in the gallery when the performance began. That was pretty good schooling, I think. I saw farces and melodramas, with an occasional burlesque show. They limbered up that serious mind of mine, gave me lots to dream about and filled my head full of music. It had always been natural for me to memorize music by ear, but until then all I knew was old songs and hymns.

Then I ventured into the best theater in town, where gallery seats were a quarter, hearing light opera and seeing good plays. After a time my taste got so much better that I no longer cared for melodrama or farce. This was the beginning of a long career as a gallery god. If I liked a play I would go several times during the week it stayed in our city, and if an opera appealed to me I would have most of the music as a permanent mental possession before it left town. Many a week I spent seventy-five cents or a dollar on gallery seats out of wages of four or five dollars, and got full value for it all.

I Lose One Job to Find Another

One morning along in the autumn, when we came down to the little printing office where I had started at my trade, we found the sidewalk covered with charred wood and the shop gutted. There had been a fire in the night. For several days the proprietor was busy with an insurance adjuster, and Metcalf was delighted at the shrewd way in which our boss pulled the wool over the adjuster's eyes; for after a substantial payment had been made for damages on the equipment, which looked as though it was ruined, we scoured up the type and presses and resumed business. Our boss was certainly a sharp customer. It afterward developed that he had bought his plant on credit, did a lot of printing at low prices to get cash, beat the material and paper men and the landlord, collected insurance on a fire he was suspected of starting himself, and finally disappeared. Some weeks after the fire the office was closed up by the creditors and we were out of a job.

I had a better knowledge of the trade now however. Our small shop was complete. I had learned to set type in a fairly workmanlike way, to lock forms, to make ready and feed a job press, and so forth. My old amateur outfit in the attic looked comical now, for I knew real printing tools—or fancied I did. Why, I had even set up a diamond with fair success!

Ball games and picnics were advertised then by diamonds of colored cardboard, hung by a string to nails, chandeliers, and so forth; and the type had to be nicely justified in a square of brass rule and surrounded with plaster of Paris. The green apprentice counted that a great day when he was first allowed to try his hand at a diamond; and if it lifted—that is, if there were few loose types when it was locked for the press—his self-satisfaction was immense. My diamond lifted pretty well, with a few Dutchmen driven here and there—little wedges of wood to tighten lines of type that were loose. Metcalf was a good journeyman and he was willing to teach me.

Now I went straight to Thompson's printing house, confident that I could land a job there on my wide knowledge. This time I saw Mr. Thompson himself—a character. He was an old man, with silvery white hair and a fringe of white whiskers clear round his lower jaw. His chin and upper lip were smooth, and his complexion a babyish pink. He wore glistening gold spectacles and looked like Horace Greeley—and could swear, too, though strangers took him for a sort of cherubic parson. Old Mr. Thompson spent his whole day reading proofs and took home a bundle of proofs and copy every night. If he ran out of proofs during the day he would make a slow tour through his composing and press rooms, and then all talking and fooling ceased. The compositors were usually able to foretell these visits pretty accurately by the number of proofs the old gentleman had on hand, and at noon once or twice a week the word would go round: "Keep your eye open, for the Old Man will run out of proof about three o'clock."

Mr. Thompson talked with me very kindly, questioning me about my experience. He said he guessed they might want a boy in a few days; and before that week was out I found myself actually working in the office that had given me my original interest in printing!

Easy Lessons From Old Smelt

Methods at Thompson's were different from those I had known. There were many cylinder and job presses. We printed big books and catalogues, and a business card for a man like Pat Sands was considered a joke; an apprentice was allowed to set and lock it. There were many compositors. Some set nothing but book type, others catalogue pages and display jobs; and two or three exceptionally skillful men, who got more than the regular union wages, undertook all the finest work. At that period printing was struggling out of the old formal limits. Graceful new job fonts were being designed. Engraving was making cuts and ornaments cheaper. Commas and periods began to drop off of jobwork, and brass rule was bent into curlicues and whirligigs to give variety and life to display work.

We had the finest rule-bending artist in the city, a quiet veteran named Smelt, and were very proud of his work and confident that neither Chicago nor New York had a compositor to beat him. The senior apprentice—there were two apprentices, I being the junior—was a young man who had nearly served his time and was developing into a rule-bender, too, under Smelt's teaching. To give an idea of the size of this office, I may say that in one corner of our composing room there was a group of compositors who did nothing but set type and lock up the pages of a dozen weekly newspapers published by local churches. The foreman of this corner was a young fellow who was chaffed a good deal because he taught a Sunday-school class.

I suppose nowadays, with the linotype and perfecting press, Thompson's would be considered a petty establishment; but in those days we thought it great and were proud of its size and activities. I was prouder than anybody because I worked at Thompson's. I understand that many large industrial concerns now go all lengths to foster such a spirit among employees; but with us it seemed to grow spontaneously, and if a printer could get a job at Thompson's it was equivalent to a rating of his ability.

It was my duty to distribute all the display type. I had an imposing stone all to myself—the dead stone. As forms came back from the pressrooms I unlocked the type and distributed it, and was responsible for keeping the job compositors supplied with type, leads, slugs, rules and such material. That kept me pretty busy; but two or three times a week I succeeded in clearing off the dead stone, and then the foreman

allowed me to set up a business card or some small job. When I did this the other compositors would stroll by and glance at the first line or two as I dumped them on my galley, and would chaff me, and encourage and advise and discuss what I was doing, for my benefit.

"Do you notice how he's displayed that name line?"

"Yes, he brought it into just twenty-four picas."

"He'll be a wonder—won't he?"

"Oh, he'll be a crackerjack job printer some day!"

Old Smelt, the rule artist, would come when the job was nearly done and perhaps select an appropriate bit of bent rule from the stock he kept in an empty case, and show me where to put it and how to justify it. Then there was suspense until the man who ordered the business card sent the proof back. If he approved I was greatly encouraged; but if he wrote "This won't do!" on the proof and ordered something wholly different, and Smelt had to set that job over again, I was cast down and wondered if I should ever become a real printer. And the compositors chaffed me.

Well, I stayed at Thompson's four years, and that was an interesting time in many ways. Constant theatergoing undoubtedly broadened my views. I read the dramatic criticisms in the newspapers and was present at the big theatrical events. It came out that old Smelt in his youth had tried acting a while. He willingly discussed plays and actors with me; but he was rusty—his knowledge was chiefly of old-time favorites. He lent me a history of the stage, and I copied out names and dates of the principal actors and actresses of all countries for a hundred-odd years. I bought a dramatic weekly regularly and followed the big companies over the country, and kept posted on New York productions. Those days when I was a gallery god developed the first outcrop of my strong interest in people, something which has been of benefit to me ever since—a desire to know how people live, and what they do and think and say, and everything that pertains to them.

Then there was the world of books.

Grandmother and Her Gossips

While I was at Thompson's my grandfather died. He took to his bed upstairs one day—and within a week we buried him. Grandmother sold off the restaurant things, rented the place to a grocer and went to live in a cottage on the outskirts of town. There was a little money saved, and the shop and two cottages brought in enough for her wants. All her life she had been working, bringing up her own family and then grandchildren, and attending to the detail of the restaurant. Every morning she was up at five and at night she was seldom in bed until ten or eleven. But now she had leisure and planned great things—travel among others, though she never really went anywhere except to an occasional picnic. However, there was time to gratify her love for gossip. People came to stay with her and talk, and she liked to ride round town on street cars and see improvements, and to keep track of the city's leading families through the newspapers.

She became very liberal in her religious views, too, now that grandfather was gone, and enjoyed going to churches of different denominations, especially the newer schools of theology. One of her friends was a Spiritualist medium; and, though such subjects were of no interest to me at the time, I remember she spoke of having talked with grandfather and my mother and other relatives and friends who had passed out of this world. Undoubtedly my own interest in people came from grandmother, for she had it so abundantly that she found ways of keeping track of people everywhere; and the fact that they happened to be dead seemed to bother her not at all.

I now went to live in a little furnished room, rented from a widow; and on nights when I did not go to a theater I liked nothing better than to sit inside my own four walls and read. In our home there had been few books; but now I read great numbers of novels. Shakspere was about the only classic author I ran across at that period. I read his plays after seeing them acted. In some of the fiction popular then there was much good information. Jules Verne taught me astronomy and geography, I remember, and gave me such a conception of the immensity of the universe I have always felt since that there is plenty of room to move round in both time and space. Then my work as a compositor gave me much to think about. Setting type is the best possible drill in language; for, as the words and sentences are slowly built up in the composing stick, one naturally gives attention to structure, spelling, punctuation, style, and so forth, and at the same time has opportunity for independent thinking. Without knowing it, I was getting a fair education in English; and so it was only natural that I should want to write something myself.

One of the religious weeklies printed in that corner at Thompson's was owned by a queer old citizen with white bushy whiskers. His real name has utterly escaped my memory, because we always called him Santa Claus, and his publication was known as Santa Claus' Weekly Church Gazette. Santa was a puttery old chap. His little paper seemed to give him a living; and on the day it went to press he buzzed round the shop watching each article and advertisement as it was lifted into the forms. He regarded that paper as the most important printing we did, while we regarded him as a joke, because his little sheet was only a minor incident to a great concern.

I Make a Hit With Santa Claus

Well, one Sunday afternoon I took a pad of paper and a sharp pencil and wrote an article. It was about half a newspaper column long and on the subject of The Church and the Stage. The sentences seemed to come quite easily, because I said what I really believed and I argued against church opposition to the theater.

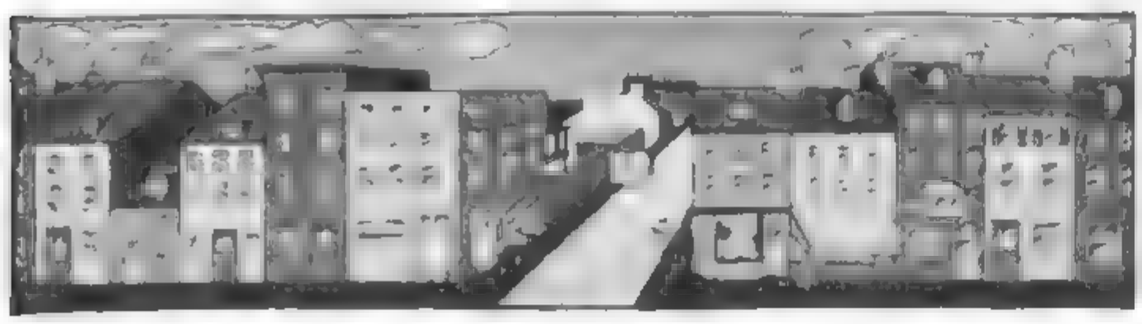
This was mailed to Santa Claus' little weekly without any name or address. The next week I watched the old fellow as he brought in his batch of copy and was excited when I fancied I saw my article among the rest; but it proved to be one of Santa Claus' own editorials, written on similar copy paper. And that week he printed a paragraph saying that my article, received from an unknown contributor, was very well written indeed, but that it did not accord with the editor's own views.

This was encouraging; so a little later I wrote another article upon a subject that I felt certain would accord with Santa's views. My subject was The Evils of Liquor and Tobacco; and while I wrote it I drew inspiration from a pipe. The Demon Rum was brought out and walloped in the best editorial style, and I carefully enumerated all the demoralizing and blighting effects of tobacco I could think of.

That article hit Santa Claus fair and square. He got thoroughly stirred up about it. I guess I was the only contributor who had ever sent any articles to his little paper—he wrote most of it himself and filled up with clippings. It appeared the following week with a footnote advising readers to peruse it carefully and stating that the editor would be glad to know the author's identity, and that he would be glad to have further contributions; but he never got them from me.

Somehow my interest in writing then suddenly ceased—probably because it was not very well rooted at that time. Our city was not a publishing center. There were few magazines and writing had not become the industry it is today; so I forgot it and continued at my trade. And after I had been at Thompson's about four years I got my journeyman's card from the Typographical Union and entered upon some experiences that were wholly different.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

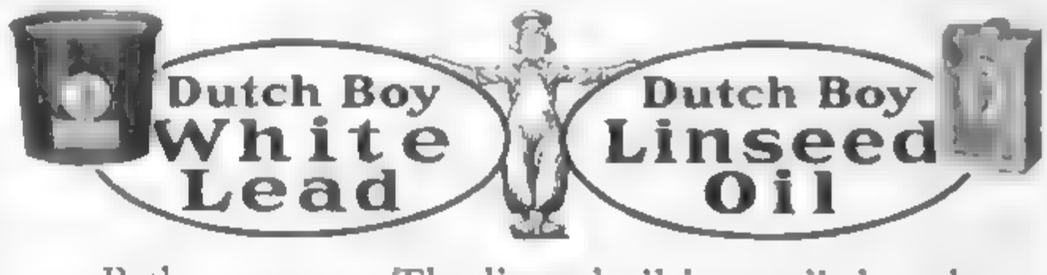


Give Your Painter Pure Linseed Oil

As well as Pure White Lead

THAT old saying, "You can't judge paint in the pail," is perfectly true when there is no sure way of knowing what the paint was made of.

It isn't true, though, when you talk about "Dutch Boy Painter" *made-to-order* paint, because you know precisely what that contains. That's the kind the painter prepares from



Both are pure. The linseed oil is supplied to the house owner in our one- and five-gallon cans, sealed at the spout, and guaranteed by the "Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark to be just as it was pressed from the flaxseed. The painter mixes the lead and oil in proportions to suit the conditions of each job as he finds it. Besides knowing what it *is*, he knows what it will *do*.

Paint of that kind put on early this Fall will dry hard before the rough weather comes and protect your property from its ravages. Another thing that kind of paint will do is beautify the interior of your home and make it more attractive for the shut-in life during the cold weather.

Ask for Our Painting Helps No. 133

which will give you some convincing facts and information. These helps include our stencil book with a hundred choice designs for high-class decoration, from which you may order at half the art-store prices.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

"What are those happy children chewing

"The teeth-preserving chewing gum-

Buy it by the Box

- Of Any Dealer

It costs *little* by the package, but *less* by the box

The refreshing mint juice confection is liked best by children and costs least. The more they chew, the better for them. It doesn't overload their little stomachs. It doesn't impair their little digestions. For little folks—old folks—all folks, this pleasant pastime *always* purifies breath, brightens teeth, improves appetite and digestion. Pass it round after every meal.

Look for the spear!

The flavor lasts!

A Million Meals Tomorrow

Will include Puffed Wheat or Rice

All over America folks will eat them, morning, noon and night.

Some with cream and sugar,
Some mixed with berries,
Some in bowls of milk.

You'll miss a treat if you are not among them.

No Foods Like These

These curious foods — Prof. Anderson's invention — are like nothing else you know.

The grains are steam-exploded — shot from guns. They are eight times normal size.

Each grain consists of a myriad cells, surrounded by thin, toasted walls.

And they melt into granules, with a most enticing taste.

Like Toasted Nuts

The grains are airy wafers, crisp and brown.

The terrific heat which precedes the explosion makes them taste like toasted nuts.

And never were cereal foods made so digestible. The countless food granules are blasted to pieces.

In these ways Puffed Grains excel all other foods.

One Way of Serving

is in bowls of milk. The grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread. And they float.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible. Think what a "good night" dish.

Also use them like nuts. Scatter them over a dish of ice cream. Use them in candy making.

Serve as crisps in soup.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

The most scientific, most digestible, most delicious cereals known. Made for children who deserve the best.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—CHICAGO

(128)

THE BIRDS' BILL-OF-FARE

By Enos A. Mills

IN ORDER to watch a robin household closely I enveloped myself in a robe of leafy willows. At four-fifteen one morning, while Mother Robin was away from the nest for the first course of breakfast for the nestlings, I made a dash and concealed myself in a clump of bushes, within four yards of the nest. This was on the low limb of an apple tree and contained four babies.

On her return one glimpse satisfied Mother Robin that there was a monster concealed in the bushes, and she promptly proclaimed the fact, with loud outcries and much ado. The robin is ever borrowing trouble, is a natural alarmist, and as frequently as any bird it loudly predicts dire events that never come; but this time her distress calls brought a numerous variety of feathered neighbors to the rescue, who were eager to assist or defend. With noisy uproar of mingled cries of fear, anger and resentment, the birds dashed and whirled about, with an occasional one darting heroically and fiercely at my willowy head. For a few seconds a number darted in rapid succession from all sides at once, in their desperate attempts to put me to flight. I remained motionless and silent however; presently they calmed down, and one by one took themselves off.

Left alone, her mate did not appear. Mother Robin calmed herself; and, after a few minutes of suspicious watching, she heeded the insistent breakfast calls from the young quartet and finally brought the first bite to the nest at five-thirty-two.

Presently she steadied down and rapidly served breakfast. This was obtained from a garden within a stone's throw of the nest. The first course consisted of cut-worms, brought two and three at a time. These were followed with white grubs, which usually came two at a time, occasionally a tangle of angle-worms, with a scattering of grasshoppers, beetles and numerous larvæ that were not identified.

Frequently she paused and, with spiteful tut-tut and phit-phit-phit, together with I-know-you-are-there looks, tried to get a rise out of me. Crawling ants were more effective, but despite these I held the bush for six hours without a move. During this time the baby robins received one hundred and three helpings. After all this food, the brief intermission—during which the mother stared, too astonished even to chatter, at a sheaf of willows waddling across the orchard—was loudly broken by the youngsters' squalling for something more to eat.

Young birds, like young boys, are always hungry—they are ever ready to eat, and quantities of food are daily consumed by them. Most parent birds are good providers and most young birds daily devour their own weight of food. No boy can equal this! Old birds, too, are hearty feeders and have rapid digestion, exceedingly rapid heartbeats—from a hundred and twenty to two hundred a minute—are short-lived, but have a life that excels for activity.

Baby's Daily Ton of Food

It is fortunate for the human race that birds consume such quantities of injurious insects, pestilential weed seeds and destructive animals. Insects are the principal food of many kinds of birds; a score or more kinds live chiefly upon weed seeds, though fifty or more kinds feed heavily upon rats, mice and rabbits. Each year trainloads of insects and weed seeds, together with tons of rats and mice, are consumed.

The quantity of food devoured by insects is large—beyond comprehension. The daily supply for a caterpillar is twice his own weight! Suppose a horse ate proportionately! The larvæ of many kinds of insects daily consume from ten to two hundred times their weight. Imagine a twenty-pound baby eating a ton of food daily!

Among the plaguing insects are flies, mosquitoes, plant lice, weevils, caterpillars, worms, chinch-bugs, beetles, grasshoppers and moths. The appalling multitudes of these, their extraordinary powers of multiplication and voracious feeding, their persistence and their devastations and overwhelming outbreaks, make it easy to believe that Michelet, the French historian, was conservative when he said: "If all the birds were destroyed the world would be overrun with insects in from seven to nine years."

Every one understands that the annual damage done by mice and rats is enormous. There are in America half as many kinds of mice as kinds of birds. Mice multiply more rapidly than birds, and feed, for the most part, on those things that man is trying to produce or has stored for himself.

The insistence and the persistence of crowding, choking weeds that never cease to strive for possession of the fields are a menace and an expense to mankind. Scores of weed plants ripen one hundred thousand seeds annually; the second year these would produce millions of seeds; and, in turn, these would mean millions of plants the third season. Most weed seeds will retain their fertility from three to seven years and thus they lie round, ready at the first opportunity to leap into life and "grow like a weed."

One summer a farmer hoed and uprooted every living thing upon a square rod of earth. Later three times he clipped off everything close to the earth. Despite these assailings, the weeds on this ground that autumn ripened many million seeds. How different are the wild from the domestic plants! A domesticated plant requires far more favorable conditions, is less able to compete, must have more room, is more susceptible to insects and requires longer time to fruit than wild plants; but its few, large and rich seeds are to humanity inestimably more valuable than the seeds of wild plants. Weeds appear to thrive under unfavorable conditions, they ignore insects and in a short time ripen thousands of seeds.

The Farmer's Best Friend

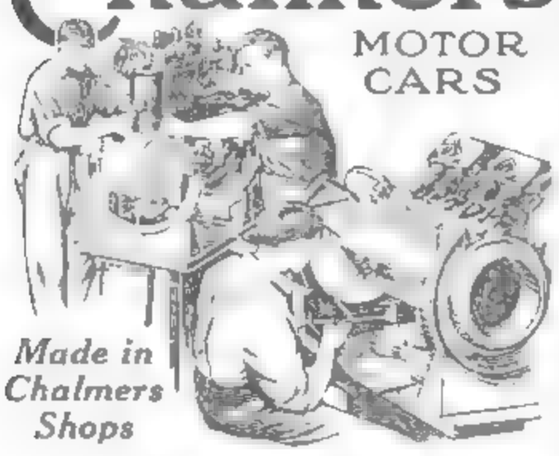
Last season the weeds cost the farmers of the United States about one billion dollars, while the animals and insects also caused another billion dollars' worth of damage. As birds never cease their food-getting war upon these injurious weeds, insects and animals, and as day and night they dive into the water, scratch into the earth, search among grass and leaves, peck into trees, look through the treetops, fly through the air, and everywhere catch and devour the insects that plunder forest and garden and waste the efforts of mankind—it is plain that today a bird in the bush is worth several in the hand. As the annual damage from pests still is enormous, it is also plain that more birds are needed to reduce this damage by holding the pests in check.

Farming is an everlasting war upon smothering weeds, an incessant fight with voracious insects, and an endless struggle with mice and other rodents. The farmer's boy who robs nests and kills birds may cheat himself out of swimming and fishing excursions by being compelled to stay at home to hoe the thousands of weeds the seeds of which would cheerfully have been eaten by the birds he destroyed. Birds are the most important factor in holding these destroying hordes in check. Weed seeds, insects and rodents supply almost all the daily food requirements of the numerous bird world. A majority of mated birds raise two broods annually of five each. The young birds, together with the old ones, each eat one hundred insects a day. Then, too, many species of birds live almost entirely upon weed seed, and these birds require a few trainloads of food annually. There are upward of fifty species of birds whose principal daily food consists of rats, mice and rabbits. The yearly tonnage of injurious animals consumed by these birds is beyond belief.

Of the eight hundred-odd kinds of North American birds, a dozen kinds or less are harmful. Among these are the English sparrow, the sapsucker, the goshawk, the great horned owl, Cooper's hawk and our emblematic eagle. The other kinds are profitable. Their presence means that we save wealth through the devouring pests which are destroying wealth; and, though the overwhelming percentage—more than ninety-nine per cent of all birds—is beneficial, the harmful kinds are beneficial at times. Occasionally almost every bird eats something of value. He must eat or starve, and we should be thankful that he does not allow himself to starve. He is too useful a citizen to be allowed to perish.

Birds benefit us indirectly in many ways, and they probably are beneficial in ways

Chalmers MOTOR CARS



Chalmers motors are built entirely in the Chalmers shops by Chalmers men and under Chalmers inspection.

The Most Wonderful Machine

One of a series of talks on the care and accuracy with which Chalmers cars are built in the Chalmers shops.

Did you ever stop to think what a truly wonderful piece of machinery an automobile is?

Think of what it has to do, what it has to stand, what varied kinds of service it is called on to perform.

When you install an engine to run a factory, you build a deep, solid foundation for it. You put it in charge of an expert. You know when it is started in the morning that it will have just about the same work to do every hour of the day—the same "load" to pull.

The same is true—or nearly so—of an engine in a steamboat, or of a locomotive.

But with an automobile engine, how different! Its speed and load vary constantly. It is bounced up and down over the bumps. One moment it is running easily, speeding the car along a boulevard, the next, it may be toiling to the limit pulling through a mud-hole. And instead of having always an expert to nurse it, it must stand up even under the handling of the careless or the inexperienced driver.

When you stop to think of these things, you realize how well an automobile motor must be made.

Chalmers motors are built entirely in the Chalmers shops. They are made under a system of manufacture and inspection which insures that every part shall be right.

Different sets of men specialize on the putting together of different parts. One set puts in the crank shafts, another the connecting rods; another set fits the valves; still other men put in the cylinders—and so on.

Thus each man becomes expert in his particular work, and by rigid inspection of each step individual responsibility is fixed, and the chance of mistakes cut down to the minimum.

The care shown in the building of Chalmers motors goes into the manufacture of all parts of the car. We invite you to see for yourself, at our salesroom, what fine cars the Chalmers are.

Fill out and mail the coupon for our book on the building of the Chalmers, and the 1913 catalog.

"Thirty-Six," $1950
"Six," 2, 4, or 5 passenger . . . $2400
"Six," 7 passenger $2600

(Fully Equipped)

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and complete information regarding the Chalmers 1913 cars

Name _____

Address _____

that we have not yet discovered. Information concerning the chestnut-tree blight is suggestive in this connection. Apparently this blight is caused by spores of the blight reaching the vitals of the tree or its tissues, through holes in the bark that were made chiefly by borers or beetles—insects upon which the birds feed, and which, if there were sufficient birds, would be held in subjection.

There are many birds that are rated high economically. At the head of this distinguished list probably is the downy woodpecker. A number of ornithologists have placed his earnings—or perhaps these might be called his savings—at fifty dollars a year. Among the other well-known useful birds are the quail, the grosbeak and the meadow lark. Several members of the owl family and also of the hawk family are rated almost as high in economic ornithology as the downy woodpecker. Most members of the woodpecker family have a high economic rating. These are peculiarly equipped birds. Their special qualification, that of being able to operate on trees—their ability to cut holes into hard wood and bark and extract the deadly insect-laying enemies therein, and thus relieve and protect our fruit and forest trees from deadly insects—gives the woodpecker family a high and distinguished use.

Each species of forest or fruit tree is infested with from one hundred to one thousand kinds of insects. These attack the tree at every point, from the topmost leaf to the lowest rootlet. These insects suck the juices and devour the tissues of the tree. It matters not at what point the insect or insects may attack the tree—at that very point there are one or more kinds of birds attacking and preying upon these insects.

The rosebreasted grosbeak is an almost ideal bird. It is both useful and beautiful, is a sweet singer, and is a member of one of the noblest families in the bird world. It is closely related to the cardinal, and has striking characteristics. The story of this bird during the last generation is of almost romantic interest; this shows the relation of birds to the balance of Nature, their economic usefulness to man, and gives interesting glimpses of the changing ways of Nature, the causes of these changes and the changes these in turn produce.

Pity the Potato Bug

During the eighteen-seventies the rosebreasted grosbeak developed a liking for the Colorado potato beetle, and in a short time was eating these beetles in such numbers that it came to be called the potato-bug bird. At that time this beetle was waging what appears to be his first war of conquest.

The original home of the Colorado potato beetle was in the Rocky Mountains of the United States and in Mexico. In the good old times he lived almost exclusively upon the sandbur. The introduction of potatoes into the old beetle haunts supplied him with a new food that was greatly to his liking. With this food he multiplied rapidly, and early set forth to find and to feast in all the potato fields of the earth. His conquering hordes swept rapidly eastward, constantly multiplying, causing consternation to the potato-growers and doing enormous damage.

His fecundity is beyond belief. The larvæ go through all transformation inside of fifty days; and a single pair of unmolested beetles should in a single season have sixty million descendants!

Apparently from six to ten all-conquering years elapsed for the beetle before the grosbeak concentrated his attention upon the invader. Then he commenced to frequent the potato patch, where he fed upon beetles in all stages of growth. Young grosbeaks simply clamored for beetle larvæ, and the new food habit of the grosbeak cleared numerous potato patches of beetles—much to the satisfaction of the early settlers. Parent grosbeaks have been known to transfer upward of a thousand young, soft beetles from potato hills to the waiting mouths of young grosbeaks, all in one day.

The grosbeak is one of the few species of birds which show a distinct increase in population during the last two decades. In this time most species have suffered a marked decrease in numbers. The passenger pigeon numbered millions when the grosbeak commenced to eat beetles. The pigeon is now extinct. Abundant food and increased friendliness from man probably account for the increased number of these

A damp cloth vs. Laundry bill.

COLLARS 25¢ CUFFS 50¢

Litholin settles the laundry question—the ordinary linen collar means continual expense—with **Litholin** there's practically none.

Litholin Collars and Cuffs when soiled are made white as new with a damp cloth or sponge—no wear and tear and no laundry bills. **Litholin** Collars are irreproachable in fit and style and made with the dull linen finish. Cannot wilt or fray.

To the Trade—Litholin is now packed two dozen to the box, each box containing sizes 14 to 17½, popular sizes predominating. Our selling and distributing plan explains the advantage of this to both jobber and retailer. Write for it today. The old style Litholin packing is continued as before.

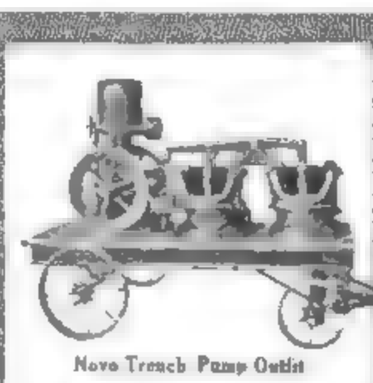
We also sell a two for a quarter collar—particulars to the trade on request.

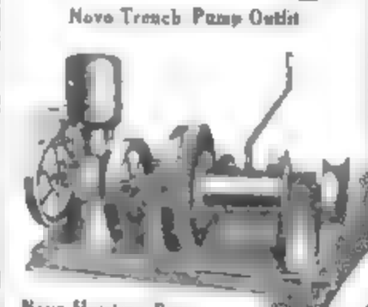
If your dealer [illegible] LITHOLIN, [illegible] style, number of [illegible] and we will mail postpa[illegible] Sales booklet on request

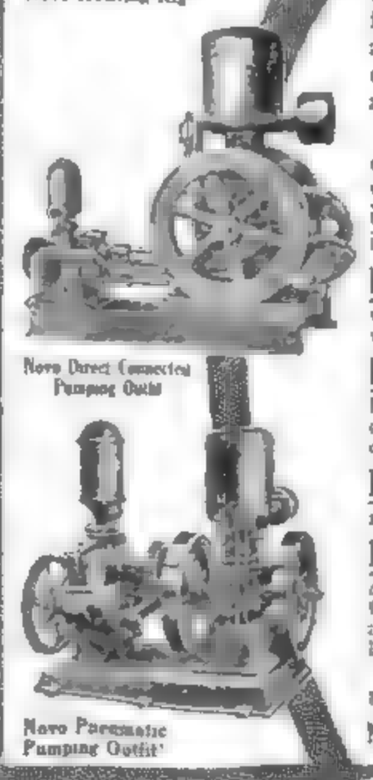
The Fiberloid Co.
7 & 9 Waverly Place
New York

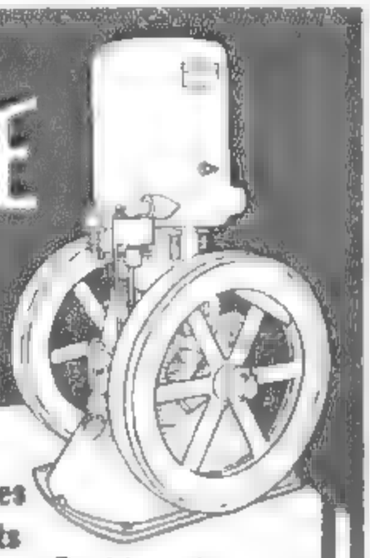
SELF CLEANING
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

NOVO ENGINE









Novo Engines and Novo Outfits will Solve Your Power Problems!

Practically every line of business needs a Novo Engine or a Novo Outfit. Novo Engines are the lightest engines for power developed and are more economical and better adapted to most power purposes than either steam or electricity. Entirely self-contained cooling system, guaranteed against freezing damage. Eight sizes, 1 to 10 h. p.

The compactness, simplicity and absolute reliability of the engine itself extend to the numerous outfits of which it is the motive part. Contractors and engineers in every line find Novo Outfits best adapted for pumping or hoisting.

Novo Trench-Pump Outfit Four sizes: capacity 3,500 to 12,000 gals. per hour. Pumps have large waterways and are driven with cut gears. Pitman and levers will stand heavy strains. Mounted on skids or steel hand-truck.

Novo Hoisting Rig For all elevating work of contractors and in mining, logging, well drilling, ice handling, etc. Four sizes, with 2½, 4, 6 and 10 h. p. engines. Lifting capacity up to 3,300 lbs. Strong gears, large bearings, two clutches. Simple and easy to control.

Novo Direct-Connected Pumping Outfit For home water supply, factory or municipal service. 16 sizes; capacity 400 to 6,000 gals. per hour.

Novo Pneumatic Pumping Outfit With or without pneumatic attachment. For pumping *against pressure*, in home, city, factory or railway systems. Capacities, 700 to 2,000 gallons per hour. Greatest capacity and power of any outfits of similar size. Strong pitmans, large, well-babbitted bearings, cut gears.

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Let us know your power problems—we'll help solve them. Write at once.

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Aswan Dam, part of the Nile system—one of the greatest engineering projects of [illegible]

The Nile System—The Bell System

For thousands of years Egypt wrestled with the problem of making the Nile a dependable source of material prosperity.

But only in the last decade was the Nile's flood stored up and a reservoir established from which all the people of the Nile region may draw the life-giving water all the time.

Primitive makeshifts have been superseded by intelligent engineering methods. Success has been the result of a comprehensive plan and a definite policy, dealing with the problem as a whole and adapting the Nile to the needs of all the people.

To provide efficient telephone service in this country, the same fundamental principle has to be recognized. The entire country must be considered within the scope of one system, intelligently guided by one policy.

It is the aim of the Bell System to afford universal service in the interest of all the people and amply sufficient for their business and social needs.

Because they are connected and working together, each of the 7,000,000 telephones in the Bell System is an integral part of the service which provides the most efficient means of instantaneous communication.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Chops *Roast Lamb*

Gives Keen Edge To Appetite

Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds much to the real enjoyment of many dishes. It adds zest to every meal. It aids digestion.

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Improves the flavor of Hot or Cold Meats, Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews and Hashes. A necessity for good Chafing Dish Cooking.

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SOLD AT BEST STORES

Made by our special Mackinaw process. Best by the test of years in severe Northwest winters. Of many imitators none has been able to duplicate either our genuine process or cloth. It is

Cold-Proof and Storm-Proof

[illegible] is sunk by special process to [illegible] times original thickness. It triples strength, wear and warmth. Beautiful, soft, fine texture. *This cloth used exclusively in Patrick Duluth Mackinaw Garments*

For complete explanation of our celebrated Mackinaw process *write for Illustrated Quality Book*—pictures all styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Mackinaw Garments.

Duluth Mackinaws [illegible] college athletic [illegible]

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

birds. They also eat grasshoppers, other beetles, canker-worms, gipsy and brown-tail moths, chinch-bugs, army-worms, grubs, the seeds of bindweed, foxtail and smartweed, weevils that infest forest and fruit trees, and the deadly scale that ruins so many pear, cherry, plum and apple trees.

He is one of the most useful and attractive birds, and ranges over the vast Mississippi Valley into Southern Canada. The grosbeak deserves to be known more generally and is worthy of a larger place in our literature. Audubon, about a century ago, paid a tribute to his musical charms and his good manners. The Lady Grosbeak is neatly, soberly dressed in buff, grayish and brown. He himself is handsomely dressed in black and white; a beautiful block of rose brightens his breast, and rose tints the lining of his wings. His song is one of the sweetest—he loves to sing and sings like a lover. Often he enchants the night with a song that is as soft and romantic as moonlight. He rivals the cedar waxwing in being an ideal mate; he has gracious manners, and cheerfully performs his share of incubating and the work of feeding the young.

Hawks and owls are also helpful to trees, for these birds feed upon rats and mice, which are so destructive to the bark and the roots of trees. It is estimated that an owl devours, on an average, one thousand mice a year. The value of an owl, then, may be fairly stated as at least equal to the amount of damage a thousand mice would do in a year. Because three or four kinds of these birds at times kill poultry a little freely, the good work they do the large remainder of time is not thought of; and—worse still—all species of owls appear to be condemned because the great horned owl catches chickens. The killer of hawks and owls is an enemy of society. He increases the cost of living by giving aid and comfort to the destroyers of food products.

In Nevada the recent mice plague extended over many thousand acres. There were thousands of these mice to each acre. They attacked and devoured almost every growing thing. This outbreak of mice quickly attracted the attention of many kinds of birds that fed freely upon this pest and thereby assisted in checking and in breaking the plague. There are historical records that tell of numerous outbreaks of locusts, mice and other destructive pests which were brought under control through the assistance of many kinds of birds that concentrated and fed freely upon these overrunning pests. In Nevada unfortunately, even in the beginning of the mice plague, local gunners were freely shooting the hawks and some of the other birds that collected to feed upon the mice.

Our Policy of Protection

There is much thoughtless bird-killing and there is much killing that is selfish and wanton, and it is important that the general knowledge concerning birds be extended.

One of the most amusing and peculiar incidents of bird-killing that came under my observation occurred in the margin of a city one evening. The local gun club had a shooting contest at passing wild birds. The gunners had their hats off—and this revealed the fact that all but two of these men were bald. The birds they were so energetically killing were nighthawks—birds that daily devour scores of flies, gnats, mosquitoes, flying ants and other irritating, germ-carrying pests that annoy the bald-headed man.

Some birds are scavengers and others feed upon germ-distributing insects. Thus the presence of birds is beneficial in helping to maintain sanitary conditions. They prevent the multiplication of disease germs and the spread of disease. Flies, mosquitoes, rats and mice are filthy and sow the germs of disease.

Birds have the first place in Nature in regard to winning and holding children. Birds, therefore, are an educational factor; they awaken interest, give concentration and develop the ability to think—and the ability to think is one of the greatest of equipments. Then, too, a bird observer is quickly and thoroughly taught the relations of things. When it comes to mental discipline the study of the life of birds is probably a much better mental training than the study of dead languages or mathematics. In the inspiring field of biography the lives of Audubon and Wilson—our most distinguished bird students—are as stirring and rouse as much interest and emulation as the lives of any of the warriors whom history has honored.

Watching the home life and the feeding of young birds is a fascinating diversion. For hours at a stretch I have enjoyed looking into the cradle of life of the fussy, busy and earnest little wren. Once for a number of days I watched wren life in the upper corner of my room in an old adobe ranch-house in California. With good light on the nest and at a distance of only a few feet, I was usually able to determine what food was brought each time for the hungry youngsters. The number of spiders was large, and there was a moderate number of wasps and ants. One morning feeding commenced at four-ten, and it was continuous for fifteen hours and six minutes, with a visit on an average of every four minutes. There were long periods when the visits were much more frequent.

The following is the record for half an hour, and the time was from seven to seven-thirty in the morning:

FIVE YOUNG WRENS

TIME	FOOD
7:0[illegible]	Spider
7:0[illegible]	Ant
7:0[illegible]	Fly
7:0[illegible]	Spider
7:0[illegible]	Spider
7:0[illegible]	Spider
7:0[illegible]	Moth
7:0[illegible]	Daddy-long-legs
7:0[illegible]	Grasshopper
7:0[illegible]	Cricket
7:0[illegible]	Beetle
7:1[illegible]	Beetle
7:1[illegible]	Beetle
7:1[illegible]	Grub
7:1[illegible]	Grub
7:1[illegible]	Beetle
7:2[illegible]	Spider
7:2[illegible]	Wasp
7:2[illegible]	Green worm
7:2[illegible]	Green worm
7:2[illegible]	Worm
7:2[illegible]	Caterpillar
7:2[illegible]	Caterpillar
7:2[illegible]	White grub
7:2[illegible]	Beetle

This made twenty-five visits in half an hour. The greatest number of visits during any one day was three hundred and twenty-four. At this rate of feeding, a few wren families would put a decided check upon local insect damage.

One day a heavy fog prevailed, and this day the babies went on less than half ration, despite the activity of the little mother. For some years I carried the erroneous conclusion that the fog prevented the mother from seeing, but in all probability it was because flying insects were under cover. Anyhow, one foggy, misty day at my cabin in the mountains I watched a wren—and not a single flying insect came to the babies this day except some flies that were caught inside my cabin. The scanty food of this day consisted of a few flies and a number of grubs and larvæ I could not identify. The youngsters went hungry. Despite this, each bird twice refused to swallow a black beetle the identity of which was undetermined; and once each, in turn, refused a brown beetle, much to the bewilderment of the little mother, who stayed by the nest for a number of seconds, holding it in her bill. At last she left it on the edge of the nest, but it was never eaten. This was the first instance I had known of youngsters refusing to eat anything that mother brought. At this time these youngsters were about three-fourths grown.

We need more birds; it will pay to have more. We can have more by discouraging and preventing so much shooting; by keeping groves, thickets and bits of swamp for home and harbor; by heeding their needs for food and water; and by encouraging race suicide among cats. Bad boys who kill birds and rob nests—and good women who wear feathers on their hats—are a serious menace to bird life. Saving birds or increasing the bird population is a matter of education and ethics.

The Government now has about sixty bird reserves; there are a number of state reserves and many private ones. Then, too, there are places in seven states where birds are being bred; and there are discussions going on concerning national and international bird laws. However, the great Audubon Society is regarded, at least by Big Business, as an outcast; and of the thousands of high-school graduates of 1912 how few realize that birds are one of the assets of the land! I like to hope that the time is near when the general domestication of birds will begin!

If Electricity Were a Liquid

IF electricity were a liquid you could see the leaks.

If you are reading this by the light of an old style ⊂⊃ incandescent lamp, there's a big leak near you—in the lamp. You can't see it. But two-thirds of the current available for light is dripping away.

Are you paying for it?

Before the National Mazda lamp was perfected every user of incandescent lights was obliged to pay for current that never did him any good. Every carbon lamp leaks. National Mazda lamps stop the leaks.

With the same amount of current, a National Mazda lamp will give you three times as much light as a carbon lamp.

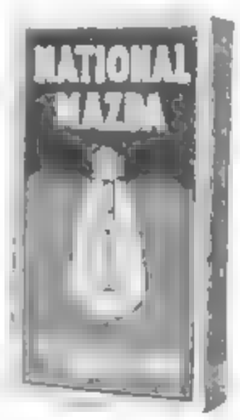
NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP

With National Mazda lamps the New York Subway is now three times as brilliantly lighted as it used to be—but the cost for current has not been increased a penny. On fast, bumping trains National Mazda lamps are being pounded all the time, yet they do not break, and continue to give their triple volume of light.

National Mazda lamps made it possible to light automobiles by electricity, because they can be operated by small equipment carried in the car. Carbon lamps cannot—too much current leaks away.

National Mazda lamps are being used in the humblest houses as well as in the finest residences, offices, factories, stores and in electric signs.



This Book for Users of Electric Light

If your house is wired, all the possibilities of National Mazda lighting are open to you. This book is valuable be-

Stores, Offices and Factories

Experts from our staff of Illuminating Engineers will be pleased to consult or correspond with archi-

Wherever more light, better light, whiter light is needed, National Mazda lamps give it—three times as much as carbon lamps—at the same cost for current. If your home is lighted by electricity this is your personal problem—see that you use current wisely—in National Mazda lamps. They fit any socket, burn in any position, stand shocks and jars, don't fall noticeably in efficiency, don't discolor with age, and give a more bountiful and delightful illumination than you can possibly get from carbon lamps. Now you can have three times as much light, or one light three times as long, or light three rooms instead of one—without paying any more for current—with the lamps that do not leak—National Mazda.

This Book for Those Who Want Electric Light

Where You Can Get These Lamps

National Mazda lamps bearing one of

Every National Mazda Lamp bears one of these labels, guaranteeing National Quality

NATIONAL QUALITY LAMP DIVISION

of General Electric Co.
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We are [illegible] carbon lamps

Every National Mazda Lamp bears one of these labels, guaranteeing National Quality

For four $5 bills

A genuine Columbia—

This "Eclipse" model of the Columbia has been designed and produced, and this announcement is here published, to open the Columbia Fall campaign with the greatest money's-worth of musical instrument ever built.

We have already arranged with 7800 of the 8200 Columbia dealers to exhibit, and fill orders for, this new Columbia at just $20, *with one Demonstration Double-Disc Record FREE,* beginning with the day of issue of this Saturday Evening Post and continuing for thirty days.

♬

Now get this clear:

1—You order your nearest Columbia dealer (we'll tell you who he is if you don't know) to send the "Eclipse" to your home with the Demonstration Record.

2—You send it back if you can find one word of exaggeration in this announcement, or one unsatisfactory feature in the instrument—or, if your eyes and ears tell you it is not *larger* and *finer* and far *better in tone* than any instrument you ever heard or saw advertised at anything like its price.

3—You pay for it, if you keep it, in four payments of $5 each, one a month, with no interest added.

4—You will find our signed guarantee as manufacturers inside the tone-control shutters.

5—You can order the "Eclipse" in Mahogany instead of Oak, at $25, if you prefer.

All the music of all the world, by *all* the great artists who have ever made records *(without exception)* whenever you like or your friends suggest. If you have been depriving yourself of the endless enjoyment that only a Columbia can bring, certainly price need no longer stand in the way.

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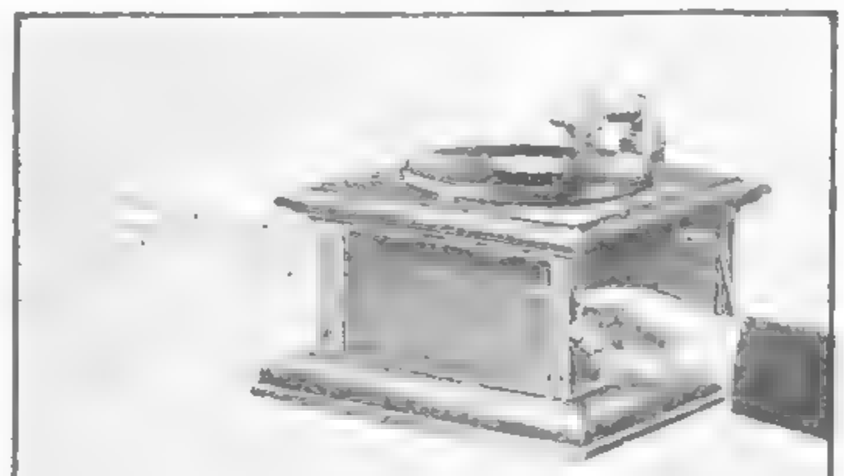
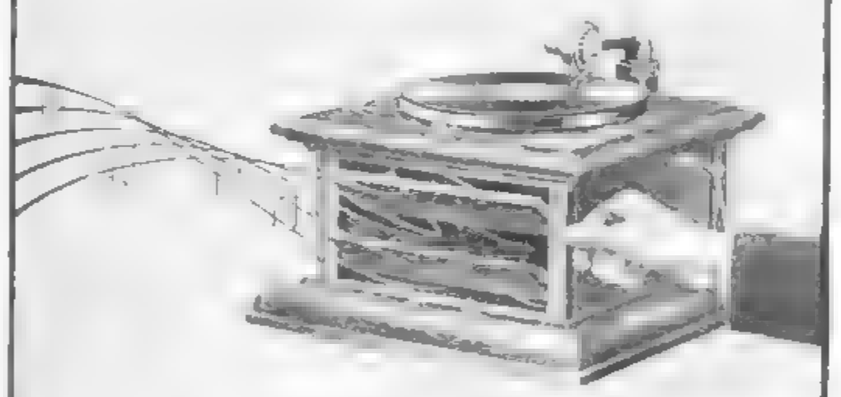
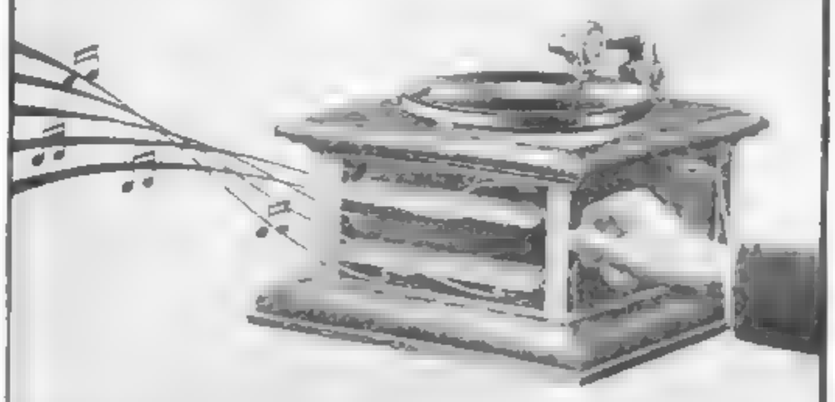
Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Largest Manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World.



With the Columbia tone-control shutters **closed,** the volume of music is very soft, yet round and natural.



With the Columbia tone-control shutters **partly open,** the music is brought nearer, with its resonance somewhat less restrained, yet with no loss of definite detail.



With the Columbia tone-control shutters **wide open,** the full, brilliant, vibrant notes of the singer's voice, and the unconfined music of the band or orchestra, pour flooding out.

COLUMBIA

(one a month) on free trial

—full size and complete

The "Eclipse" measures 15¾ inches square. Like all Columbias regardless of price and in contrast to others, this instrument has a **continuous** tone-chamber, with the motor-mechanism separated and insulated. See the diagram below.

FREE

With each instrument delivered within thirty days, this Columbia Demonstration Double-Disc Record.

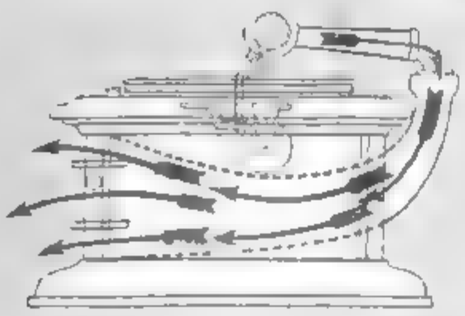


Diagram showing the continuous tone-chamber.

To Dealers

Every money-making reason for carrying the Columbia line gets a fifty per-cent increase of strength by the adding of this new 1913 model. Not too cheap to be perfectly satisfactory to your customers, nor to be unprofitable to you, yet not so expensive that anyone need to think twice before buying — and just as good a record-selling medium as our $200 Grafonola, because, absolutely, the tone-quality is there.

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BUENOS AYRES 1912
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STOCKHOLM 1912
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Because it won the World's Championship from the best marksmen in civilized lands at Bisley, England, 1908.

Because it won the Pan-American Championship in the Argentine, 1912.

Because it won the World's Championship in the Olympic Games in Stockholm, 1912.

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Think of it—THREE World's Championships in four years!

Why not use the BEST Ammunition for your rifle and revolver, since it costs no more than others?

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THE DECAY OF THE AMERICAN PARENT

Continued from Page 15

in a flat; if she has flowers she puts them in a window box, and she hears from the janitor if she overwaters them! She may or may not have a maid, but she usually has a specialist to scrub and wash and iron for her; a specialist—often a male—to clean the windows—one from a big shop to take care of her rugs, and one to clean her wall paper; a specialist to make her dresses and one to make her hats; a specialist to supply her with meat, and even with bread. If she is lazy or overworked the delicatessen specialists supply her with salads and various relishes. She has a telephone if she is in the city, and if she is in the country rural *free* delivery—and perhaps also a telephone

It would seem as if nothing but the purely decorative social function of the mother is left her, for the specialists in the school give the child its learning and often what manners it has. It looks on the surface as if all the old-time labor had been taken from the shoulders of women; yet the demands of our complicated civilization keep the modern mother busy all day long perhaps in trying to keep up with the specialists. The wear and tear of city life—the effort to dovetail and adjust the various sections into which her life and work are split engage and perhaps harass her. Being American, she is energetic; if she has a conscience she tries to make organized work of her domestic situation, which has not gone far enough in either direction. The average conscientious American woman demands real work: this is why, if she has no young children or grown-up children, or children easily managed, she asks for a vote, that she may take a hand in the municipal housekeeping.

A Case of Sparing the Rod

The main difficulty with us is that, in our passion for our young our desire to do right by them we have raised parenthood to a profession. We read children's books for grownups. If we are youthful enough not to be thinking of descendants we are charmed, and we laugh over the absurd adventures of the youngsters and the amusing gulf of incomprehension between them and their aunts and uncles; but if we have children of our own our sense of humor may not be so keen. We are so afraid of not understanding fully that we try to be scientific as well as loving. We have come to look on childhood as a status in itself, quite complete, with rights and privileges independent of reference to adult life.

The children have accepted this attitude and are claiming treatment on this basis. Some one discovered that the child had rights, and then we began to see that what we were giving him from love we should be giving him from a sense of justice. Our consciences began to work overtime. Then, a few years ago, arose the pedagogic cry that we must develop the individuality of the child; that cry is still reverberating.

There has been practically no one to tell us that, if we give the child his rights and develop his individuality, the rights of the parent may have to be small. Perhaps a faint piping voice is raised now and again in behalf of the parent, but it is soon smothered. And there are constantly increasing numbers of teachers and writers to tell us how to maintain the rights of the child. Sometimes, when the doctrine is translated into action, its results are of the sort that would have made the early settlers gasp and reach for a rod, with which to put the fear of the Lord into a child.

A young woman who had been brought up in the old-fashioned way—that is, taught to do what she was told because she was told it, and for no other reason—was invited to a family luncheon at the home of a famous psychologist who was bringing up his children according to the new psychology. The guest, the parents and two little girls sat down at the table; the ten-year-old son appeared when the soup had been taken away. The guest supposed that some reprimand would be given or some sign made which would show that a reprimand was due as soon as the family was alone.

"Excuse me for being late!" said the boy briskly, after he had greeted the guest.

"Boys Will Be Boys"

There's a strong bond of fellowship between every father and son at the breakfast table when it's Kellogg's that's served.

It's the favorite food of both. The son likes it because it tastes the best of 'em all. Father likes it for the same reason and because he knows Kellogg's is always fresh.

Kellogg's way of making and marketing the food insures freshness. Every package goes right from the ovens to the waiting cars. Other cereals are often six months old on the grocer's shelves. Not so with Kellogg's. It's the tasty flavor and the dependable freshness that make everyone so fond of it.

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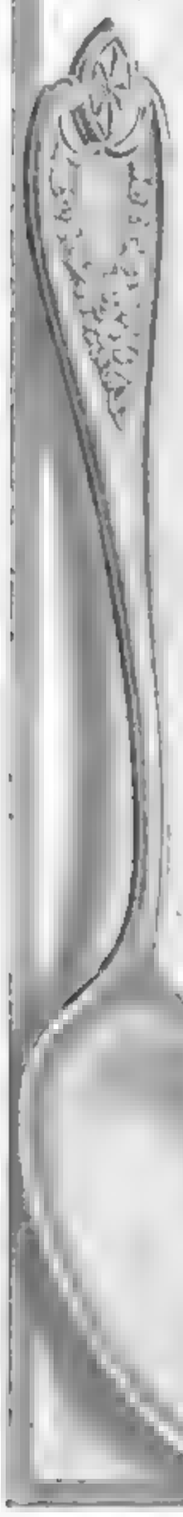

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The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

"I got a new idea for my composition and I thought it was better to put it down while it was fresh."

The explanation seemed perfectly satisfactory. Evidently the virtue of promptness at meals was one of the outworn conventions that had to give way to the necessity of developing the individuality of the child. It would be outweighed by the new idea put down while fresh in the composition of a boy of ten!

The boy had on an untidy and curious-looking upper garment. The guest presently made out that it was a variegated sweater, put on wrong side out!

"Jimmy pulls his sweater off over his head," explained his elder sister; "so one day he puts it on right side out and the next day it's on wrong side out."

Evidently this family believed that if [illegible] told the results of [illegible] the activities of life were better treated than if they had really been preserved. The younger girl thought she would try cutting off some recalcitrant meat from the bone of her chop, while holding her knife in her left hand.

"Go on, Louise, if you like, of course," her father said; "but if you do you'll cut your hand."

"I hardly think I shall [illegible]ther," said Louise, politely though positively.

Presently she uttered a wild shriek.

"I told you you'd cut your hand, Louise," her father reminded her.

And the whole family, despite Louise's disquieting howls, wore a look of satisfaction, as if some deep law of the universe had just received a gratifying demonstration. The children's remarks were received with the same respect and attention as if they had been made by grown-up people. They talked quite as much as their elders, but—to do them justice—no more. Part of the more or less [illegible] development of the child's individuality consists in not infringing on any one else's individuality, which is a good precept.

Education—A Jellied Pill

After luncheon Jimmy and his sisters took the guest to school with them. The classes consisted of about eight students each; when there are more than ten it seems impossible to watch over the individual development of each child. One wonders what becomes of the individuality of the fifty-two or more that form the class of a grade teacher. These eight children, destined to survive, were not sitting at nice little desks, attentively facing the teacher. Two or three were getting their lessons on their stomachs as they rhythmically waved their heels in the air. One sat perched on the back of his chair, his little razor knees crossed on each other. The remaining children had a more or less remote connection with their chairs, and the teacher carried on the work of recitation in a way that made them all seem very superior to the subject indeed. The teacher's attitude was that, since this was a pill the young individuals were receiving, it was quite successfully buried in jelly. The children's attitude was that, so long as this was play, they were willing to take whatever would stick. They seemed unable to read or write well, if at all; but they could weigh out cooking materials with fine accuracy, they had some more or less surprising general information, and they seemed to be on exceedingly easy if not brotherly terms with some of the ancients whom the old-fashioned visitor had been taught to look on with awe. The heir of the ages nowadays occasionally takes his property as if he were doing a favor to those who bequeathed it.

The new pedagogy has sometimes penetrated perilously into the home. The teachers and writers who are molding the American parent find plenty of delicate maternal consciences upon which to prey. The anxious mother reads something like this:

"Do not drive your children—help them. Do not make them call home darkest Russia and papa the czar!"

At that the mother's brow clears; she and her husband are not too severe with the children. Then she turns to another page:

"Earn your child's friendship."

Poor father is busy earning the child's food; mother is busy dressing and feeding and training him. Maybe putting in several hours a day on personal service is not enough; maybe there is some subtle thing she has not grasped, has not done,

Dalton Adding Machine

Fastest for the Expert
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The machine of all 'round usefulness

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A Dalton will add, subtract, divide, multiply, crossfoot, compute interest, figure payrolls, make out monthly statements for customers, bank deposit slips, change sheets, extend bills, pro-rate, verify invoices, foot trial balances and check postings, figure percentages, discounts, costs, handling fractions as readily as whole numbers—all with mechanical infallibility and lightning speed, coupled with an intelligence that is almost human.

Only ten keys

[illegible] operation. Its record of 67 items in 50 seconds has never been equaled.

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The Dalton prints without adding [illegible] adds without printing—corrects either [illegible] printing—has a designating key [illegible] to the short cuts it effects in businesses where figuring is a part of the day's work.

Thousands of satisfied Dalton users from [illegible] from the Iwo Otherwise Unknown will vouch for this. No business is so specialized in its nature that a Dalton can't help it—no business is so small that the cost of a Dalton becomes an expense.

"Half a Hundred Reasons" is the name of our most recent booklet, but it tells specifically what the Dalton means to your business. Write for it—and other worth-while literature—TODAY.

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50 WORDS ABOUT ODD LOTS

No. 4

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You may become an investor if you have only $20. and can save $5. a month. Through our Partial Payment Plan, you may buy 1 share of stock and pay for it on installments.

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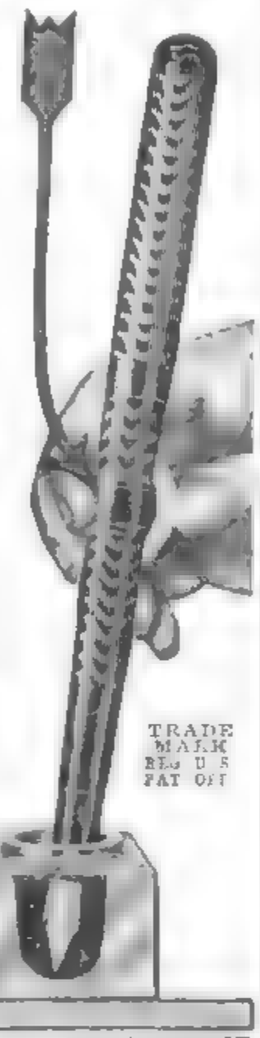

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Are your buildings protected? Have you adequate safeguards to prevent fire, apparatus to fight fire and insurance to replace losses from fires?

Rural Fire Protection

Will be the subject of a comprehensive series of articles beginning in a November issue of

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The series will include:

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Experiences With Farm Fires Are Wanted

To supplement this series a number of experiences of those who have been wiped out by fire in the country will be used. Such experiences, with good photographs, are desired. When available they will be paid for at current rates. Address: The Editors,

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and so is unworthy of her child. Mother wishes to be a competent parent. Constantly in lectures and articles she has come upon that word "competent," and she wants to be it. She goes to classes to find out what her children should read and how to discipline them, avoiding that dreadful danger of waiting until they do wrong and then colliding with them. Plenty of people tell her what she should do, but no one warns her that in respecting the individuality of the child she may lose her own. She is informed that she must control her children by giving them responsibility. She is told to avoid that terrible old-fashioned dictum—of which, perhaps, she never heard—that a child's will must be broken. She is asked to pay her children the respect of considering their temperaments. She is requested to use her imagination in home government—and it may be that if she had a great deal she would be at home exerting it instead of listening to men lecturing on the duties of motherhood.

Sometimes she is thrown off her balance by pedagogues who differ as to method and results. Some one gets up in a parents' meeting to discuss the question: "To what extent may the parent shape the career of his child?" The speaker points out that parents should allow a child to choose his own profession, and cites, as painful examples contrary to this idea, Petrarch, whose father was determined that the boy should be a lawyer; Boccaccio, whose father made him study law; and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose father expected him to carry on the engineering traditions of the family. The pedagogue dwells on the spiritual agony this tyranny cost, and ventures to say that if it had not occurred other great masterpieces of art would have been given to the world by these great men. Then arises an obstructionist who perhaps feels that there are sufficient great masterpieces as it is, or else who wants to develop a fresh angle of pedagogy; for he points out that this spur of parental tyranny was exactly the thing that was needed to make the desire for his chosen career burrow into each boy's brain until it became an obsession; that his thwarting has been in effect judicious, and that the world is indebted to the obstinate parent.

Willie Wields the Window-Pole

How pathetically the mother who wants to perfect herself in her profession practices learning to discipline! If a child cannot be reasoned with and must be spanked the parent is told that an explanation should be forthcoming, because spanking is a humiliating process and may do damage to the child's spirit!

"I spank you," says the parent miserably as she watches for the small legs to curl back as a sign that enough chastisement has been administered—"I spank you because I respect you."

It would be a dull child who would not whine:

"You needn't respect me quite so much!"

You will even find conscientious fathers discussing discipline in their offices—especially those fathers who are not in business for themselves and so have a margin of leisure.

"I've solved my problem," says Brown to Jones as they bend over their drafting boards. "Honestly, I was getting desperate, thinking there was no way to appeal to the good feeling of that kid of mine; but I read something in one of those magazines my wife has that started me thinking; so the next time I had to punish him, I got the strap and said: 'My boy, it always hurts me to whip you when you've been naughty—far more than it hurts you—I do not know whether you realize that. So now, instead of my whipping you, you must whip me. Take the strap, son, and whip father.' Why, Jones, it worked like a charm! He burst into tears, threw away the strap and flung himself into my arms, and we had a nice long talk that settled a lot of things between us."

Jones has a difficult young six-year-old of whom every evening his mother has to report a long tale of evil-doing when Jones returns from the office. The boy is a marvel of fiendish ingenuity, and almost the only point in his favor is that he is loving and tender-hearted. Jones has not observed that the child's love extends to his mother and sisters rather than to his father. Jones is too tender-hearted himself, too devoted to his son and too unversed in the new pedagogy to realize that there can be a

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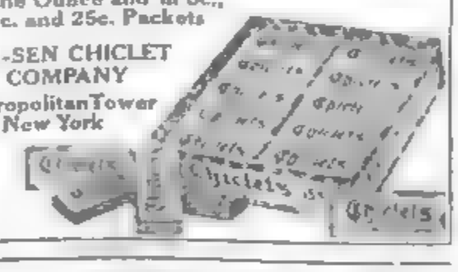

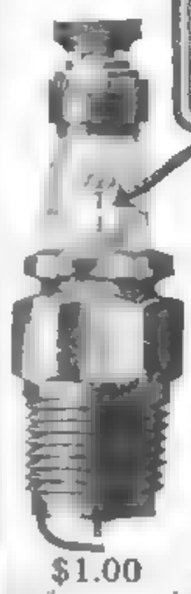

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We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** east of Kansas on orders above $3.00. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

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CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat at a much lower cost.

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FRIED CLAMS are a relish [illegible] dish that your whole family will enjoy. [illegible] like that of clams, whether fried or in chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** [illegible] **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad, you can get here and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or [illegible] use. With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products.

Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

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temperamental incompatibility between father and child. He resolves to try Brown's experiment on his young William.

He goes home almost hoping that the day has not proved a red-letter one in William's conduct—nor is he disappointed. Twenty minutes after supper-time—for the new pedagogy allows for digestion—Mrs. Jones, who has been contentedly arranging with the maid about the leftovers, puts on that I-am-sorry-to-tell-you-Father expression which means that William has been acting naturally again.

"You will be grieved to hear, Father," she says, "that William has been a naughty boy today."

Automatically Jones assumes the expression that shows he is astounded to hear this; that he had every reason to expect that the outbreak of yesterday was positively the last he would ever have to face, that this news is absolutely the worst calamity which could befall him; and that he does not know what will become not only of William but of William's family.

William is sophisticated in all the conventions of sin and repentance. He sighs and then moves forward to the angle between his father's knees.

"My boy," says Jones sadly, "bring the switch."

William goes heavily and slowly and brings a willow wand, for which all his familiarity has not bred in him contempt. Before he can frame his regular denial or excuses, Jones patters off to him Brown's formula.

"And so, my boy," he finishes, "you must whip father. I am sure that will teach you not to be naughty again."

William's eyes are round and speculative. He drops them to the switch.

"Whip you, Daddy, with that big, big switch?" he asks.

Jones is moved; the leaven is working and the child's conscience is reached.

"With any switch you like, my son," he says benignly—"with your bare hands if you choose."

"With anything I like?" pursues William.

"With anything you like," agrees Jones with that maddening reiteration frequently offered to children and which always sets a bright child's teeth on edge.

William sheds no tears. He dashes into the kitchen, returning with a truncated windowpole, with which he wales Jones until the astonished parent comes to his senses and wrests the weapon from William, realizing that his child is not one to whom an advanced line of the new pedagogy appeals. William is a child who needs a new system—all to himself.

Fortunately we are not all decayed parents; plenty of us have struck the balance between self-abnegation and folly—between indulgence and severity. Many of us have adapted the pedagogy of the schools to our own individual needs, throwing away what is stupid or valueless and digging into our own imaginative resources to make the naughty conduct of our children react on their own heads. And even when we are handling our children badly—even when we have decayed as parents—from the ashes of us spring our young, who, as parents, will profit by our particular mistakes. We shall be lucky if they do not tell us wherein we have failed.

The Trials of Her Trade

A MODISTE with a large establishment and the smartest trade in a city of great wealth has a credit man who handles the finances of her shop. He confesses that he does not tread a path of roses.

"Our trade divides itself into two distinct classes," he declared; "those that are very prompt pay and those that are extremely slow pay. An account is either settled immediately or else drags along for months. There are multimillionaires in both these lists. I could name several ladies of immense wealth and the highest social standing who would be ashamed to wear a gown that had not been paid for. On the other hand, I could name perhaps quite as many, equally wealthy and perhaps more fashionable, who would apparently be quite as much ashamed to wear a gown that was paid for. What do we do about it? Nothing. We just wait until they take a notion to pay. It simmers down to a mere matter of banking. Some of this class will pay once in three or four months; some twice a year. They are good; it is up to us to carry them if we wish to keep their trade."

Seven Thousand Men Building Smaller Six Cylinder Packard

Our shops have been turned over to the new model—an unparalleled concentration of energy and resources to complete the production of Packard "38."

Perhaps you were among the hundreds who wanted a Packard "48" and spoke too late. The output of that model for summer and fall was practically sold out six weeks after the spring announcement.

Now you have an opportunity to reserve an early delivery date for the new "38," consort of the Dominant Packard Six.

In road efficiency, ease of riding and luxurious appointment, the smaller six typifies Packard quality.

Left drive and control; electric self-starter. Starting, lighting, ignition and carburetor controls on steering column. Sixty horse-power shown by brake test.

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He has long recognized the short-comings of any one man, and so to avoid any possibility of mistake, to eliminate every chance of error, he has surrounded himself with 47 men, who have had special training in automobile building.

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Railroads, great corporations, law firms, every enterprise, in fact, which calls for wide experience and the best brains uses the combined skill of many men.

No one man can know it all. Even Thomas A. Edison has scores of assistants.

But automobiles, heretofore, have been the work usually of one man. Into the car was put all that its designer had learned. There also was incorporated into the car all the errors that he had not learned how to correct.

Are Mistakes Probable Under Such Conditions?

We fortify ourselves against error by focusing upon every detail of our business the combined skill and experience of as many experts as we can obtain.

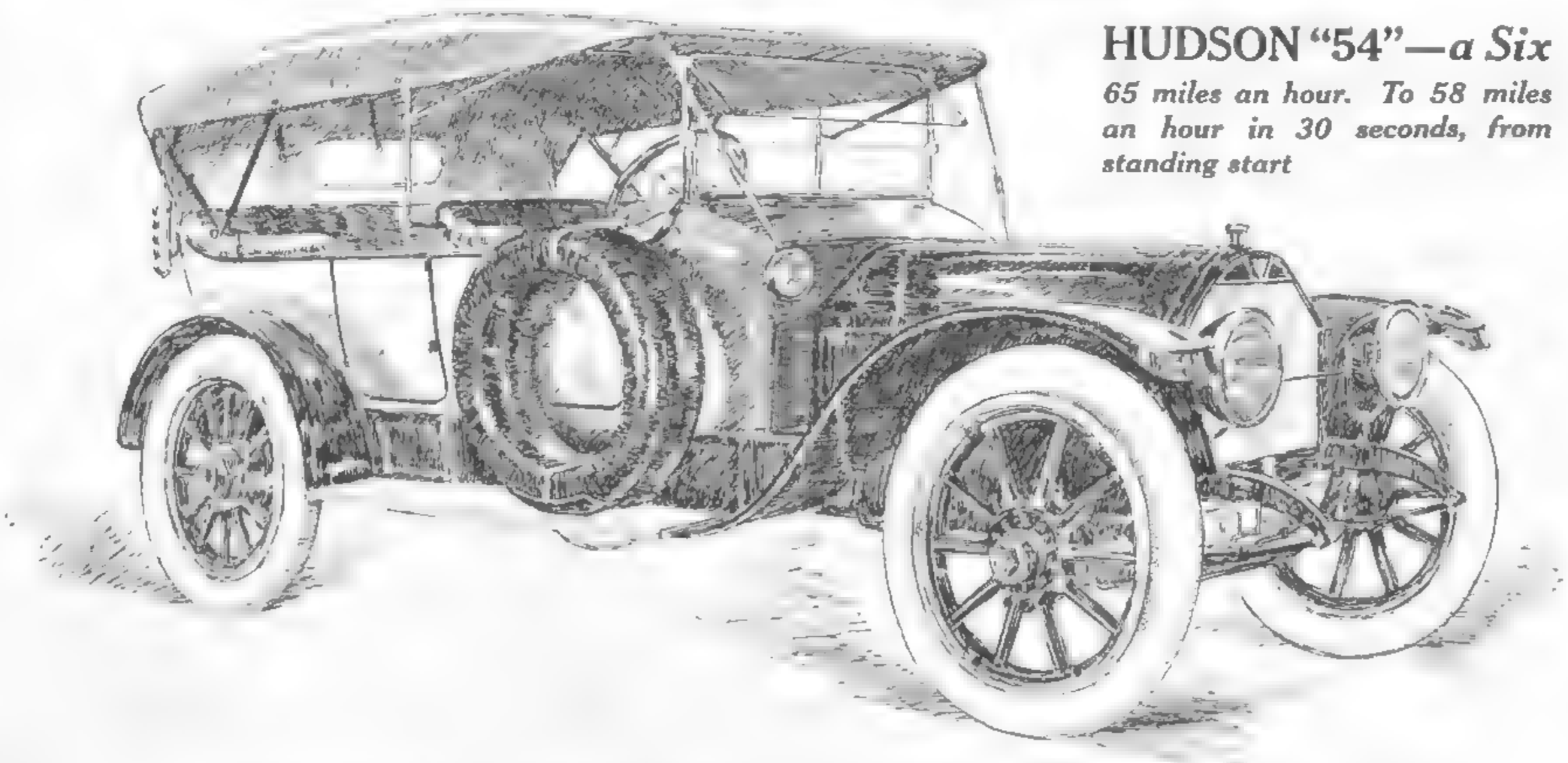
Our engineers have had training in 97 different factories. They have acquired in those factories knowledge that can be gained in no other way. It is usual to say of any new car: "Wait and see what it does during the first year. It can't be up to expectation in every detail. Don't buy until the makers have had a chance to correct the faults that the first year's use will disclose."

That was sound advice when no builder had had experience. It is just the way one should regard any new car now that is built by men who have not had a wide experience.

But in the HUDSON cars is expressed the experience of 48 specially trained men. The knowledge gained in English, Italian, French and German as well as American factories, is crystallized in this organization.

Howard E. Coffin is chief of these specialists. Combined, these men have had a hand in building more than 200,000 automobiles. Can you imagine that one, two or even five years' use is likely to disclose errors in the design of a car built under such conditions? These men will, of course, discover newer and better ways of designing motor cars. But time is not likely to show wherein anything of advantage, thus far known, has been overlooked.

See the Triangle on the Radiator



HUDSON "54"—*a Six*

65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start

Electric self-cranking—electric light—twelve-inch Turkish upholstery—speedometer, clock—demountable rims—extra rim 36 x 4½ inch tires—tire holder—rain vision windshield—top, tools and all other equipment identical with that of "37."

It is not merely a six, made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four. The men who have done the most in six-cylinder work designed the "54." Its speed is easily 65 miles an hour. It will attain a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start, and on high gear will throttle down to 2½ miles an hour. Comfort is provided for in such a way as was never before considered possible in an automobile. It is the safest car at any speed. Long trips over rough roads may be taken without fatigue

127-inch wheel base, 54 minimum horse power, full floating axle, gasoline tank on rear has magnetic gauge. The "54" HUDSON Chassis is furnished with five passenger Touring Car, Torpedo—see illustration—and Roadster bodies. The price of either model is $2450 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit. Seven passenger Touring Car on "54" Chassis $150 extra; Limousine—seven passenger, $3750. Coupé—3 passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge.

HUDSON—Electric Self-Cranking

Which Shall It Be?

A New Design by Many Experts, or a Car Slowly Developed by Just One Man?

You may consider the purchase of a car that for several years has shown a gradual and constant improvement. Its design, possibly, is as it was when it was conceived in the early days of motor car building. To it has been added improvements of equipment and it has been refined in many particulars. Such cars give good service even though they are not modern in design.

Like Old Buildings Remodeled

They are like old buildings that have been modernized by the addition of an up-to-date heating system, by redecoration and the building of a wing here, the change of a window or a door or a partition.

You know of houses that have been developed that way

Now contrast such a house with the modern building.

From foundation to roof and in every particular an architect with a force of specialists conceived and carried to completion this new building. It is in no sense a makeshift. Faults discovered in the older buildings are left out entirely in this new one.

That is the way the new HUDSON cars were conceived. From the ground up, they are new No old materials had to be utilized, no hobbies were recognized. Nothing was suggested that at least one of the 48 experts had not proved in his experience to be either correct or wrong All experiment was therefore eliminated.

Which kind of a car do you think is most likely to give you the service you require?

Examine All, of Course

Examination of the HUDSON and other cars will show you many details of similarity in equipment—even to some degree in lines and color. In equipment the cars of other makes are as like the HUDSON as are the coats of a dozen different tailors. All use buttons. All attempt to follow the season's styles in cut

But there the similarity ends. Even the cheapest cars are now sold completely equipped. Some use the costliest speedometers, tires, demountable rims, etc.

Extra money will obtain nothing better But there similarity also ends. Putting the costliest equipment on an automobile has no more to do with the value of the car itself than has the most expensive hardware, on a pint door, to do with the value of the house. With equipment details the layman is thoroughly familiar. Beyond that confidence must be the guide. Not one man in 10,000 can understand the important mechanical details.

The items upon which our 48 engineers devote their greatest effort are not understandable to the average buyer. All the buyer can know is the result.

To have a motor that does not miss fire in thousands of miles of service and a car that never gives trouble, the best brains must be utilized in the designing.

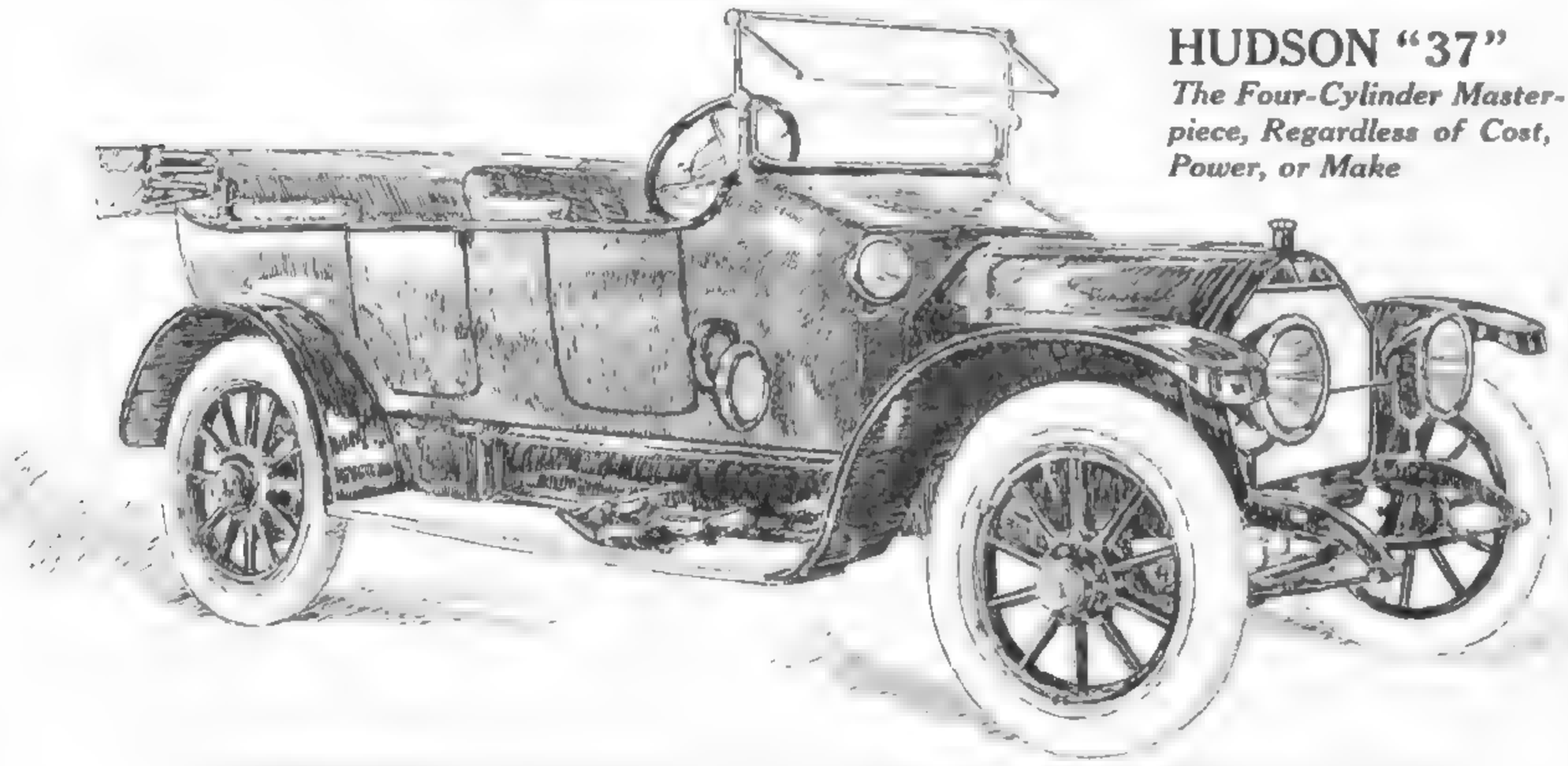
A good watch always serves you. Its time is so accurate that you rely upon it, without giving it any more attention than to keep it wound. You probably know nothing about its mechanism. All the average man knows of his watch is the face and case.

That is the way with a good automobile and is why we pay more money for engineering brains than is paid by any other company in the industry.

As a result, HUDSON cars are free from the annoying and provoking details that have been experienced with many cars. Don't you think that policy a good one for both you and us?

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7417 JEFFERSON AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



HUDSON "37"

The Four-Cylinder Masterpiece, Regardless of Cost, Power, or Make

Electric self-cranking—electric light generator—five lamps, including two twelve inch Parabolic head lights—twelve-inch upholstery—speedometer, clock—demountable rims extra rim—36 x 4 inch tires—tire holder—rain vision windshield—top, tools and all other equipment

There is power for every requirement. Speed to meet every demand. Comfort such as was never before considered possible in an automobile. It is the safest car to ride in at high speed, and long trips and rough roads do not fatigue passengers as much as does the average car

Every detail of luxury is developed to the highest degree The motor is started electrically from the driver's seat. Lights are controlled from the dash. All oiling places are handy.

118-inch wheel base, 37 minimum horse power, full floating axle, gasoline tank on rear has magnetic gauge. Price of either Touring Car Torpedo or Roadster—$1875 f. o. b. Detroit Canadian price, $2425, f. o. b. Detroit, duty paid; Limousine, $3250; Coupé, $2350.

159

HUDSON—Electrically Lighted

The few things that your garters have to do are very important.

PARIS GARTERS

will give you more comfort in the way they fit your leg and the way they hold up your hose than any other garter. Prices 25 and 50 cents.

No metal can touch you

Made with rubber cushion loop fasteners that will not tear the thinnest hose.

Look for the name PARIS on every garter

A. Stein & Co., *Makers*, Chicago

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SHOE for WOMEN

Shopping is hard work—hard on the nerves—hard on the feet. The woman who knows—selects La France—and never thinks of her feet while shopping. They fit so snugly—so comfortably—they feel "just fine."

Into La France go the best of leather—the most skillful workmanship. Result—a shoe distinctive in design—supreme in style—unequalled in fit. La France adds the touch of distinction that completes the toilette beautiful.

Ask to see this 14-button boot (style 1886). A dainty and dressy design in Patent Colt. And this is but one of many La France styles—for the street—for the house—for the fashionable function.

You will be interested in our beautiful Fall Fashion Book, which will be sent you *free* upon request.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO., 377 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

HIS NAME ON THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 7)

Emily, as was natural, had vigorously protested; and so had her father. Mrs. Gurney, however, had only smiled.

"It isn't the looks of it," growled Gurney, though inwardly he writhed, stung with the thought that he could not even provide help for his wife. "It's not the looks of it. I won't have you working yourself to skin and bones."

"Yes, mother!" chimed in Emily. "And last night, too, you sat up till nearly one, fixing my dress for the concert."

Mrs. Gurney laughed amiably.

"Nonsense! You needn't worry about me! And, Emily," she demanded severely, at the same time evasively, "have you mastered that last study, the Brahms largo?"

Emily had ambition—with it a real talent too. It may not have been genius, but if all went well Emily meant to launch out in concert—a career. And that she did added to her father's distress. It was not that he objected to Emily's aims; he was, in fact, proud of her talent and would have been delighted to see her an artist. What irked him, though, was that she must do it for a livelihood; for when he died he would leave little—nothing more than a beggarly life insurance. Emily, however, had no such ideas. It was the love of music that led her to it. Still, even that could not obscure the fact that her mother's self-sacrifices, the efforts to have her succeed, were as great or greater than her own.

Mrs. Gurney moved listlessly round the luncheon table. The apartment was on the fifth floor, just above the roofs of the neighboring houses; and from the rear window she had a glimpse of the distant river and the drive. Had the time been hers, she would have liked to sit there a while and rest; but the time was not hers. After the dishes had been cleared away there was other work, a lot of it. Emily and her father would be at home by half past five, and when they came in they must find the apartment in order and bright and cheerful. Mrs. Gurney was never sleazy about her work. Taking off the tablecloth, she was folding it when a key rattled in the latch.

"Jim!" she cried.

His face was white and drawn, more haggard than she had ever seen it—yet he smiled. Slowly walking down the hall, he leaned against the table and stared at her solemnly.

"I had to come home to you," he said ponderously. "There was something I had to ask."

"Jim!" she exclaimed again. The question that hovered on her lips bespoke a wife's instinctive fright, the dread of one dependent on another's efforts—had he lost his place? Then he broke into a little laugh, harsh and metallic, but triumphant.

"Lucy," said Gurney, his tone quiet, "we've waited a long while to get there. Do you want it now—money?" he asked.

Money? Mrs. Gurney stared at him, dumfounded.

"What do you mean?" she faltered; then repeated: "Money?"

"Yes, money—success!" rumbled Gurney, adding: "They're the same things, aren't they?"

Mrs. Gurney still stared at him, bewildered. Without waiting for her answer Gurney gripped the table's edge, then blurted out:

"Yes—money—success—anything I want! Oh, you don't know, of course," he cried; "but I've got those fellows where I want them now!"

"Those fellows?" echoed Mrs. Gurney. "Whom do you mean?"

"Proctor & Bounds—the men that hire me!" he answered.

Then he told her.

On the way up in the subway he had figured out all his discovery involved. First of all, he had seen in it how the firm had "made good"—or so he thought; how Bounds particularly had succeeded when he himself had only miserably flunked it. In short, what had happened was this: The estates under the firm's control had required only four per cent on their capital; so, with this in mind, Proctor & Bounds had converted the original bonds into Sugar stock, securities that paid seven per cent at par. The difference—it was nearly three per cent—Proctor & Bounds had quietly pocketed. Then each time an accounting had been required they had covered their tracks by either buying or borrowing the needed amount of bonds. Afterward they had replaced them with Sugar stock.

"Yes, just a pair of thieves," groaned Gurney. "My employers—mine!—Proctor & Bounds!"

White and trembling, Mrs. Gurney gaped at him.

"Proctor too?" she faltered.

Gurney helplessly shrugged himself.

"What else?" he asked. Then he told her of the morning's happenings—how, first, as he felt, Proctor had affronted him, and how accordingly he had hated him. Afterward, though, Proctor had wiped out the sting of what he had said by a little burst of kindness, of friendliness. "He called me Jim—Jim!" said Gurney. "It was as if he looked up to me as a friend." On top of this Gurney laughed harshly. "Of course," he added sharply, scourged by another thought, "after all, it might have been only soft soap. Without a purpose a man like him wouldn't be friendly to a clerk—nothing but a hired man."

Mrs. Gurney glanced at him quickly.

"I don't believe it!" she announced firmly. "It can't be true."

Gurney was astonished.

"What!—don't believe they're crooks?" he cried. "Why, Lucy," he added hoarsely, "I've got them with the goods."

It was the first time Mrs. Gurney had ever heard him talk like that. Her look was painful.

"Bounds may be a crook," she answered, emphasizing the ugly word. "Bounds, yes!—but not Proctor. But that's not the question, Jim," she continued slowly. "The question is, What are you going to do?—you!"

"I?" He thought for a moment, his chin on his breast. "Look here," said Gurney, "you haven't answered my question—Do you want money, all that money brings—that and position? You've waited a long while for it."

"How am I to get it?" she asked.

He told her. With what he had against Proctor & Bounds—Bounds anyway—he could force them to give him anything he wanted—perhaps even a share in the firm. "Yes," he laughed harshly, "get my name on the door—get it on top, where it ought to be! Well, how about it?" he demanded. "Do you want what we've waited for so long?"

A pause followed. During it Mrs. Gurney stared searchingly into her husband's face. His eyes, though, did not waver, but held themselves to hers. It was as if each tried hard to read what was in the other's mind—the other's soul, rather. Then she slowly shook her head.

"Leave me out of it, Jim," said Mrs. Gurney quietly. "You'll have to decide that for yourself."

Gurney picked up his hat and trudged slowly across the room.

"All right," he said—"I'll decide."

A moment later she heard the front door close behind him.

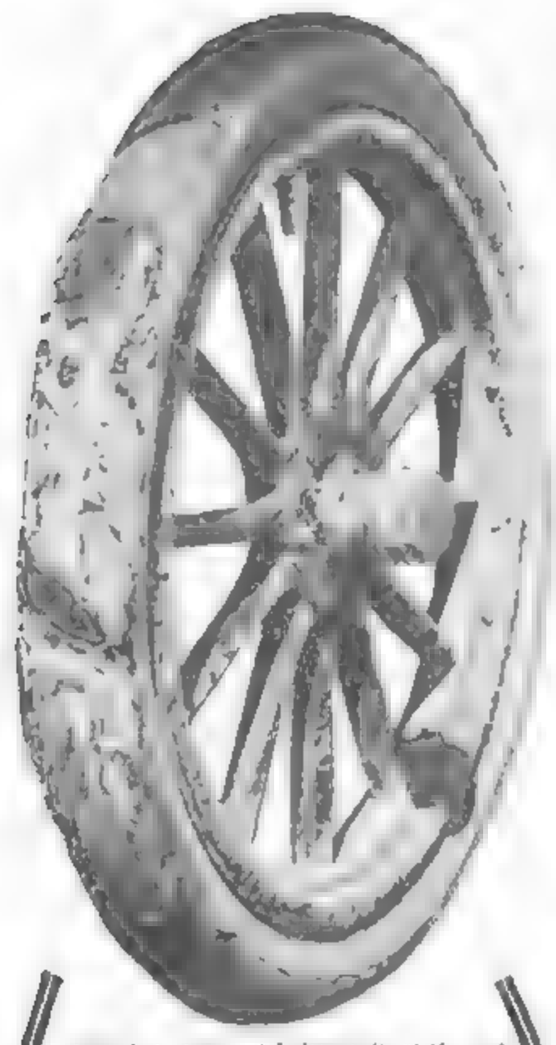
. . . . . .

At three o'clock Proctor came out of his room and once more glanced inquiringly at Gurney's vacant desk. Again and again that afternoon he had asked for Gurney, but no one knew where he was. Proctor looked concerned.

"One of you call up his house," he ordered. "See whether by any chance he's gone home ill." When the clerk started for the telephone Proctor halted him. "If he's not there be careful," he warned. "Don't alarm Mrs. Gurney." Then he turned to the others. "What time did Mr. Bounds say he'd return?"

Bounds had not said. At one he had come in, and almost immediately had gone out again. Proctor drew his lips together and scowled, and at this sign of disquiet the clerks exchanged glances. By now the news about the Union Sugar indictments was public property; it was rumored, too, that several of its high officials were in peril. Consequently, since Proctor & Bounds were of counsel for the company, Proctor had reason to look concerned. One never knew all the inside of such matters. For all to the contrary, Proctor & Bounds might have every reason to seem worried. Bounds, at any rate, was hand in glove with its officials.

"Let me know when he comes in—he and Mr. Gurney too," said Proctor, and slowly turned away.



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INTERLOCK

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Interlocks provide that much needed extra fabric strength which will make any tire blow-out proof, practically puncture proof and capable of fully twice the ordinary mileage—at the same time they save half your tire expense—save repair bills and give you that freedom from tire trouble and perfect confidence in your tires which greatly increase the pleasure of motoring.

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He had hardly closed the door behind him when the door opposite opened and Bounds himself came in hurriedly. His first glance was toward Gurney's desk, then to the corner where Gurney hung his hat and coat.

"Out?" he demanded, and with an abrupt gesture indicated Gurney's desk. When he learned that Gurney had gone out at noon and had not yet returned he nervously gnawed his mustache.

"H'm!" he murmured, and started for his room. Halfway there, though, he paused irresolutely and came back.

"By-the-way—er," he murmured, his tone suave, "Mr. Gurney—ah—when he went out did he get some—ah papers from my room?"

The two clerks looked at each other inquiringly, then doubtfully shook their heads. Neither had seen Gurney in the junior partner's room. They had just said this when the third clerk returned from telephoning Gurney's home. He was just in time to hear Bounds ask where Gurney was.

"Gurney? Oh, yes, sir!" he chimed in. "Mr. Gurney went home at the lunch hour. He should be here n w."

"Went home? What!" echoed Bounds. His eyes leaped suddenly and he wheeled on the clerk. "Went home?" he repeated, his voice cracking.

"Why, yes, sir!" said the clerk, and just then Gurney himself entered.

On the way down Gurney had thought it out again. Two courses were open to him: either he could profit by his discovery—choke Proctor & Bounds into giving him what he wanted, or he could do the honest thing—resign and then inform the firm's clients how Proctor & Bounds had been cheating them. In this, though, the honest way, he saw the peril clearly; for Gurney knew what happened in Wall Street to men that informed on their dishonest employers. More than once he had seen men blacklisted for this; bank clerks, bookkeepers, tellers—honest dullards who had testified against their superiors—told how the graft had been worked. There had been others like himself, too, the hired men of big law firms in the Street. It had made little difference how dishonest their employers had been; the mere fact that an employee had "split" was enough to damn him. Wall Street hates a "squealer."

What should he do? Gurney was no fool. He knew that about him were dozens of men, all high in fame, high in the money world, that really were no better than thieves—cheats who had robbed and grafted, but had managed to get away with it. One hears a great deal about any one who falls and is found out; but how about the one that steals and is never caught? Should he join himself with them?

Gurney had not decided. Closing the door behind him, he hung up his hat in the corner—perhaps for the last time, he told himself. Then leisurely he turned and came toward his desk. Bounds still stood there, his eyes fixed upon Gurney; behind him the three clerks hovered nervously, gaping open-mouthed.

"Mr. Gurney—ah—if you please."

Bounds' voice was suave, conciliatory. A bland smile had forced itself to his lips, but that inwardly he felt anything but cheerfulness was evident from his eyes. They were restless, evasive, tortured.

Gurney grimly followed him into his room.

"Close the door, please," begged Bounds. With a face like a mask Gurney closed the door. Suddenly, with a startling little giggle, Bounds thrust out his hand. "Gurney—Jim," he stuttered, "we—that is, I—I, you understand—Jim, I have good news for you. Sit down, won't you? Here, have this chair."

Actively he drew up a chair for Gurney and, with his hand on it, glanced at Gurney's face.

"Come, sit down!" he chirped, trying to be gay. "I've got news—great news."

Gurney shoved the chair away.

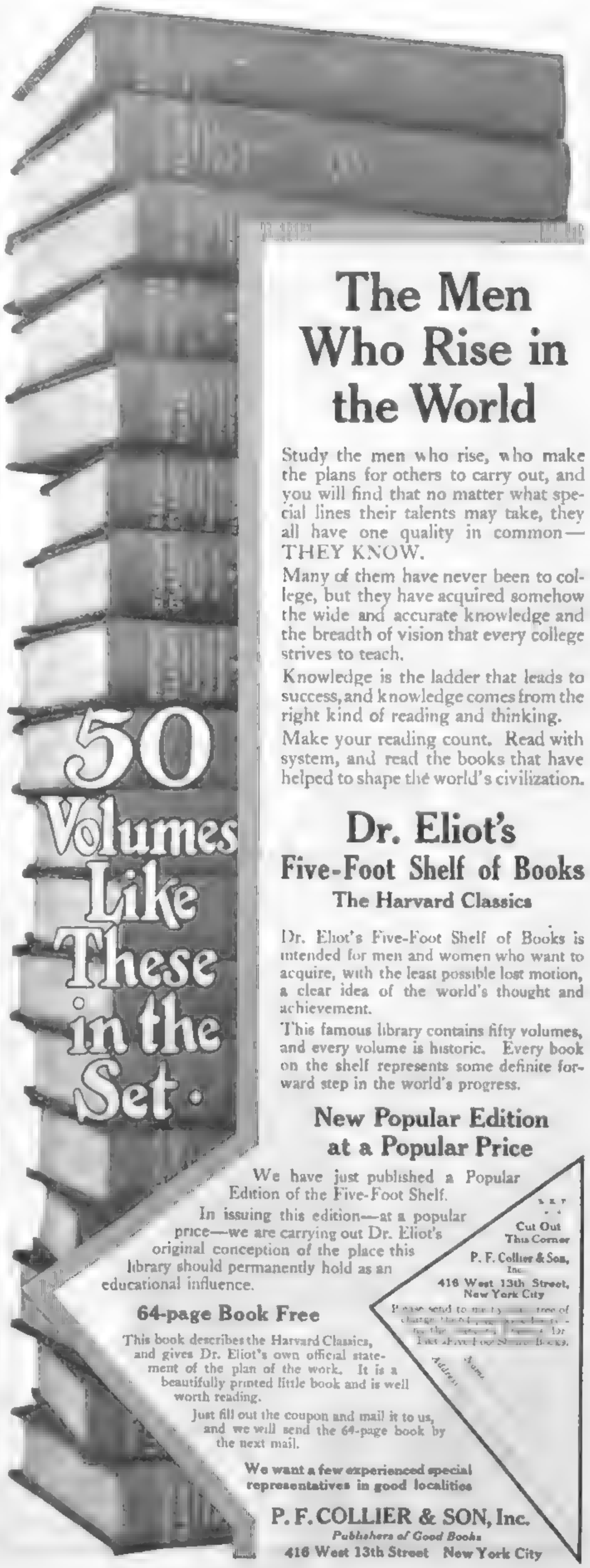
"What d'you want?" he growled.

If Bounds felt rebuffed it suited him to hide it.

"Why," he exclaimed, his voice cracking, "it's what you've been asking about for years—I mean recently," Bounds hastily corrected. "Your raise, you know; what I—that is, the firm—mean to do for you."

"Well?" inquired Gurney, his face a mask. "What're you going to do?"

For an instant Bounds wet his lips. Then, when he spoke, each word came from him like a missile, separately and convulsively shot forth.



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Many of them have never been to college, but they have acquired somehow the wide and accurate knowledge and the breadth of vision that every college strives to teach.

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Smoothest for your pipe

Velvet packed in convenient cloth bags—5c. It can now also be secured in one-pound glass humidors.

"Your services—long and honorable—we wish to reward. The salary—yours—I double it. One hundred dollars a week!" gagged Bounds, and sat down suddenly.

It was pretty crude. A moist, clammy pallor spread over Gurney's face, then he felt himself burn hot from head to foot. A hundred dollars a week! Five thousand a year! It was double what he had been getting—almost affluence for him; but when he spoke there was anything but gladness, gratitude, in the way he turned on Bounds.

"A hundred a week? Pshaw!" he rasped, and shrugged himself.

"But you don't understand!" cried Bounds, eager and hurried now. "In a year or so—less perhaps—a partnership! Don't you see? Yes, I promise it! I'll put it in writing!" Then, pausing, he let his eyes go cruising craftily over the floor. "I'd have done it long ago—taken you into the firm, I mean—only I couldn't." Another pause. "Proctor wouldn't let me," with an effort he blurted out.

So here it was. Gurney had what he wanted now. Gripping the chair before him, he looked up at Bounds, his face serene and satisfied.

"You scoundrel!" said Gurney quietly. "Do you think you've got enough to buy me? You go straight to the devil!" he announced.

It was raw—and it was also vulgar. Somehow, though, it filled Gurney with a depth of satisfaction. Bounds, however, had no retort to make. Instead he was staring over Gurney's shoulder toward the door. There stood Proctor, his face transfigured with astonishment.

"Here! What's this?" he demanded.

Gurney turned toward him.

"Oh, nothing," he observed calmly. "I've done with working for a gang of crooks! You can have my resignation."

. . . . . .

All that afternoon Mrs. Gurney sat in a chair, her hands folded, thinking. Once or twice she rose and made an effort to finish her housework, but her thoughts were too much for her. Not even work could bring forgetfulness of what was in her mind.

She had refused, with reason, to give Gurney an answer to his question. To have done it would have been folly. Had she urged him one way or the other, she would be bound in the end to regret it; for if Gurney seized his opportunity his conscience eventually would make him pay. If, on the other hand, he acted honestly—let slip the chance offered him—he might later, through failure, regret bitterly that he had. It was only human nature. Consequently her husband must fight it out for himself. There was no other way.

Nevertheless she still knew what he should do. He must resign. Only in this way could he save his self-respect. The decision, however, was not made without a full understanding of its penalties. Gurney was no longer young—he was forty-six years old. And what chance had a clerk forty-six years old to find himself another place? Mrs. Gurney lifted her eyes and stared about her. There had been times when the flat had seemed small and cheap and mean; now, somehow, it took unto itself a glory of homely ease and comfort she had never seen before. Success? She wished piously she had never heard the word! All she asked now was peace, ease of mind for her and hers.

At five Emily came in. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks tinted with excitement.

"Mother, what do you think? Mr. McDonald" he was her musical instructor "Mr. McDonald says that if I had a course in Dresden—say, a year or so—I could easily go out in concert. Don't you think I could?"

Mrs. Gurney rose heavily.

"Possibly—I don't know," she murmured. Then with a sudden thought she turned to the girl. "Don't worry your father with it, Emily—not now at any rate."

"But I mean to earn the money to go myself," protested Emily innocently. There was no imputation that he would not be able to supply it.

"Yes, I know," returned Mrs. Gurney; "but it will be time enough to tell him when you have."

Turning away, she walked into the hot, stuffy little box of a kitchen. Somehow the dinner must be prepared, and with heavy feet Mrs. Gurney set about the duty.

Six o'clock passed, then seven. At quarter past seven, with a worry she no longer felt able to hide, she went and looked out the front window, watching for Gurney. Emily, out in the kitchen, briskly rattled the pots and pans as she prepared to dish up the dinner. Gurney, however, was not to be seen; and apprehensively Mrs. Gurney drew back, trembling in spite of herself. That afternoon, when the clerk at the office had called her on the telephone, an ugly thought had jarred her. What if Gurney had been discharged? If he had been dismissed, not allowed a chance to resign, there was no telling what might happen. A man in his mood would readily do almost anything. Then, all her senses alert, Mrs. Gurney heard a key rattle in the lock, and slipping out of the room she darted down the hallway.

One look at his face confirmed her terrors. It was gray and drawn.

"Careful, Jim! Don't let Emily hear!" she warned, and grasping him by the arm she drew him into their bedroom.

"But I want her to hear!" protested Gurney. "It's best!"

Mrs. Gurney gulped down the lump in her throat.

"You've resigned, haven't you?—yes, of course! Tell me!" she demanded hurriedly.

Gurney looked at her, startled. Resigned? The question seemed to bewilder him.

"But you did—didn't you?" she persisted. "Jim! Jim!" she cried appealingly. "Don't say you haven't!"

"Yes, I resigned," said Gurney harshly. "I resigned—but they took me on again."

"Took you on again!" exclaimed his wife. "What do you mean?"

Then Gurney told her. It was a long tale, told brokenly and with painful effort. When it was finished Mrs. Gurney sat back and rocked herself to and fro, her face in her hands and crying. In her tears, though, there was neither pain nor regret. One heard in joy and relief.

Gurney had made good at last! Moreover he had made good in the way she had hoped.

When Proctor had stepped into Bounds' office the colloquy that followed had been brief and stormy, but conclusive.

"He knew nothing about anything; he'd only guessed it," Gurney told his wife. "It was the Sugar scandal that made him smell a mouse. Bounds all the time had been coaching those Sugar crooks how to rob the Government, and the minute Proctor saw Bounds' private correspondence he knew what his partner had been doing—but not all," added Gurney thickly. "He hadn't even so much as dreamed that Bounds was a thief—that his partner had been robbing the estates he managed. It was the way Bounds had grown rich. The amount ran into thousands—hundreds of thousands! Before he quit Proctor made Bounds write out a check for part of it and a note for the balance."

Mrs. Gurney leaned toward him and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"But you—what did you do?" she whispered.

"I?" Gurney stared at her dully. "Didn't I tell you?"

"No," she said. "You told me only that the firm—Proctor, I mean—had taken you back. Did you force him?"

Gurney stared at her agape. Then, to her inconceivable astonishment and dismay, Gurney threw back his head and roared.

"Good Heavens, Lucy!" he choked. "You don't mean I haven't told you? What?"

He certainly had not.

"Well," said Gurney leisurely, "at six o'clock Proctor came out of his room with a paper in his hand. Bounds had just gone. 'Jim,' Proctor said to me, 'the firm of Proctor & Bounds has just been dissolved by mutual agreement.' Then he laid the paper on my desk. 'Jim, just stick your name down there,' he said, and put his finger on the line. So I signed, thinking it was just as witness to the dissolution. Then I looked up at the heading Can't you guess?" cried Gurney, and looked at her, his eyes moist.

She shook her head.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Gurney.

"Lucy," Gurney almost shouted, "what I'd signed was an agreement—articles of copartnership—the firm of Proctor & Gurney!" Then he reached over and grabbed her. "Say, don't you understand?" he demanded awkwardly. "I've made good, old girl! When I came away the sign painter was just putting my name on the door—at the top too—savvy?" said Gurney, and choked.

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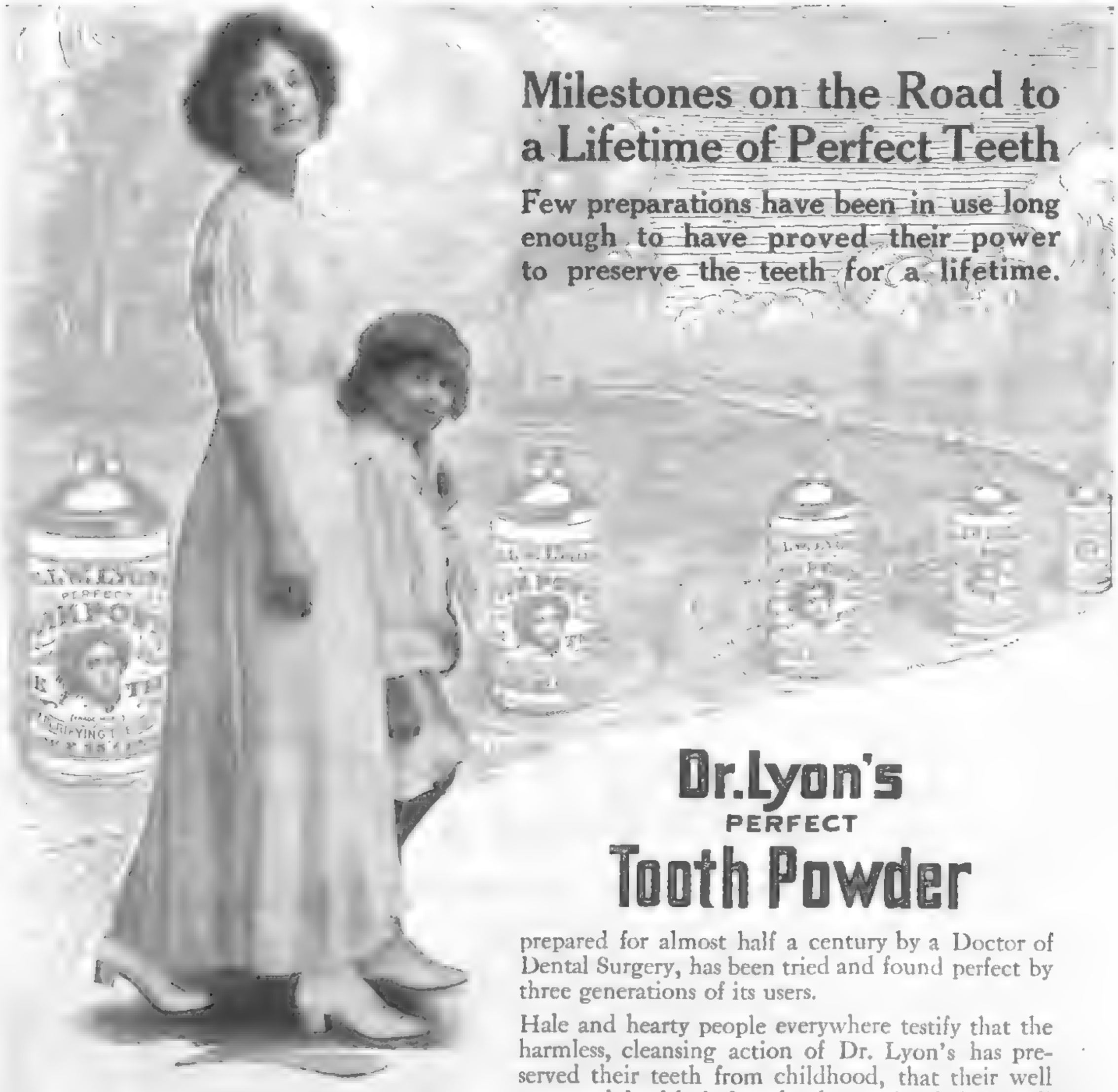

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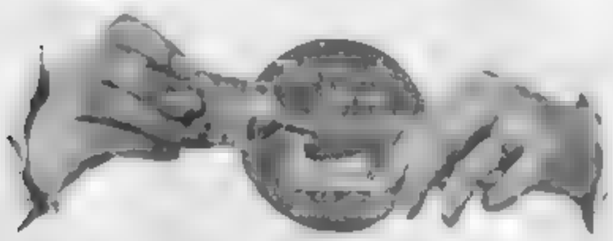

Never Forgotten or Ignored

THE DISCIPLINE COMPANY

(Continued from Page 11)

not heed him. That was his form of terror delirium, of death panic. He scarcely lowered his head; and they could hear him shriek once as, his lungs burned out, he plunged down the stairs.

What had they gained by staying behind? That one door was the only way out. Up forward, in the farthest corner of the great room, a little glass-walled office with its nightlight still stood intact; and, half crawling, half jerking themselves along by the table legs, the two Callahans had started for it. The old man pushed Manny after them—but to what good? If there was any fire-escape it was on the court. The fire itself now barred them from it—and that meant death. They were a hundred and fifty feet above the ground. No life-net was good at more than fifty—and that meant death. As he thrust Manny ahead of him for the last forty feet to the little office, all that—this hope and its rejection, that chance and the thing that took it away again—whipped through his old fireman's mind with a terrible, swift steadiness, like the flickering film of a biograph.

Blown upon by a heat that grew and grew, the upper windows had now begun to shatter out. He knew that they could bulkhead themselves in that little office for just so long as its glass partitions held. When they went—that meant death. Behind and above them, as they flung themselves along, touched by that swirling sandstorm of fire, the covers and flimsy on the tables, level with their backs, had begun to catch and blow about. Death seemed to be rushing ahead of them—to be reaching down and trying to head them off; and in the all-comprehending clairvoyance of such moments he suddenly and strangely understood that it was even this thing—it was death—that he had been wishing for since the morning. The next moment there came back to him the realization that Manny—the Babe—was there along with him!

Bat Callahan, through the doorway first, tried to close the door upon Pidge; and Pidge, in his turn, tried to close it upon the rest of them.

"You kikes!" cried Manny—and then he, his father, saw that Manny was waiting for him, was trying to get him through ahead of him! They both fell through together and again the door was closed. For an instant, under the office nightlight, Manny turned his face upon his father quaveringly. "Any chance, dad?" His mouth still carried its great smear of blood.

Seeing it then, in his agony the captain could have cried to Heaven, but only a choking guttural came from his throat; and he could only press the boy's shoulder and push him after the two Callahans again.

Once more they were at least doing the right thing in their brute-beast panic. They had got the window open. The air from it, though smoke-laden, came in with a coldness of Paradise, and now they were fighting each other to be first through. When once all four of them were on the sill outside and the window was shut again behind them, that would add its seconds—it might be even minutes—to their span of life.

The sill, so far as could be seen for the smoke, seemed to stretch in both directions in a little ledge or cornice. The big iron shutterpins offered handhold enough and the hollow of the window alone was of a width to take them all; but once more, as soon as they themselves were through it, the Callahans tried to close it after them.

"By ——!" cried Bat Callahan, kicking backward at the old man. "How many d'yuh think there's room for out here anyway?"

Merely as his captain, he could have torn him loose and flung him to the asphalt; but he only drove him over to the left and thrust Pidge after him. Then he lifted and put Manny through.

"It's all right, dad," said the boy. "I'm done with them! I'm makin' it now with you."

Again, as he himself began to labor through, all power of speech went out of him; but "Maybe," he gasped at last "Maybe they can get us with the hooks!"—the scaling ladders.

"Sure! Sure they will!" shrieked Pidge. "When they can see us they will!"

As he could now see for himself, it was not merely the height they were at that was dangerous. Directly beneath them at least two engines—and probably three—were at work under forced draft. It was the smoke-reek from them that had come into the window, and it filled the street. With every moment, too, it was growing thicker. The gale, sweeping the Avenue, drove and banked the smoke into the narrowness of that side street as in a cañon. It was doubtful whether they could even be seen now from the windows opposite—and, late on Christmas Eve, in a business quarter, who would be there to see them?

"Why don't yuh say they'll get us with the eighty-foot extensions?" yelled Bat Callahan, with blasphemies.

"Gag it, will you? Gag it!" cried Manny. "I'm done with you. I'm wearin' the uniform!"

"Sure you are! An' soon enough you'll be wearin' it in hell!"

If they could not hope to be seen still less could they hope to be heard, for from those steamers below them there came up the all-deadening pump-throb and the ear-benumbing blow-off of the steam. Crowded together in the window though they were, they could scarcely hear each other. Their shoutings were like shoutings in nightmares, which produce no sound. . . . Two more windows had blown out, belching new smoke-gusts flecked with flame. When their window in its turn went they would be like flies blown upon by a naphtha torch.

Nevertheless, there still remained one chance, the very barest chance—the signs.

Big, gilded wooden display names set in wire mesh, they masked the corner of the building diagonally and one below the other as far as the eye could see—probably down to the second story. The angle-irons above and below, that held the signs in place, seemed to be very frail—they gave merely with the wind pressure; but those stretches of wire mesh, one touching the other, made a ladder almost to the street, and the little ledge or cornice on which the four were standing extended to the corner. Then why had they not followed it to that ladder of signs in the beginning?

Because their ledge was not more than nine inches wide at most and it was filmed with ice; because to the corner it was at least ten feet, against the gale, and with no shutterpins to hold to; and because, even at the corner, the nearest spread of meshwork would still be out of reach. Only by flinging themselves out, one hundred and fifty feet above the pavement, was there a chance of their being able to strike their fingers through the lower meshes. That was all—but there was nothing else!

"The signs, boys! Go to the signs!"

Bat was nearest the corner; then Pidge; then he, the old man himself; then Manny. Bat would have to go first.

"The signs! Go to the signs!"

Bat merely turned and frothed at him: "Sure, yes! We can fly to them like angels!"

"All right. You know the company you belong to. I've got to make you."

. . . . . .

Sometimes terror delirium takes its man at once, as it had taken young Hogan—and sometimes progressively, as it was now taking both the Callahans. Bat was cursing and swearing unbrokenly. When for a moment he stopped it was only to search his soul for new blasphemies, while Pidge beside him had gone back fifteen years to Mother Church and the prayers of his last communion. He prayed as the language came to him—in a dry patter—his eyes fixed, seeing and hearing nothing.

In every one terror delirium is in one way the same—no reasoning can break through it, and no physical punishment. One thing only can force it to action—as he, the captain of the discipline company, had learned in a thousand fires—to substitute, for the fear of a death still some moments away, the certainty of a death that must be instant. Pidge's left hand held to the shutterpin, and stretched behind him Bat's right hand gripped to it above. One quick wrench and Bat's hold was broken. A following heave of the shoulder and both of them had been thrust at least a foot farther along the ledge. And then, levering from Pidge, the old man began to bend them both strongly forward and from the wall!

"What you at?" screamed Bat, and he sank his clutching fingers almost into

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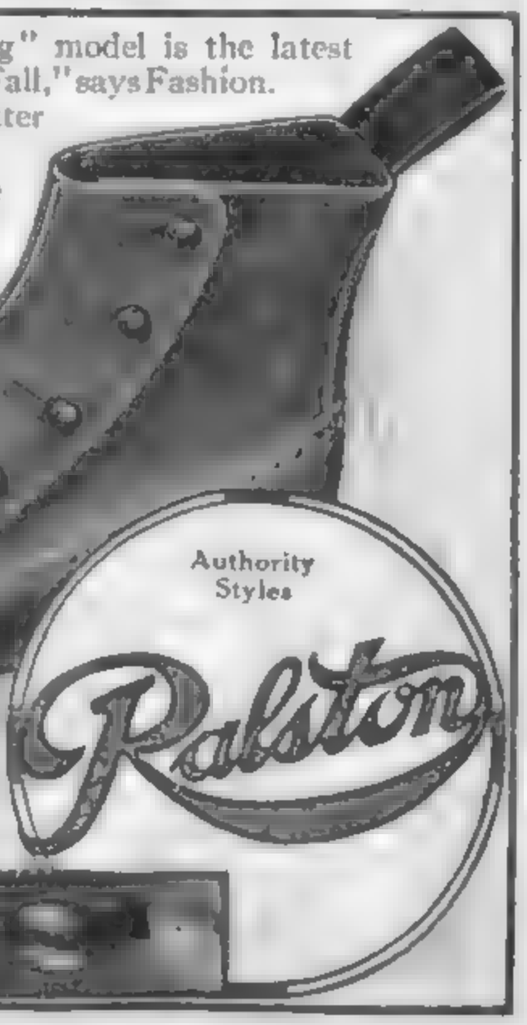

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Pidge's body. "You white-headed old ——! What you tryin' to do?"

"You're goin' to go to the signs or—you know the name I've got—I'm goin' to put you down!"

With another wrench he broke Pidge's grip upon the pin. For every inch, too, that he bent Pidge forward, Bat, being at the end of the lever, had to go two. His jaw jerked from side to side like that of a mad dog.

"Get hold of him, too, Pidge! If we go he goes along!"

He saw to it, however, that Pidge did not get hold of him.

"I'm the only man in the department that'd do it—I know now that's why I'm here—an' if I'm only good for this ——"

Bat mouthed and slavered:

"You got us up here—an', by ——, we roast together!"

One of his lurching throwbacks all but had the captain down of itself. Only by putting forth his full giant strength could the old man straighten them up again.

Again, too, for a moment he waited. Caught by the gale, a frozen spurt of spray leaped up through the murk, further to ice the little ledge.

"All right!" he said. "This time you're goin' to go!"

And again, with Pidge fighting fearfully to beat him off, he began to bend them forward.

And this time it was enough.

"I'm goin'! I'm goin'!" Bat swayed drunkenly. "But, my God, gimme a chance! Gimme a——"

He fairly ran! How he kept his balance no one could ever say—but he kept it. He seemed to make his last two steps and his leap together, and he caught the meshwork!

He caught it! Something snapped and the sign sagged down—but it held. And they could see him dropping crazily, hand over hand, and reaching the one below.

From far below, called by a second and a third alarm, the gongs and sirens of twenty companies now came up to them. And Pidge, shuddering and shaking, was praying like a man about to be laid on an operating table from which he never expects to rise.

"I'll be makin' my prayer for you, too, my boy. But you've got to go!" A hot waft of smoke blew upon them from round the corner. On that side, too, then, the windows were out. "Quick, boy! Quick!"

And—perhaps Pidge's prayers had helped him—for the minute his knees ceased to be of water. His face had the blank whiteness of the blind, but his body stiffened itself against the wrenching wind. Foot by foot, like automatons, his feet still moved him sidewise. At last, with a great cry, Pidge, too, could fling himself at the meshwork.

Again something broke snappingly. Yet for Pidge, too, somehow the sign still held. It was his new grip on life itself. And having made it he went down faster than Bat had gone.

From behind Manny the window next their own had now burst out. It was pouring its great gout of smoke and burning flimsy almost over his shoulder. In his eyes was the look of those who look on death, and he had moved a little closer to the old man. Yet, other than that, he showed no weakness.

"Good business, dad," he panted—"an' now it's you."

"Oh, Manny boy!" he almost laughed. "Are you thinkin' it would 'a' took my heft, even at the beginnin'?" He twisted his captain's helmet from his head and let it drop. "That'll maybe help to hurry them for you." Then, catching the boy about the waist, he flattened himself back into the hollow of their window and began to draw him strongly past. "I only want you should know that, back there in quarters, I didn't mean—I didn't mean ——" They were now clasped breast to breast and for a moment their grip tightened. "And, Manny—Manny boy—I want, too, that you should go back—to the old woman."

"Oh, dad—dad!" the boy broke out—"an' me been doin' you dirt ever since I been born!"

Again, for answer, he merely continued to push him on.

"If there'd been any way I could 'a' sent you first! But I can help you some. Keep a hold o' my hand—that'll take you nearly half the way; an' keep lookin' up till you make your jump." His eyes seemed to feed upon him—and "like as a father pitieth his children ——"

Back of the captain, and this time from his own window, a fragment of glass the size of a boy's kite fell out. His right hand, still clinging to the shutterpin, blistered there; but he did not know it because of what—with no helmet to protect him—his head and lungs were taking now.

When smoke is hot enough it acts almost exactly like ether or chloroform. He saw Manny jump—or he believed he saw him jump. And he kept telling himself that he must not follow until the boy had time enough. He must not follow for a long time yet. . . . But now he could not seem to remember what Manny—what the Babe—had been doing and why he must not follow him at once. . . . Though he fought against it, he took another great stupefying breath of smoke. . . .

And then it was as if everything had at once become clear again. He had been teaching the Babe to walk—he had just left his hands; and now, with a run, he was in his mother's. She was crooning over him and clutching him to her. . . . He must go and take him back and start him again. . . .

Flung upward by the gale, another jet of icy spray struck cold upon his face. . . . He must have been asleep. But what was he doing? And why had he to walk sidewise? And why did he seem now to be going to sleep again? But he must not—because, when he had got himself so far, for some reason he had to jump. And then suddenly he knew that he was falling!

He was falling; but, with that innate instinct of his twenty years of fires, he spread-eagled as he fell. He spread-eagled, and his right hand caught something. His weight tore him loose—but not before his left had all but made its grip. And then his right, lashing out again, was able to make a grip that held. He started to lower himself, felt himself weaken—and then some one was holding him!

It was the big Clancy boy of 307 truck—a boy he had disciplined two years before.

"It's all right, cap. You're out on first! An' the three others—they was on bases too!"

Clancy seemed to have his hook. And another big truckman was swinging out from his hook and life-belt beside him.

"Hold hard now! The extension's up—but we've got three stories more to go to it."

. . . . . .

When he came to again, in a doorway out of the worst of the smoke and slop, it was Manny he saw first. Quite plainly he was unhurt. Chief Haynes was on the other side.

"Well, Lord help us, cap, an' they didn't get you this time either!" Through the jangling clutter of horses and backing and turning apparatus the Big Chief himself had just swept, clanging in; and Haynes, deputy now, had a minute for his wounded. "Gettin' your lungs clearer?"

The captain did not try to answer. Still with eyes on Manny he took a long breath—and then another.

"An' the Callahans?"

"Oh, them! As I understood it they've gone for help. An' they're goin' yet. That's two more vacancies you're goin' to have for New Year's."

"The quitters!" said Manny, and he put on his helmet again.

Somewhere a chime of bells had begun to ring. The old man tried with difficulty to get up.

"I'll be needin' a new line for the eleventh; an'——"

"What the —— You're goin' home—that's where you're goin'—or to the hospital! The department cab is waitin' behind you. An' you can take the boy along. Neither of you's goin' to be any dang good to us—see?—till tomorrow mornin'; so go home and have a little Christmas tree."

As his hearing came back to him the bells rang louder and louder.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old ——

"Tell Desser," he said thickly, "to put Fenlon on the desk."

"We'll put the desk on Fenlon in about half a minute!"

They crowded him into the big red department runabout and crowded Manny in after him.

Oh, ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low ——

But the boy had closed his hand upon his father's and kept it there as he might have done twenty years ago. And so, not speaking—because they could not have said what they wanted to say—they went home to the old woman together.

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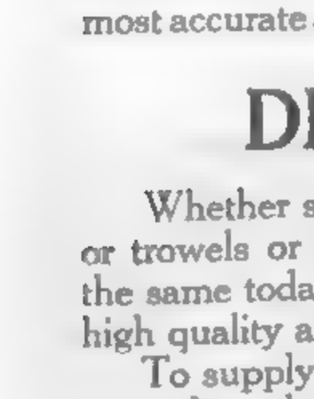

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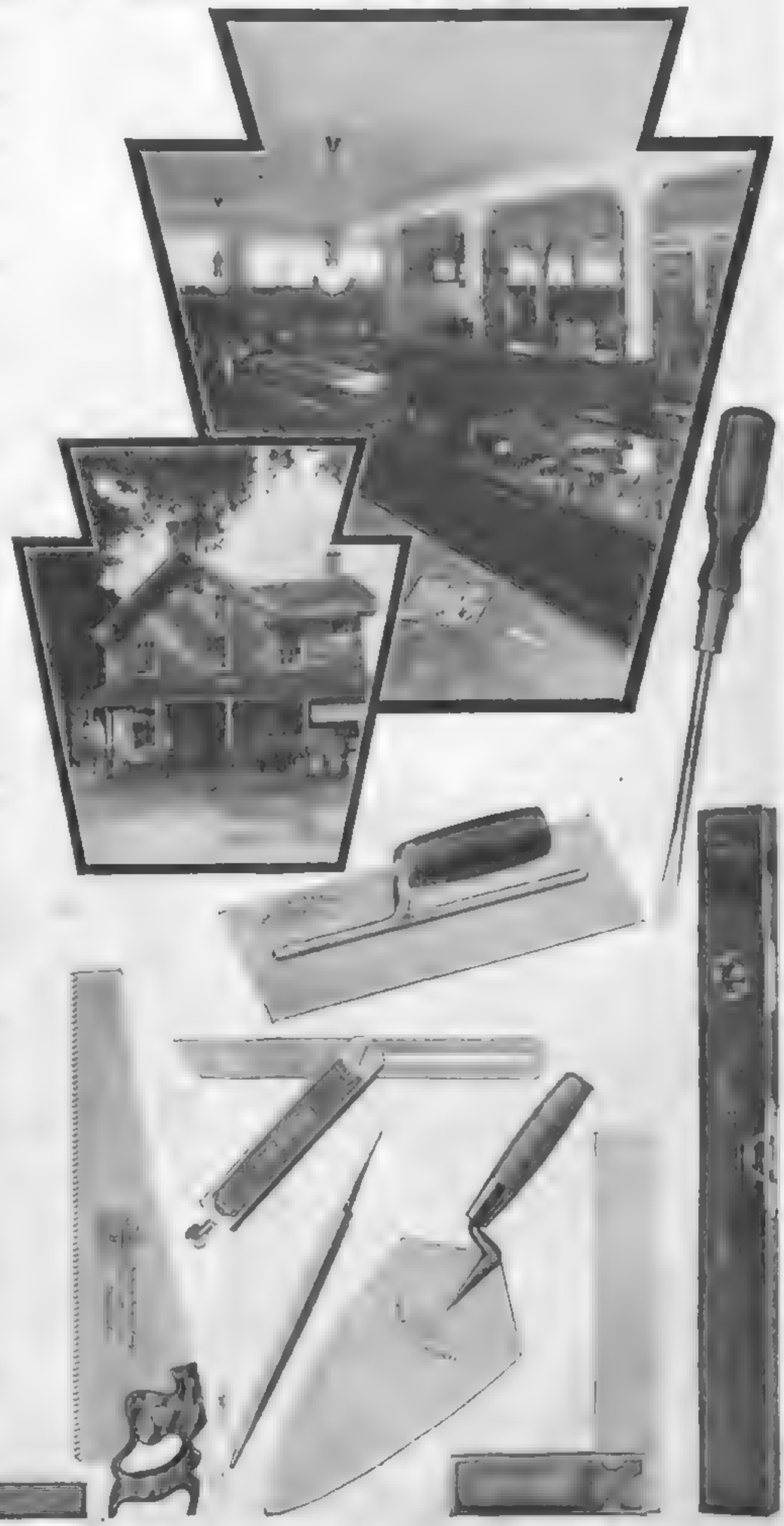
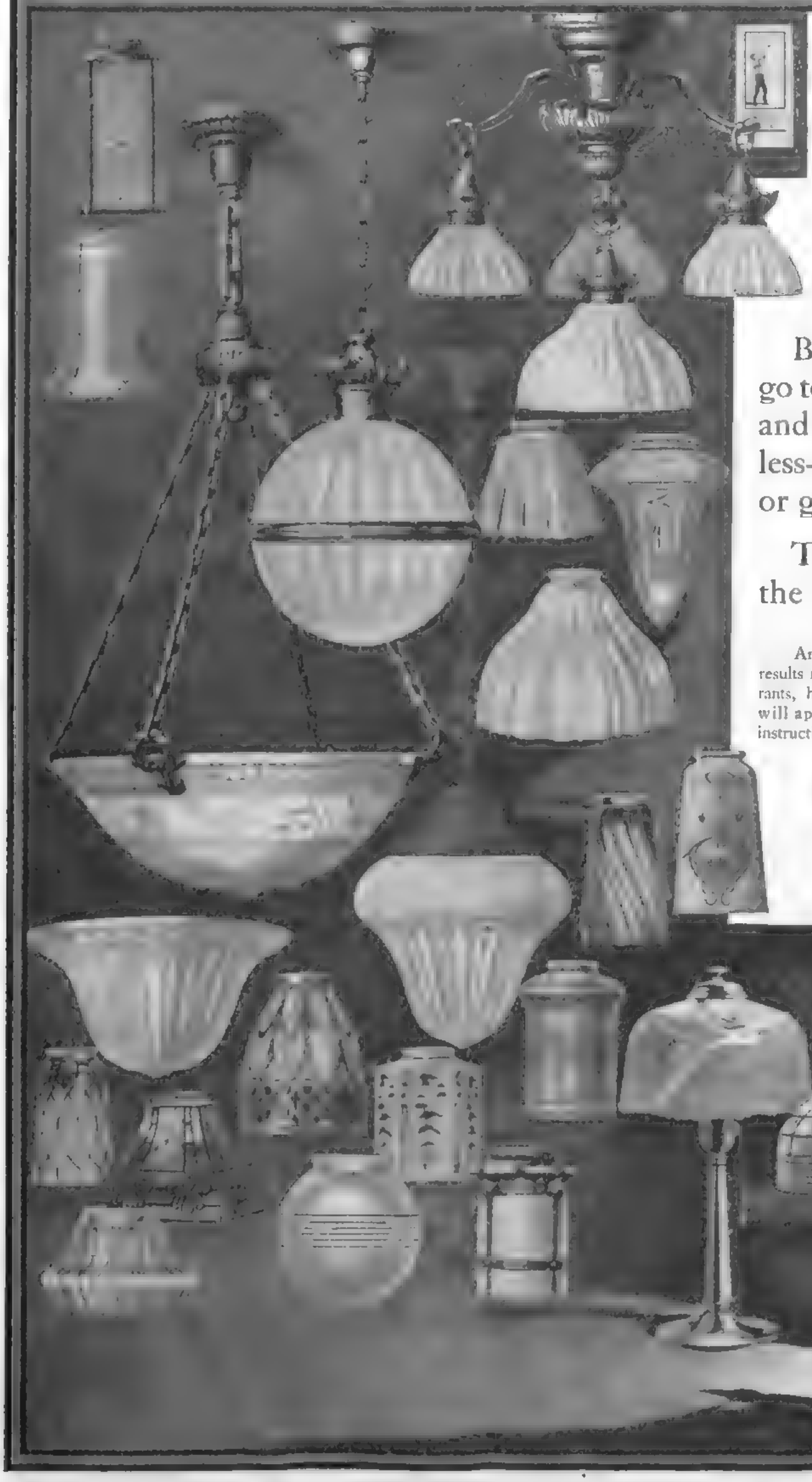
Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel and File Works
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY PITTSBURGH



Better Light

means better business, better health, better homes, —better everything that makes for efficiency, comfort and happiness.

Better light and beauty can go together just as well as not; and they cost no more—often less—than ugliness, with gloom or glare.

This is mostly a matter of the right shades and globes.

Anybody interested in good light and its valuable results in the home and in the office, in stores, restaurants, hotels, public buildings and other public places will appreciate our very complete, handsome and instructive Catalogue No 42 of glassware for lighting.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co
Pittsburgh

Show-rooms also in

New York	Boston	St Louis
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SILVERSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

Silverside continued firing, and presently there came a more violent concussion and from beside the schooner sprang a sudden glow. There was the sound of a heavy report and a reverberation was tossed about from side to side of the lagoon. I guessed at once what was afoot. Cullom must have had a small gun stowed somewhere aboard, and he had got it up on deck and was firing at the flash of Silverside's rifle. The report sounded like that of a modern, breech-loading gun, a one-pounder perhaps. The drunken fool must have known how slim a chance there was of hitting anybody, but no doubt he was elated at the recapture of Delphine and was firing in silly bravado. Whatever his motive, nothing could have served me better, as the concussion was sure to frighten off the sharks while the absurd display would attract the attention of the crew.

As I swam on I almost smiled to myself, and the words of an old-fashioned doggerel began to jingle in my brain:

"I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I hate for to cause him pain;
But a —— of a spree there's sure to be
When I get aboard again."

Over on the beach Silverside was working cleverly, for now and then he would fire two shots almost simultaneously, and I knew that this was to give the impression that the two of us were together. Then Cullom's one-pounder would bark and the basin of the lagoon amplified it to a roar. I could imagine the drunken brute firing away at Silverside's flash while the blacks craned their necks and watched admiringly, with never a thought of the fate that was gliding down in the arms of the new flood tide, breathing hatred and vengeance, while Cullom safeguarded the most dangerous part of the passage with the detonation of his one-pounder.

A puff of air, the forerunner of the night breeze off the land, brought down to me the taint of powder smoke, and it seemed as though old memories began to awaken, old instincts to revive. The current was carrying me swiftly and soon the dark, slack sails of the schooner loomed ahead. A few minutes later the long jib boom shot out like a lance and I found myself against the forefoot of the schooner. The tide was rippling past her short-hove cable and the flare of her overhanging bows sheltered me from possible discovery. I hoisted myself across the bobstay, stood up, and gripped the martingale guy. Then I climbed softly upon it and hauled my head above the bulwarks, looking down the sweep of her deck.

Standing by the windlass, his back to me, was a native who from his manner of holding himself looked to be an old man. At the foot of the foremast were four of the crew and farther aft were several more. I saw Cullom's white figure in the stern. He was sighting the gun, and as I looked there came a report and a shell went humming away to the beach. Before the echo had died I was up over the bulwarks and on the deck. The moon had risen and its horizontal rays struck me, and as I straightened my body the old man by the windlass turned and looked at me. He tottered back, clutching at his body with both hands, and I saw the shine of his eyeballs. His face was working and he seemed trying to speak. I took a step forward and he screamed.

"Missi Ames! Missi Ames!" he cried, then turned and bolted away aft. I sprang to the windlass and wrenched out one of the iron brakes that was still shipped, for Cullom was only waiting for the breeze to get his anchor and go out. My fingers closed round the iron and I swung it up.

The scream of the old man was echoed from down the deck. With an answering roar I sprang forward. Although I did not realize that the man had called me by name, the panic did not surprise me. I had counted on something of the sort. Afterward I understood that the old savage had taken me for the avenging spirit of my father, in whose massacre he had no doubt played his part.

As I rushed down the deck the panic became a wild stampede. I overtook a man whose foot slipped in a mass of stinking oyster filth and struck him down, crushing the dome-shaped skull as one would break an egg. Howling like dogs the natives fled aft and leaped over the taffrail into the lagoon. Only one man turned to face me, knife in hand, and him I dealt two blows. The first broke his arm like a twig; the second tore the top of his head away, and I leaped over his body to reach Cullom who was standing by the gun like a man dazed. He screamed as he saw my face and flung out both his hands, and I saw that he was unarmed. Then turning he ran abaft the wheel, and stood there glowering at me over the spokes like a wild beast at bay.

I glanced round the deck. There was not a living thing in sight. The stage had been cleared, as one might say, for Cullom and me to play our final act. I let the windlass brake fall on the deck beside me and walked slowly toward him. He gave a sort of growling whine—the same noise that a dog makes when caught to be beaten—then turned and slunk back against the gallows-frame, which took the weight of the main boom when the sail was slacked down. I thought at first that he was going to leap overboard after the blacks, but maybe fear of the sharks prevented.

I walked up to him slowly and again he threw out his arms in front of him, though he must have seen that I was empty-handed.

"What are ye," he snarled—"man or de'il?"

"You know who I am," I answered, and took a step nearer. His eyes shone at me like the eyes of a cornered rat.

"Then y'are his son?" he whined.

"Yes," I answered, "I am his son—just as this is his vessel, The Christian Faith."

To this day I believe that until I spoke the man was overcome with superstitious fear. He probably heard the "Missi Ames" screamed by the old savage, and then, seeing my face, took me, as had the black, for the avenging spirit of my father. No doubt the resemblance between us may have been strong in that hour, for even as a callow youth fresh to all emotion Fairfax had recognized me from my likeness to my father. But for Cullom the sound of my voice broke the spell, and as he realized that he had to deal with flesh and blood and not a spirit, his strength came back and he sprang for me.

I met him body to body, chest to chest, and my arms slipped under his and gripped him round the small of his back. I forced him against the gallows-frame, a sort of scaffoldlike affair that had a transverse beam a little less than waist high to brace the two upright joists. Only for that we would have fallen; as it was he braced himself against it for a moment and we stood there locked in each other's grip. I dropped my head, driving it under his chin. He shifted his hold, trying to get his arms under mine, and failing in this his thick hands went to my throat. But my chin was against my chest and he could do nothing.

And then I began to put out slowly the strength that God had given me, and as my grip tightened I could feel the breath as it was squeezed from his quivering body. I began to force him back from above, driving my head against his throat while my arms took up the slack as he yielded. His body began to bend backward, for I had him against the transverse beam of the gallows-frame and he could not fall.

Backward he went, slowly backward, for I took my time. I knew that the sodden strength was running out of him like water from a sieve and that it needed only a minute or two to leave him like putty in my hands. Still I pressed him back until it seemed to me that I had met with a sudden resistance. But there was nothing there to take his weight, and as I forced him down across the transverse there came a sudden jar—and I knew that his back was broken.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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On either the 5 H.P. or 7 H.P. you may now have either style of drive preferred.

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Write today for our *new* free Catalog!

Car makers with an estimated production of over 300,000 cars for 1913 have contracted for the New Stewart Speedometer as standard equipment

Model B $50
Model B-1 $85
(Clock Combination)

A tribute to the excellence of this truly splendid instrument

The choice of 70 car makers—passed on and approved by the engineering staffs of 70 car factories, producing many of the best known and some of the highest priced cars made in this country, selected in competition with all other makes of speed indicators and at a higher price than others could be purchased for. They most heartily endorse the grade indicator (*used exclusively in Stewart Speedometers*). They are agreed that it is the most essential feature that has been incorporated in a speed indicator. Combined with the many other important points of superiority, it made it impossible for them to decide on any other instrument.

The Grade Indicator is an Absolute Necessity

It teaches a driver just what to expect and what not to expect from his car.

It tells him when to shift gears in climbing hills or steep grades.

It tells him what to reasonably expect from his car in the way of power and speed when ascending grades.

It tells him the proper spark position.

It tells him when he is straining and misusing his motor.

It tells him when he is really on a grade and prevents him blaming the car for want of power and speed.

It saves many an unjustified complaint and the need of many an ignition or carburetor adjustment.

They Selected the Beautiful Stewart Speedometer

Because the costly materials and excellent workmanship appealed to them.

On test the instrument proved remarkably accurate at all speeds.

The Temperature Compensator was approved of because of its extreme simplicity, insuring the instrument to be accurate in all temperatures.

It was agreed that the grade indicator was a real necessity and would be in great demand.

The Odometer—one of the most important units of a speed indicator—was perhaps the feature that brought out the most enthusiastic comment. Its simplicity—its sturdiness—the absence of springs—its large size and big, plain figures were especially commended.

The driving equipment was highly complimented; the Unbreakable Steel Flexible Shaft—the Drop Forged Swivel Joint (another exclusive Stewart feature)—the Noiseless Road Wheel Gears.

Most 1913 cars will be equipped with the Stewart Speedometer. Insist that your new car be so equipped.

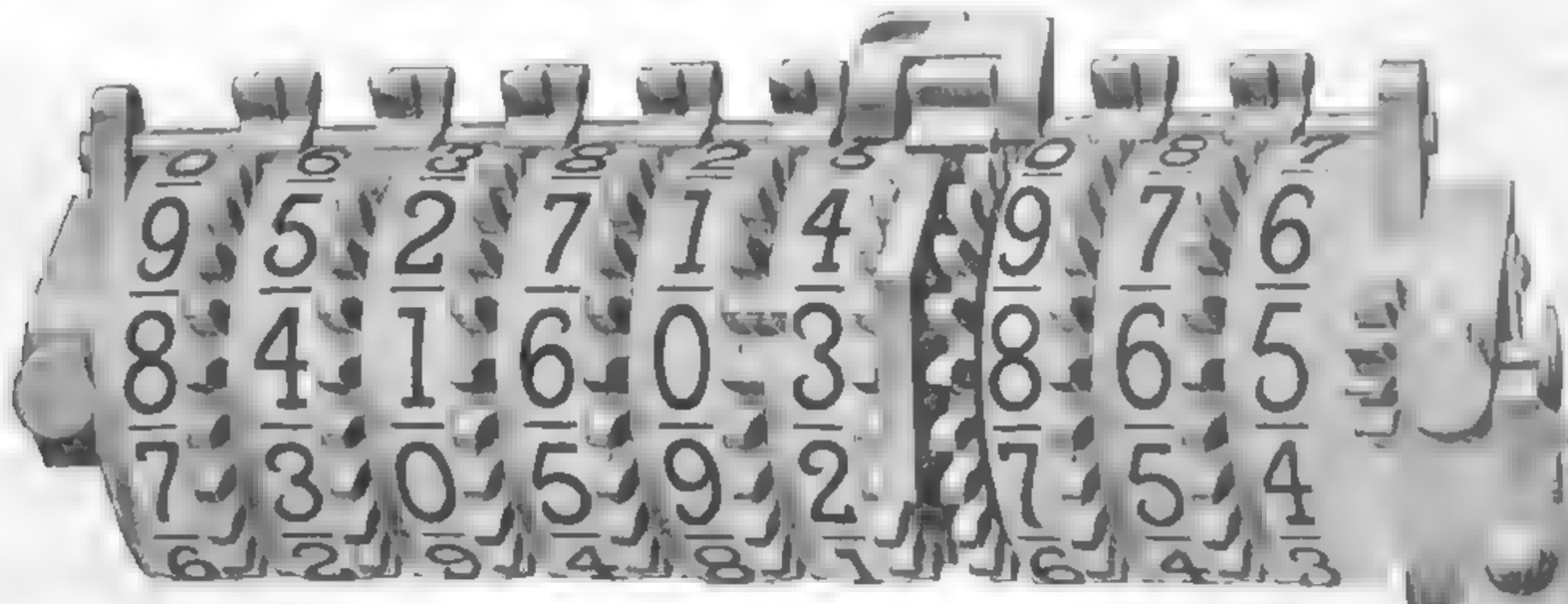
Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company

1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, London, Paris

A Dependable Odometer, a Necessity

Car buyers have a right to expect and should insist on getting a really reliable odometer with their speed indicator



The Stewart Odometer

The Odometer is Your Automobile Accountant

If well constructed it will accurately register your mileage. A great many dollars can be saved on tires by having such an accurate record, as tire companies depend entirely on your odometer (if a good one) when making tire allowances. The odometer audits your gasoline account, oil supplies and battery service. Tells you when it is time to change oil, if you use a reservoir system.

It will tell you how many miles you have covered since you purchased your car—very essential information to have when ready to buy a new one. With a poorly constructed, inaccurate odometer, a car is not given credit for actual mileage. It becomes impossible to follow road maps when touring without a dependable trip register that will accurately record even tenths of miles.

A high grade odometer of the Stewart kind is particularly suitable for this accurate work and will stand up under the severest automobile usage.

Odometer Construction

A hard bronze gear train with number wheels and gears integral. Large wheels positively driven, each wheel locks into its proper position. Big, plain figures, easily read. No ratchets, no springs, no lubrication necessary, consequently no grease to work out and make the figures unreadable. The Stewart Odometer can be driven 2,000 miles per minute. In fact, every odometer is tested out at this rate. It's a reliable auditor, accurate, durable, to be depended upon constantly. Season odometer registers 100,000 miles and repeats. Trip odometer registers 100 miles and can be rapidly reset to any tenth of a mile by means of a special resetting device.

Insist on such an odometer for your car.

Not a Bicycle Odometer

It requires a big plant, large capital, much special machinery and a great output to make a really reliable odometer such as all Stewart Speedometers are equipped with.

The Stewart & Clark Mfg. Co. make their own odometers. We do not depend on outside sources of supply. We aim in our big plant (the largest speedometer factories in the world), to make practically every part that enters into the construction of our instrument and equipment.

Even a good speedometer is useless without dependable driving equipment

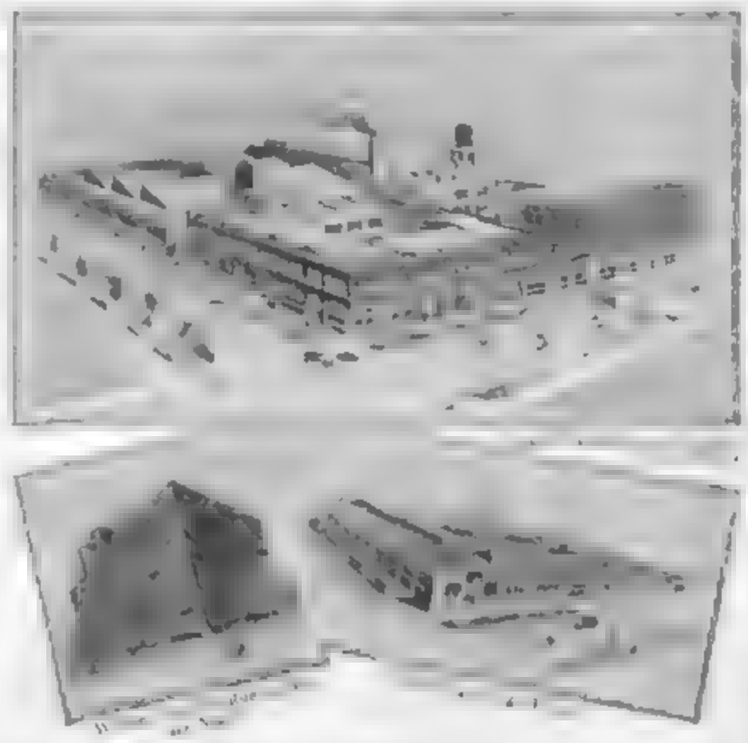
It behooves car users to look to the driving equipment of the speed indicator offered them. More troubles arise from poorly constructed flexible shafts, inferior swivel joints, weak attaching clamps, and noisy road wheel gears than from any other cause.

Most Important of All is the Swivel Joint

Don't accept any but a drop forged swivel joint. Why not insist on the best when you can get it without extra cost? You would not let the salesman tell you that a malleable iron axle was just as good as a drop forging. The ***forged*** swivel joint is just as important to continued satisfactory service of a speedometer as is a forged axle to the car.

Our experience has proven that the cast swivel joint could not be expected to stand up under severe automobile service. We therefore equipped a plant to forge this joint; they are then machined all over, hardened and heat treated. To be absolutely right on the swivel joint it must be a ***forging. The Drop Forged Swivel Joint is an exclusive Stewart feature.***

Of next importance is the flexible shaft. We make our own flexible shafts. Twenty years' experience in this one line has enabled us to produce an unbreakable flexible shaft that will outwear the car. Made of three-quarter round special steel wire, with outer casing of triangular steel, rust-proof. Steering arm fittings are of steel, strongly made, designed to hold the swivel joint and driving pinion rigidly in position. Road wheel gear is made of heavy cast steel, with milled teeth of broad profile. This gear is noiseless, something that will be particularly appreciated by owners and makers of quiet running cars.



If you select a car equipped with Model B Speedometer, you will be insured against speedometer trouble. Remember it is the only speedometer with which it is possible to get a Grade Indicator, the big, reliable Stewart Odometer, Stewart unbreakable Flexible Shaft and Drop Forged Swivel Joint.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company

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If you are now wearing
PHOENIX SILK HOSE
50¢ MEN'S
you already know the wonderful quality and beauty of this most economical of all SILK hose. You will therefore more readily appreciate the extraordinary utility, elegance and comfort of our
New Double Knit Silk
an extra heavy weight for Fall and Winter wear. Made from very heavy pure thread silk, lined with lisle to give weight and warmth. It has all the luxury of all-silk with the necessary warmth to give comfort on the coldest days. Buy a pair and try for yourself—the mere statement that this new and wonderful hose has all the elegance of the PHOENIX SILK HOSE you are accustomed to wear, should induce you to try it.

If you have never worn
the best possible way to win your favor is to have you buy a pair of our new marvel in hose making—the
75¢ WOMEN'S
Phoenix Double Knit Silk
an extra heavy weight for Fall and Winter wear—pure thread silk of the same quality used in making the costliest silk hose, but knit with a lisle thread lining to give warmth and weight.
Once you have experienced for yourself the luxury and economy of PHOENIX SILK HOSE you will want to wear it every day in every season of the year. 5000 dealers throughout the country are now showing our
New Double Knit Silk
Buy a pair and if, after trial, you do not find it the most remarkable hose value you ever saw, return to the dealer and get back your money.

MEN'S new double knit silk No. 288—50c. pair, 4 pair box $2
WOMEN'S new double knit silk No. 395—75c. pair, 4 pair box $3
ALSO—FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR
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WOMEN'S extra heavy No. 370—$1 pair, 4 pair box $4
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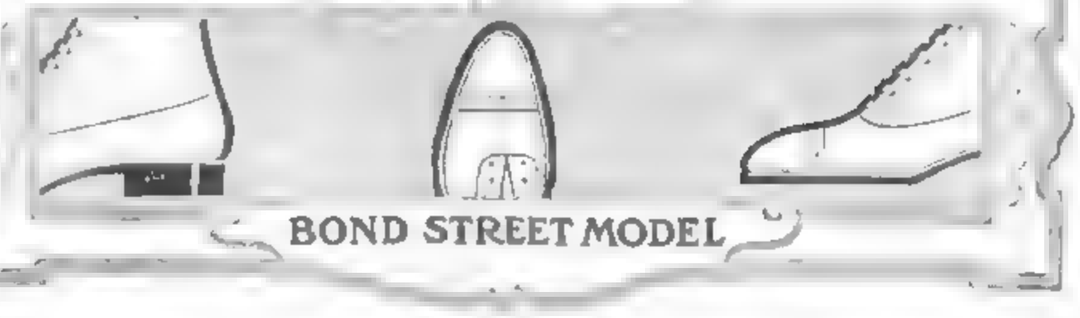
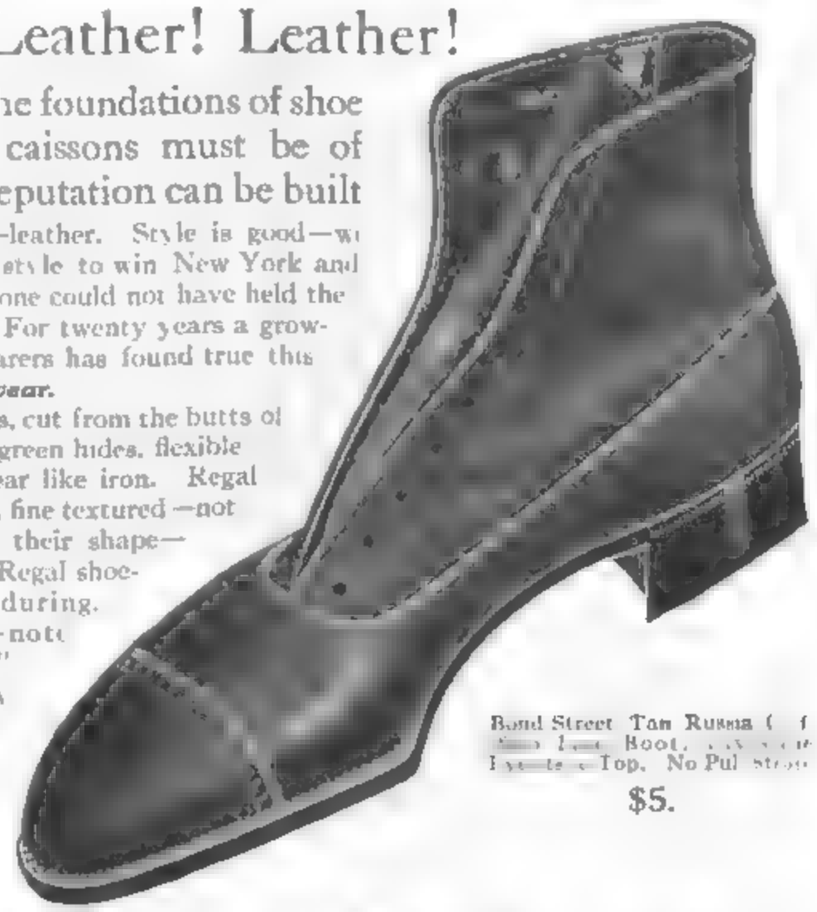
The Phoenix Muffler Makers



Leather! Leather! Leather!

Down deep in the foundations of shoe reputation the caissons must be of leather. Shoe reputation can be built of but one material—leather. Style is good—we had to be leaders of style to win New York and London—but style alone could not have held the vast Regal clientele. For twenty years a growing army of Regal wearers has found true this deeper fact—*Regals wear.*

Regal oak-tanned soles, cut from the butts of fine South American green hides, flexible tough—these soles wear like iron. Regal uppers—close grained, fine textured—not only wear, but hold their shape—do not stretch out. Regal shoe-making is solid—enduring. And again—style—note this "Bond Street" one of our many new London models. Flat English lines, narrow custom toe, elegant custom shoe-making.



Bond Street Tan Russia Calf Blucher Boot, [illegible] Top. No Pull Straps.
$5.

REGALS

FREE—The Regal Fall Style Book
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REGAL SHOE CO., 269 SUMMER STREET BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.

The General Manager of a Great Department Store

said: "There are more $10,000 a year positions in the merchandising business than there are men to fill them. Right now I have several vacancies of this character."

THIS Manager goes on to state that the $10,000.00-a-year men he is looking for are working for meager salaries in subordinate positions for which they are not qualified. They would make good if they engaged for work for which they are fitted. It's the old story of the square peg in the round hole.

In lesser degree his statement is true of our own organization. We have positions which will yield $5,000.00 a year. We can not find the persons to fill them. The men and women for whom we are looking are—many of them—working for mere laborers' pay. They can be found in clerical positions—positions which bring them barely living wages. They have not given their INITIATIVE a chance. Yet in those persons, undreamed of by themselves, are the very qualities which would bring them a handsome return if properly applied.

In June we paid one of our field-workers $450.00; another $250.00; another $200.00. Others earned like amounts. Each month we pay similar salaries to men and women who, in promoting circulation, have found the work for which they are fitted.

Just so, many others who are now striving to make both ends meet on insufficient wages will find their success in representing this company. Men and women alike will earn the salaries they need by doing what hundreds have already done.

We do not ask any one to surrender his present position. Many of those now enjoying handsome profits at first gave only their spare time to our work. Later, by reckoning their increased earnings, they convinced themselves that by devoting their whole time to it they could triple and quadruple their incomes. Most of those to whom this advertisement is addressed will convince themselves the same way.

We want $5,000.00 men—$5,000.00 women—men and women who are not earning the salaries to which they are entitled. Square pegs in round holes. If you are one of these—if you are sincerely interested in bettering yourself, write us today.

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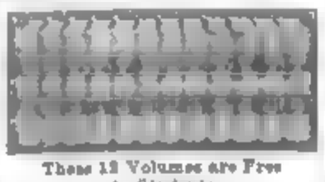

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Suite 29, Schiller Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

5A Horse Blankets
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THE STANDARD
The longest wearing. The most satisfactory. Sold by dealers. Look for 5A—the mark of quality.
WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ADVENTURES OF ANASTASIUS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I hope you will give me the pleasure," he said.

"I don't remember," said the girl, with a puzzled look.

"It was at the Anstruthers' we met, I think," replied the unknown, lying with a cool audacity Anastasius could not have beaten.

"I think you must be mistaken; and yet ——" Moya handed him her program with a smile.

When he gave it back she found he had penciled his initials three times upon it.

"Really," she said as she scribbled "Moya Yorke" on his program, "I shall not be able to spare you more than one."

At this moment his companion appeared. The first comer turned. A glance at his card had served his purpose.

"Do you know Mrs. Yorke, Daintry? May I introduce Lord Daintry?"

So Moya achieved a second partner. Anastasius had the first dance with her; but after that he found that the ball was somewhat slow.

Moya had no difficulty in securing partners. Her great trouble was to get rid of them. It was not her dancing alone which proved her attractive, but her conversation. She was so palpably youthful and her eyes were so innocent that, when she prattled artlessly about the old friendship which existed between her husband and her host, it was not really amazing that those partners should think any financial information which came from her smiling lips must of necessity be without guile.

Thus, before the supper dance half a dozen men had acquired the information that Demetrius Boulger had advised his oldest friend to "Get out of Amalgamated Back Blocks!" And ere the strains of the last waltz died away the information had passed from lip to lip with the usual intensification; so that, of the two thousand guests present, at least a thousand went home with the firm conviction that in the flotation of Amalgamated Back Blocks Demetrius Boulger's usual acumen had failed him, and that every one who had invested money in that undertaking would be well advised to sell their shares before the inevitable smash.

Moya had set the stone rolling down the hill to some purpose, but how effectively neither she nor Anastasius suspected until the next morning. At the dance she had hardly time to think of the effect her confidential disclosures might produce—and, after all, it seemed such a harmless little fib. She whispered it to her partners in rose-festooned arbors, because that was exactly what Anastasius had brought her to the ball to do; but since the finest orchestra in London condescended to play waltz tunes in the palace Boulger had erected for the night, amid the riot of color and the glitter of diamonds, it seemed to her that her tiny morsel of information would be forgotten as soon as it had been imparted. She told Anastasius so as, in the flush of the morning, the motor car whirled them back to Glamour Street.

"It may be so," he answered. "Though, after supper, I found that three or four men came to me and were pumping me to find out whether I knew anything." Then he turned the conversation. "You seemed to enjoy it all, Moya."

"Enjoy it!" She laid her head back on the cushions of the car and was silent. Her eyes shone. Words failed to express her emotions. Anastasius looked at her enviously. All the evening there had grown upon him the impression that he had been neglecting the treasure within his reach in the attempt to get something intrinsically much less valuable.

The car pulled up; Anastasius alighted and assisted Moya to the ground. She took her latchkey from her bag and entered the outer door. Anastasius followed her upstairs and waited till she entered her own flat and had switched on the electric light. He did not linger over the good night and had turned to depart when a cry of dismay greeted him.

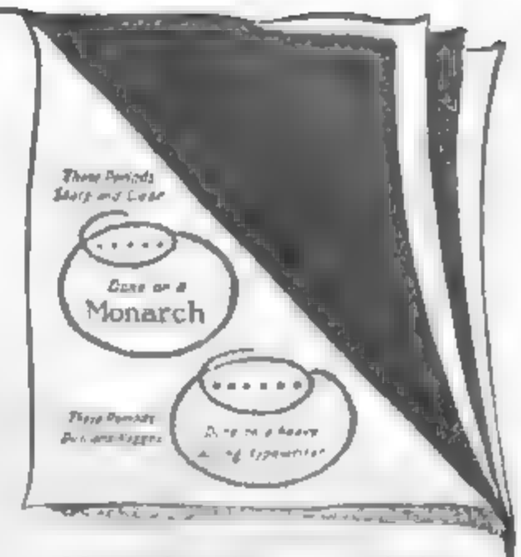
"Why, what's the matter, Moya?"

"I've nobody here to unhook my frock!" she cried.

"That's easily remedied," he said. "I have no doubt I can be lady's maid if I try."

He proved a clumsy one, but Moya dared say nothing. She could see the reflection of

The Carbon-Copy Test that Proves the Superiority of the work produced by the Monarch.



Try this experiment: Take several sheets of writing paper with carbons between; place them on a flat surface and *drop* a lead pencil, point down, from a height of 18 or 20 inches. Note the clearness of the dot, even on the bottom sheet. Now make a dot by *pressing* the pencil into the paper, and then examine your carbon copies. The top one will show clear enough but the others will be faint and blurred.

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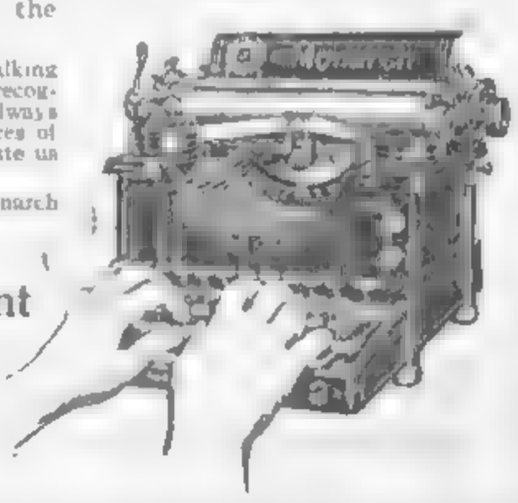

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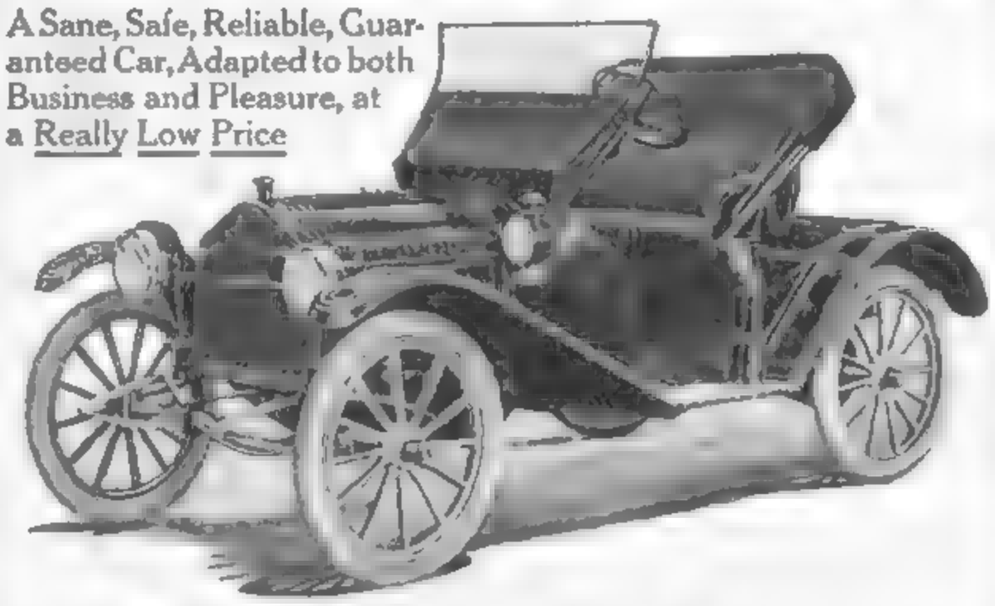

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his face in the mirror and noticed that its expression was tense. She could see, too, that his fingers trembled. When the hooks had been unfastened he pressed a kiss on her shoulder and, without a word, departed.

She heard his footsteps echoing on the stairs, the slam of the front door, the whiz of the motor as it bore him away; but she did not move until absolute silence prevailed. Then she stood up and faced the mirror and smiled at the smiling face she saw there before completing her disrobing and seeking the cool sheets which awaited her.

Of course she overslept herself the next morning; it was noon before she entered the office of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington. All the other typists were there vigorously typing out letters.

Moya took up the draft which one of them was copying. It was a letter to a client announcing that Messrs. Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington regretted to announce that, owing to the fall in the value of the shares of Amalgamated Back Blocks, the sum of ——, which Mr. —— had deposited as cover, had proved insufficient and the firm had been compelled to close the deal.

"He wants three hundred of these before the evening post," said the girl.

Moya nodded and passed straight on to Anastasius' room. He was seated at the table with the telephone before him.

"Ten-shilling sellers, did you say? Very good. I'll buy at that—as many as you can get, up to fifty thousand. No; I shall not want to carry over. I'll take them up if necessary." He hung up the receiver and turned to Moya.

"You've brought off the biggest coup I've ever had!" he said; and for once his wonted calmness deserted him. "Amalgamated Back Blocks have fallen from thirty shillings to ten shillings, and they are tumbling over each other to get out."

Moya smiled.

"I don't mind how soon you take me to another ball," she remarked.

"I think we might run up West to lunch, Moya," Anastasius replied. "I've an idea that neither of us will want to do much work today."

"What about those letters?" she said.

"Go and tell the girls I'll give a sovereign to the one who types the most; and if all are done before five o'clock they will each have ten shillings," he said. "And, Moya ——" He laid his hand gently on her arm and looked into her eyes.

She jerked herself away and, with an enigmatic smile, disappeared into the outer office.

Anastasius took the little book with red covers and frayed edges from his pocket and made an entry to the following effect:

"The man who tells himself that he understands a woman writes himself down a fool!"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series by G. Sidney Paternoster.

A Counterargument

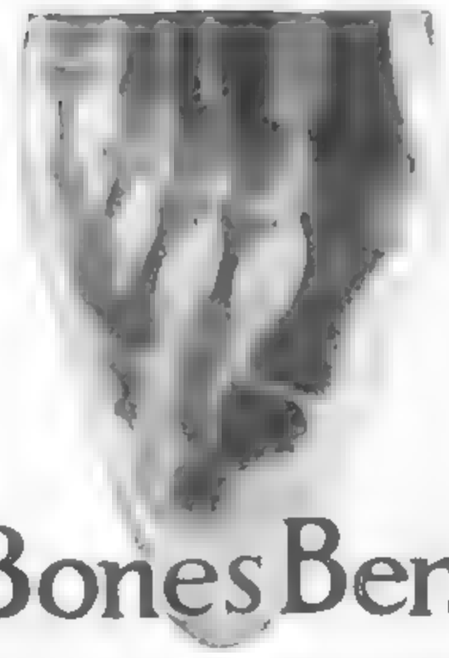
GENERAL BASIL DUKE, of Louisville, one of the few surviving brigadiers of the Confederacy and the commander of Morgan's Cavalry following the death of his brother-in-law, General John Morgan, told this story recently at a reunion of the survivors of the Battle of Shiloh.

He said that during one of the Tennessee campaigns Morgan's men surprised and drove back a regiment of Federal troopers. In the midst of the retreat one of the enemy, who was mounted upon a big bay horse, suddenly turned and charged the victorious Confederates full tilt, waving his arm and shrieking like mad as he bore down upon them alone. Respecting such marvelous courage, the Confederates forebore shooting the approaching foe; but when he was right upon them they saw there was a different reason for his foolhardiness.

He was a green recruit. His horse had run away with him—the bit had broken; and, white as a sheet and scared stiff, the luckless youth was being propelled straight at the whooping Kentuckians, begging for mercy as he came.

Jeff Sterritt, a noted wit of the command, stopped the horse and made a willing prisoner of the rider. Sterritt, who had not washed or shaved for days and was a ferocious-looking person, pulled out a big pistol. "I don't know whether to kill you right now," he said, "or wait until the fight is over!"

"Mister," begged the quivering captive, "don't do it at all! I'm a dissipated character—and I ain't prepared to die!"



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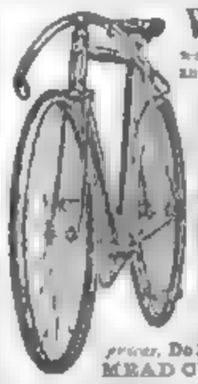

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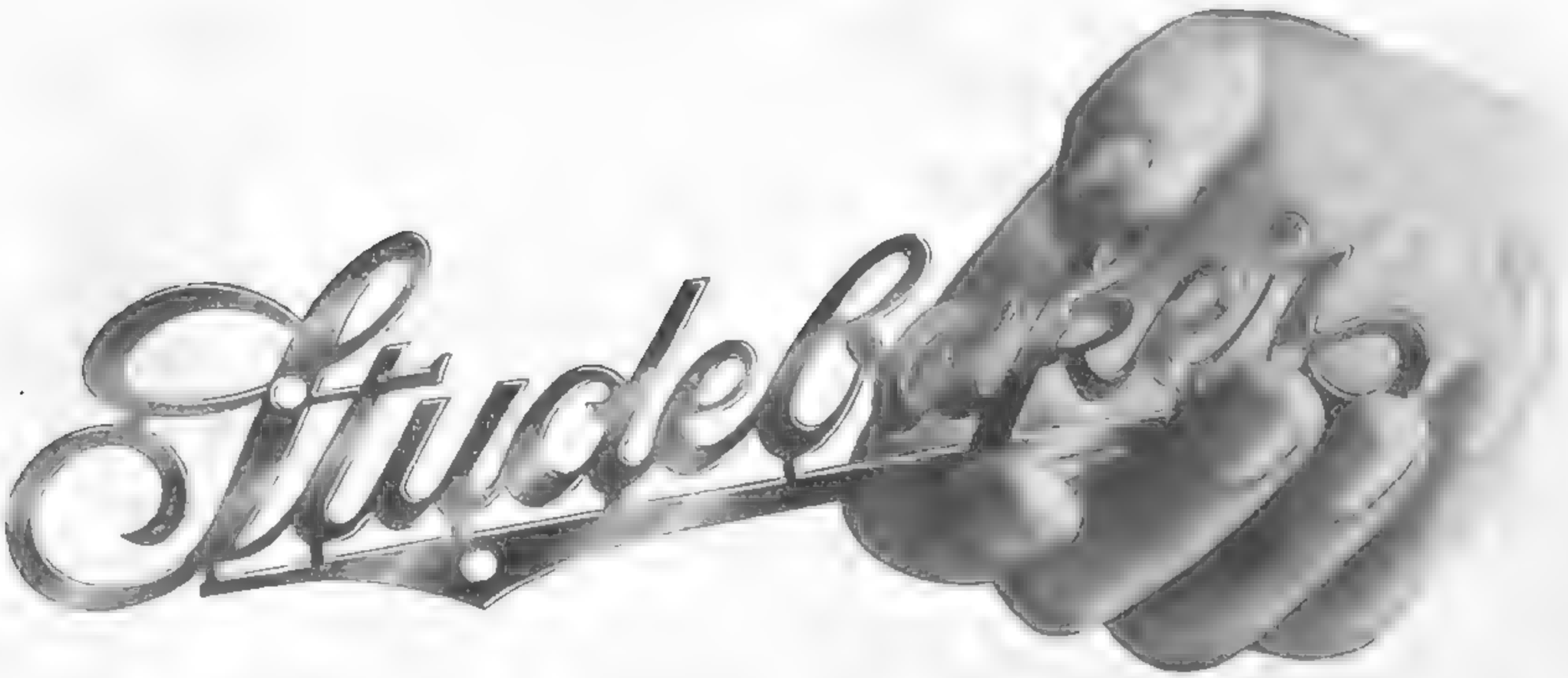

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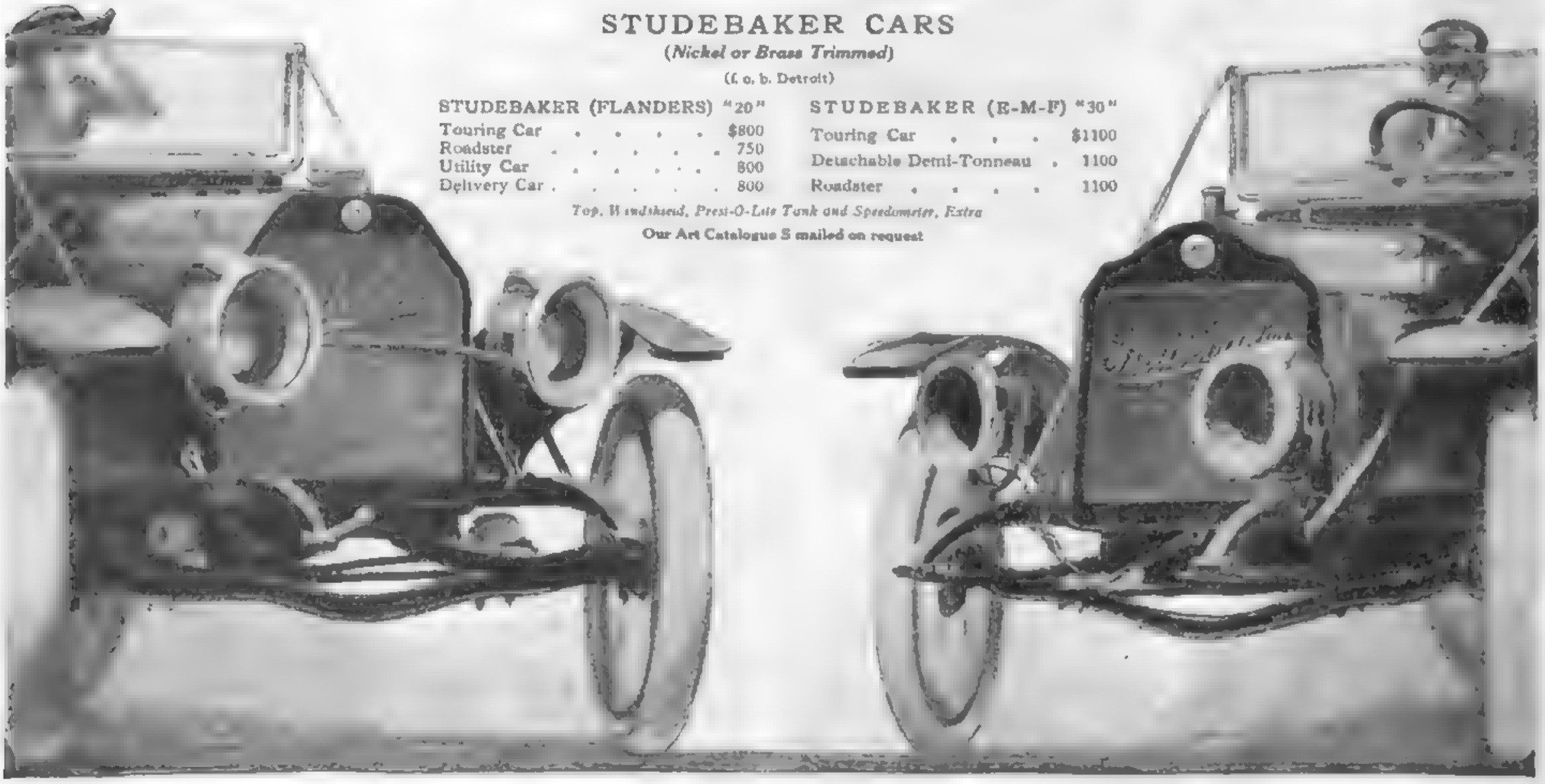

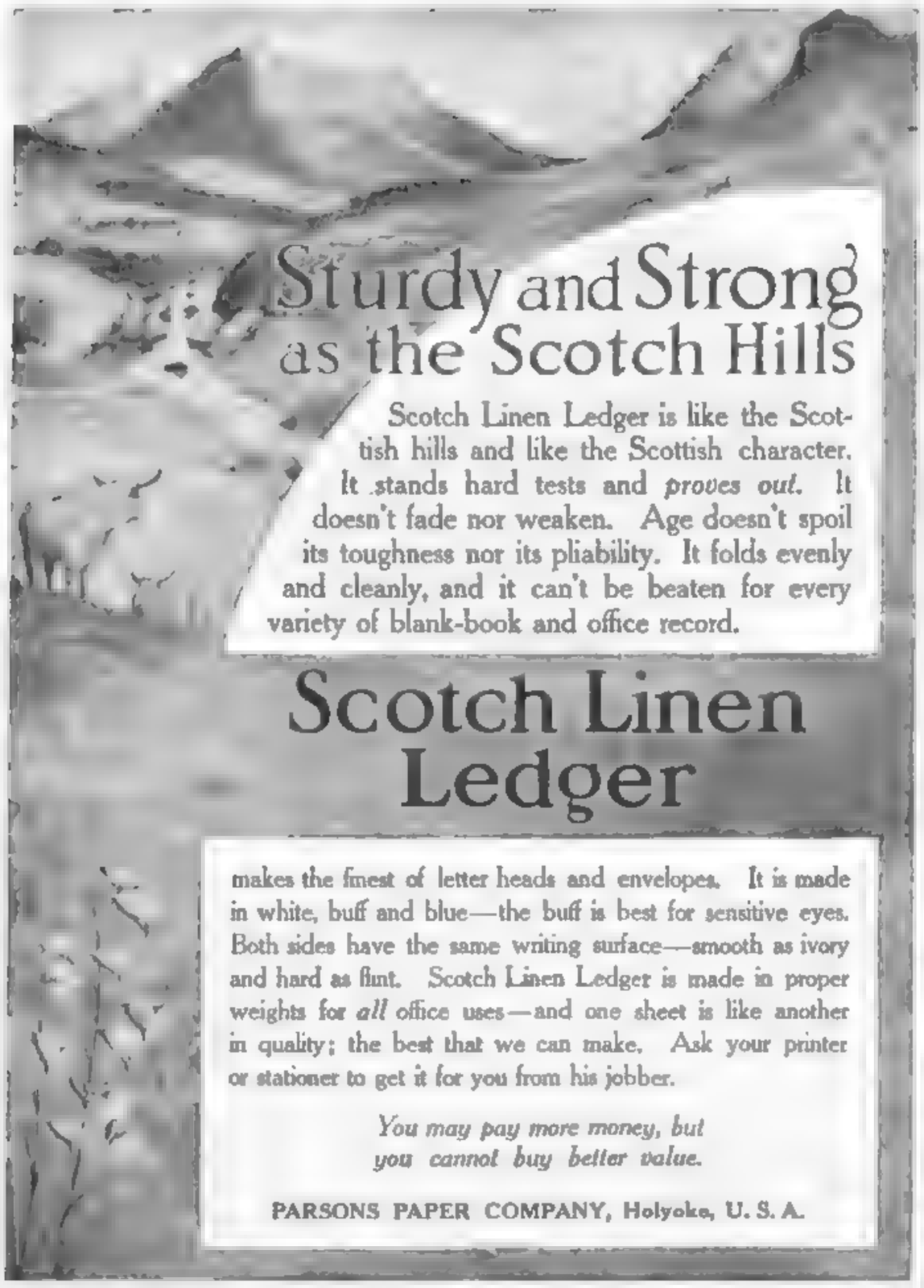

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THE LUCKY NUMBER

(Continued from Page 20)

surprised to see you here after what I told you. I won't say I'm pleasantly surprised either."

"Now, daddy!" remonstrated Mabel.

"My dear daughter," said Mr. Hoskins, pointing a formidable forefinger, "I'll trouble you to keep out of this. Go back and sit down. How about it, Bartlett? Didn't I tell you to keep away from here?"

"Until I had better prospects," admitted Johnny—"yes, sir. Well, I have."

"Would you consider me unduly inquisitive if I inquired what they are?" Mr. Hoskins asked after a pause.

"To tell the truth, I hardly feel that I can go into particulars at the present moment," Johnny answered. "I hope to be able to satisfy you in about two weeks though," he added confidently.

Mr. Hoskins pondered that for a moment. Then he got up.

"Well," he said, "I've always given you credit for being a square sort of a fellow, even if you weren't a hustler; and I suppose you've got some kind of a move on you. I'd suggest, though, that you don't come again until you're in a position to enlighten me. Good evening." He held out his hand and Johnny thought he detected a slight twinkle beyond the flash of his glasses.

"Good evening, sir," said Johnny, gripping the extended hand firmly. "I'll stay my visit out, now I'm here, and then I'll keep away for two weeks if it will make you feel easier." With which he retreated to the sofa and resumed his seat.

"Good evening, daddy," said Miss Mabel pointedly; and at that Mr. Hoskins snorted, but went away.

"Johnny," Mabel exclaimed enthusiastically when he had gone, "you're splendid! Were you bluffing, Johnny-boy?"

"N-no," replied Johnny. "I don't think I was bluffing."

In the library Mr. Hoskins was reporting to his wife.

"There's something happened to that young man," he said. "He's changed, and I think it's for the better; but he's got to show me. Now, my dear, you go in and sit with them to keep them from getting lonesome."

"I think that's mean," said Mrs. Hoskins. "I'll give them ten minutes anyway."

Before the two weeks had quite expired, something happened at the office. A rather important part of the machinery, named Corrigan, gave out quite suddenly. It had been turning and clicking along with the greatest regularity for about twenty years; then something went wrong with it and there was an instant fault in the mechanical rhythm—a stumbling, halting, intermittent jar that affected the whole organization. Johnny did not concern himself about it particularly until the second day. Then he expressed himself critically to a group of his fellows with regard to the temporary repairs—and was guyed.

"Why don't you jump in and take hold?" asked a man Johnny disliked. "They're chewing the rag over it in there now and they'd be glad of a little expert advice."

He jerked his thumb toward a partition of plate glass, through which the two active partners of the concern could be seen in anxious consultation. Johnny took fire. He was indifferent to consequences in any event. The Honduras drawing was only two days ahead.

"I guess I will," he said coolly. "It would be a kindness—wouldn't it?" He laid his pen down in the groove of the desk, slid off his stool and walked leisurely to the door of the partitioned office and knocked.

"Come in," called one of the partners rather impatiently, and Johnny went in.

"It's about Mr. Corrigan's place," said Johnny, unabashed by the annoyed stare of interrogation with which he was greeted. "I understand that you haven't positively settled on a man to fill it yet and I'd like to take it myself."

The junior partner smiled ironically. The senior partner frowned.

"I think I can handle it," Johnny proceeded calmly. "Otherwise, of course I wouldn't apply for it. I've been making a little study of our system for some time and I think I can see where several changes could be made to advantage. If you don't mind I'll outline them roughly now."

The junior partner exchanged looks with the senior, and the latter nodded and sighed,

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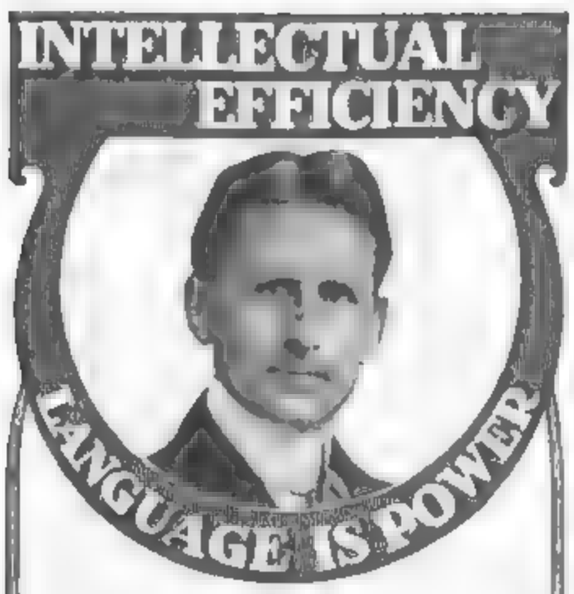

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whereupon Johnny drew to him a pad of paper and a pencil and began a demonstration of his plans. In a few moments the two members of the firm were hanging over his shoulder with undisguised interest. A rapid fire of questions followed, to which Johnny replied without hesitation. Then came more figures and more questions and objections. Finally the senior partner went back to his chair and tapped his teeth thoughtfully with a steel letter-opener.

"This would be quite a jump for you, Bartlett," he said suddenly.

"I haven't taken any exercise of that kind for a long time," Johnny replied, smiling. "I think it would do me good."

The junior partner lit a cigar with a non-committal air.

"Some of the things you propose have the germ of an idea in them," the senior partner resumed. "Others"—he frowned judicially—"are, I should say, quite impractical—wild. You see you are a young man. However, we'll think the matter over."

He nodded dismissal and Johnny went out, glancing at the clock as he passed. The interview had lasted an hour and ten minutes. He laughed a little bitterly to himself at the outcome of the comedy as he picked up his pen again.

"I've given them a few pointers, at least," he mused; and then: "I wonder if it would have made any difference if I had told them I might see my way to take ten thousand dollars' worth of their stock. Corrigan was a stockholder."

He almost regretted the omission; but in a few minutes he had put the affair from his mind and was going doggedly on with his work. That evening he shut himself up in his room and, with his memorandum books and a file of trade journals at his elbow, went over his demonstration of the morning step by step. When he had finished his eyes were bright with triumph, and he brought his fist down on the table with a bang that almost overturned his student lamp.

"I've got it, by Jupiter!" he cried. "Hang 'em! I'll make 'em see it!"

He was now, curiously enough, obsessed by this new idea of his to the exclusion of the Honduras Lottery. The lottery was a thing settled; but this reorganization—for in a certain sense and to a certain extent it meant reorganization—well, that was an important matter, vital, essential. Johnny was feverishly anxious to get that settled. If those lunkheads let a thing like that get by them he would get out of the concern and identify himself with a live enterprise—that was all.

So all next day he kept one eye on the plate-glass partition; but nothing that he saw relieved his anxiety, and the junior partner passed his desk several times without so much as a glance at him.

"I'll brace right up to them tomorrow," said Johnny to himself; and it was with this resolution and a sheaf of supplementary data that he arrived at the office on the fateful morning. He carried his books from the vault as usual, spread them on his desk, opened them and began mechanically the making out of statements. Presently the senior partner arrived and, a little later, the junior; and by degrees the customary hum of industry rose and swelled with the clattering of typewriters and low-voiced calling of entry clerks to its full multisonous volume. Johnny looked up at the clock. Nine!

Almost simultaneously the door opened and Scundling came in, red in the face, breathless, half an hour late. He glanced about him nervously as he hung up his hat; and as his eye met Johnny's he grinned expansively and nodded. Still the significance of it all was only beginning to dawn upon Johnny when Scundling approached him, the grin widening.

"We win!" he said.

Johnny's head began to whirl, but he was apparently quite composed.

"You mean that ——"

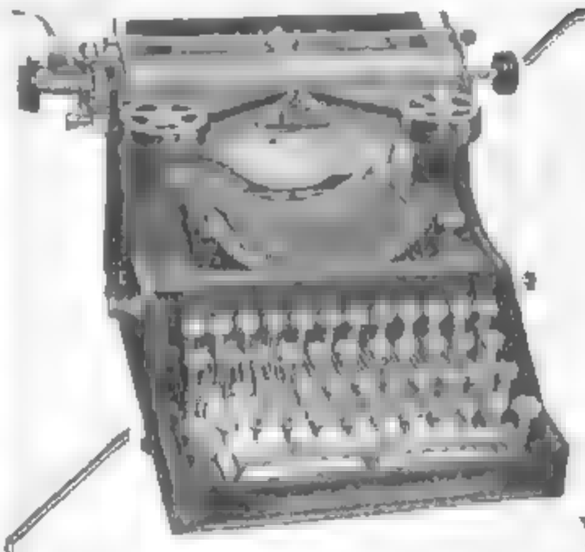
"Our ticket wins! Just left Tucker's joint. Nine-eight-one ——"

Johnny was suddenly aware of a plucking at his sleeve and, looking round, saw that an office boy was trying to attract his attention.

"Say, you're wanted in the front office," said the youth.

"Go ahead," said Scundling. "It'll keep till you come back."

Johnny went with the brisk step of a subordinate hastily summoned, but his head was still awhirl when he entered the partner's room, desperately as he tried to get hold of himself.



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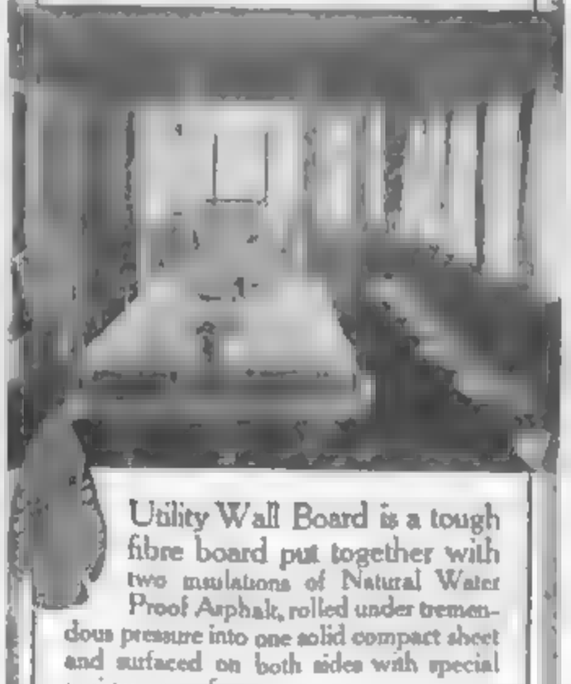

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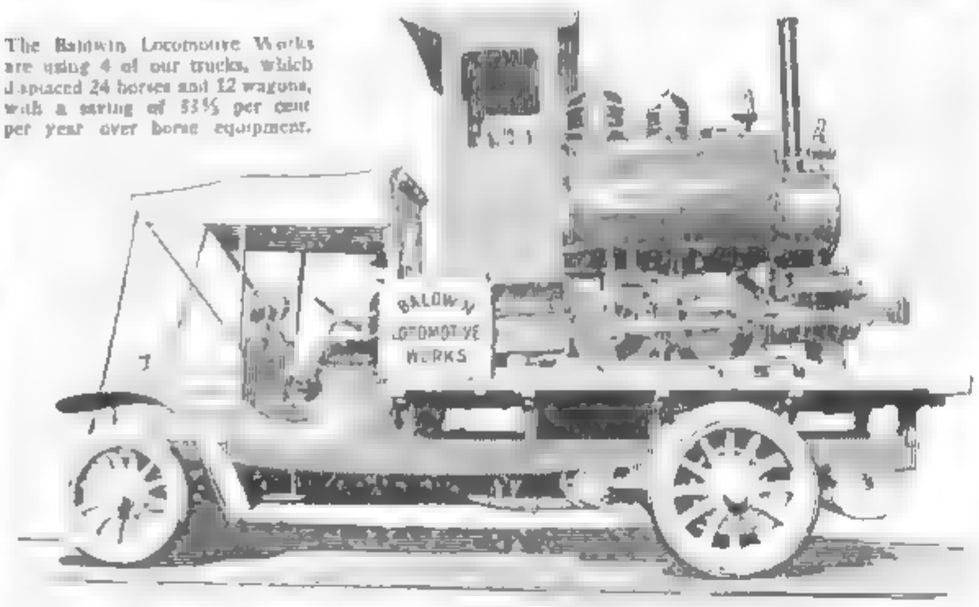
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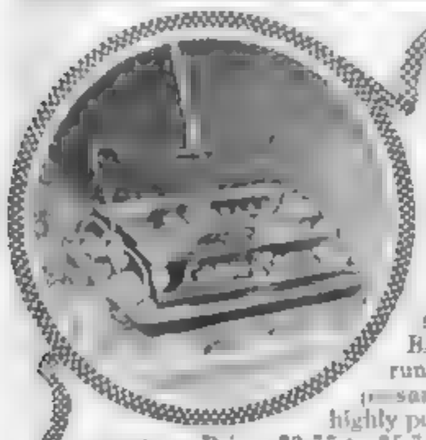

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To the boys who represent us we give Vouchers which they may exchange for anything they choose from our illustrated Book of Rebates. And among the articles offered are the foot ball "togs" you need. Just as soon as we hear from you, we will explain the Voucher Plan and send you a copy of the Book of Rebates. Thousands of wide-awake, out-of-doors boys like you are winning the prizes they want and are earning their spending money at the same time. Address

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"Bartlett," said the senior partner, "you'll take Mr. Corrigan's desk. We've decided to let you see what you can do with it."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny automatically. Then the fog in his brain suddenly cleared away. "I'll—I'll try to make good," he added.

"I feel sure that you will," said the senior partner; and the junior nodded—quite genially, for him.

"We're going to take up some of those ideas of yours also," the senior partner went on. "We've been looking into them and we think they'll work. You seem to know a good deal about the business, considering your position. Kept your eyes open—haven't you? Well, that's good. By-the-way, have you any money you would like to invest in the business?"

Johnny produced a small bankbook, and the senior partner adjusted his glasses and looked it over.

"Been saving that out of your salary?" asked the senior partner.

"Yes, sir."

"H'm!" said the senior, returning the book. "Think of getting married some day?" Johnny blushed. "Well, your salary will be two hundred a month to begin with. Young men have married and done well on less. Now take this batch of reports out with you and look 'em over and let me know what you think about 'em. That's all for the present."

Johnny went out treading on air and carried his reports to the Corrigan desk. He had barely seated himself when Scundling came up, still grinning.

"Great Scott!" gasped Johnny. "I forgot."

"Try to bear up!" said Scundling, patting him on the back as he laid a silver dollar on the desk. "The ticket draws down twenty-five plunks. My fifth nets me five and your fifth share of that is one. I congratulate you, old chappie; and I hope you will spend it wisely."

. . . . . .

It was the same dollar, glorified with enamel and gold, and bearing across its face the figures 9817254 that Johnny presented to the four-hour-old Mrs. John Bartlett. They were on the observation platform of a train speeding westward—observing each other.

"Oo-oooh!" cried the young woman. "How perfectly lovely! What is it, Johnny, dear?"

"It's our good-luck number," said Johnny.

"What does it mean?" she asked him curiously.

Johnny stopped to brush a few grains of rice from the platform with a folded newspaper and straightened up with his face reddened by the exertion.

"It's—it's—it's just a sort of reminder that a person's in luck if he's got anything more than luck to lean on," he answered emphatically.

"I see," said Mrs. Bartlett. "Well"—she made a readjustment of her position and sighed contentedly—"I seem to be in luck myself, Johnny-boy! Now tell me all about it."

The Precious Metal

CHARLEY VAN LOAN, the writer of baseball stories, knows a frugal German who runs a delicatessen store in the Flatbush district of Brooklyn, where Van Loan lives. One evening Van Loan dropped in to buy a Camembert cheese and found the proprietor absorbed in a deep study.

"What's ailing you?" inquired Van Loan.

"Vell," said the German, "I got a frient named Felix vot has sent me an invidation to his golden vedding, und now I haf got to send him a present. Und I hate it—gold is so exbensive!"

"Must it be something in gold?" asked Charley Van Loan.

"Sure!" said the German. "Ain't it a golden vedding?"

Van Loan went away, leaving the German still thinking hard. The next night, when he passed the store again, the delicatessen man was smiling broadly.

"I fixed it," he said; "und it didn't goat so much neither."

"Did you send him something that was gold?" asked Van Loan.

"Sure—for forty cents!"

"What could you get that was gold for forty cents?" inquired Van Loan.

"A glass globe, *mit zwei* goldfish in it!"

The most appreciated contribution you can make to the picnic basket is a box of JOHNSTON'S—"The Appreciated Candy."

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Knapp-Felt

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

KNAPP-FELT soft hats and derbies are fine examples of American skill and experience. The Knapp-Felt trademark represents the knowledge gained from more than fifty years' search for the best in methods and materials, and an honest effort to give to the man who wears the hat the same satisfaction that is felt by the organization which makes it. The fundamental policy of the C & K shop is the production of merchandise which will secure the increasing good will of the wearer by putting into each hat the maximum of style and quality at a price fairly representative of its intrinsic value.

THE prime recommendation of Knapp-Felt hats is in their noticeable elegance of style—a rare combination of exquisite taste in design, trained instinct in forecasting changes in fashion and the ability to embody these qualities in worthy merchandise. The Fall shades are based on the prevailing mode in suitings, assuring a proper harmony in the color scheme of a man's dress.

One who owns a Knapp-Felt hat may feel a pride in its possession which no foreign mark can give. The variety of smart models affords an opportunity for the selection of a shape which will be an expression of his individual taste.

THE flower of the C & K production is the Knapp-Felt De Luxe hat. It marks the extent of American ability to furnish the hat for discriminating men—those for whom the best is none too good. The Six Dollars which it costs is an investment that secures the utmost luxury in headwear. The Knapp-Felt grade at Four Dollars is the quality originally made in the C & K shop. It is the first American manufacture—among the first in point of time and the first in excellence. The C & K quality which sells for Three Dollars has the advantage of the methods which have made the finer grades famous.

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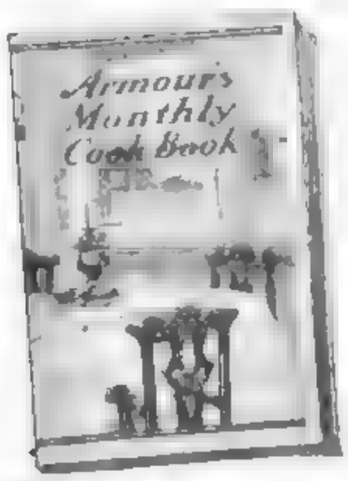

Told by Thousands of American Housewives in *Armour's* Monthly Cook Book

WE AWARD OVER $500.00 THIS MONTH IN CASH PRIZES

EACH MONTH A NEW CONTEST

¶ It is said that the greatest source of waste in the household is in the blunders of the inexperienced. Every housewife must begin at the beginning and stumble into a knowledge of housekeeping, unless she has been fortunate enough to have had a careful training. Knowing what other women, whose circumstances are very much like her own, have done and are doing, helps wonderfully to smooth the path. Armour's Monthly Cook Book, which is written for—and largely by—the readers themselves, tells in a simple, practical way what women are doing in every state of the Union to cut down the cost of living.

¶ In every home there are favorite recipes. Some are personal discoveries, some have been given by friends, and there are invariably some to which we lovingly allude as "Mother's way of doing." All are special ways of doing certain things—accomplishing certain results, and this wonderful amount of information has been lost to the public because of the want of a proper medium to convey it. Armour's Monthly Cook Book is a unique Woman's Exchange, where the housekeepers of America may give of their store of recipes, suggestions and helpful ideas for the benefit of each other. And for the best recipes we give cash prizes. Names of prize-winners and their recipes are published in the Cook Book.

¶ This month we give 49 prizes of $5.00 each—(one for each state, including District of Columbia) for the best recipe in which Simon Pure Leaf Lard is used; 49 prizes of $3.00 each for the best recipes using any one of the ***Veribest*** brand of Canned Meats; 49 prizes of $2.00 each for the best recipes using Armour's Extract of Beef; 49 prizes of $1.00 each for the best recipes using Armour's Star Ham or Bacon. Economy, Practicability and Originality are the points upon which the awards are made. Write, in ink, please, on one side of the paper only, and put your name and address on every page. Pin all the pages together and send to Mary Jane McClure, Dept. 185, Armour and Company, Chicago. **This contest closes on September 26th.**

¶ Send the recipes best liked at home—the ones you are using every day and are most familiar with. Often the simplest recipe is best because you have a "different" way of using it. Four prizes are given in each state. That means that you are competing only with the women of your own state.

ARMOUR'S "SIMON PURE" LEAF LARD. With all due respect to the march of progress, there are some things which our grandmothers used which we have not much improved upon. One is lard. They made it *mostly* of Leaf fat and rendered it in open kettles, so that all odors might escape. We do it in the same way, and we use *only* the finest quality of Leaf fat—and the result is Simon Pure Leaf Lard, the purest and best shortening on the market today. It will not absorb odors. You can use it over and over again. Your cakes will keep more moist, your piecrust will be more deliciously short, and your doughnuts and croquettes fried crisp without being fat-soaked, if you use Armour's Simon Pure Leaf Lard.

A HOME DELICATESSEN is provided for every woman who lays in a stock of Armour's Veribest Canned Meats. This includes meats in tins for every occasion—Beef, Chicken and Tongue for the more solid meals; Deviled and Loaf mixtures of Ham, Chicken, Veal and Beef for lighter dishes; Pork and Beans like the real home-made kind, and Mince-Meat, old-fashioned, delicious mince-meat, which instantly conjures up visions of cold weather and holiday time.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. To many people the gravy is often the "best part of the meat." The cheaper cuts of meat lack flavor, altho the nourishment is there and a rich, meaty sauce is supplied by using Armour's Extract of Beef. It is the kitchen magic which transforms soups and gravies, and restores to "left-over" dishes the flavor lost in the first cooking. It has a place on the pantry shelf of every good cook. Armour's Extract of Beef is made from choice cuts of beef and is prepared under perfect hygienic and scientific conditions. Its purity is absolute and its quality and flavor beyond question.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM. There are two things which make the Armour Star Ham and Bacon superior to anything else on the market today—their excellence of quality and delicacy of flavor. The hams are specially selected—only the best are chosen—and the Armour "mild" cure gives that sweet delicious flavor which lingers in the memory long after the meal has been eaten.

Your name and that of your dealer will bring you a sample copy of Armour's Monthly Cook Book; a recipe will place your name on the mailing list for three months, and you may win a generous cash prize.

The Skeptical Night-Watch

"I always like to see you work late," said the night-watchman, "for of all the men in this building you give me the best cigars. Mighty good, but too costly a smoke for me."

"But you smoke cigars," protested the Treasurer. "What kind?"

"Just nickel ones."

"So do I," said the Treasurer, but the doubting night-watch grinned knowingly as he banged the elevator doors.

He couldn't see how a cigar as good as my Panatela could be made and sold for 5 cents. That I can do so is because of my selling plan—selling direct to the smoker, by mail.

I make my Panatela along with 16 other cigars here in Philadelphia in the cleanest factory I know of. The filler is clear, long Havana—grown in Cuba—and the wrapper is genuine Sumatra—grown in Sumatra. The cigar is handmade by skilled adult men cigar makers. Yet I sell this acknowledged 10cent cigar of the trade for Five Dollars per hundred because, by selling direct to the smoker, I save selling expense.

My plan is simply this unconditional offer:

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars and enclose business card or give reference.

If you prefer some other shape to the panatela, I shall gladly send you a catalog showing all my cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
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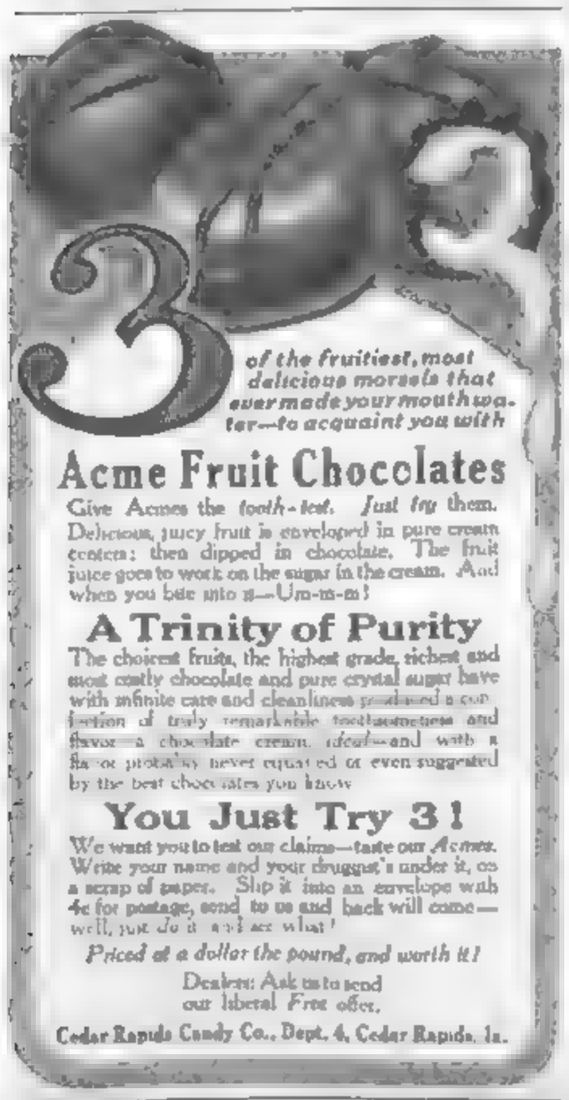

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You Just Try 3!

We want you to test our claims—taste our *Acmes*. Write your name and your druggist's under it, on a scrap of paper. Slip it into an envelope with 4c for postage, send to us and back will come—well, just *do* it and see what!

Priced at a dollar the pound, and worth it!

Dealers: Ask us to send our liberal *Free* offer.

Cedar Rapids Candy Co., Dept. 4, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

SALESMEN WANTED

AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio

POLITICS IN THE WIDE SPACES

(Concluded from Page 9)

The task of defeating Senator Warren and doing politically what the Senator does not want in this sparsely populated country has elements of magnitude about it that make it seem the Senator will have his way, both as to his reelection and as to the casting of the electoral votes as he desires. They may beat him, but it is highly improbable that they will. And they may get Wyoming's electorate for Roosevelt, but that is highly improbable too.

It must not be understood that proportionately there are not so many Progressives in Wyoming as elsewhere, for there are. But the sheep men and the cattle men and the bankers and business men are likely to stand by Taft, and that makes Taft's grasp on Wyoming's three votes reasonably certain.

Summing up the intermountain-state situation, Utah and Wyoming lean toward Taft, Idaho shows strongest for Roosevelt at this time, Nevada is uncertain, and Montana looks best for Wilson, although the Taft people and the forces they have to aid them may carry it for Taft. There is not so much expressed determination in this section among regular Republicans to vote for Wilson in order to kill off Roosevelt politically, and especially in Utah and Montana there are more Democrats who say they intend to vote for Taft than there are on the Pacific Coast. The women voters in Idaho are strongest for Roosevelt, and the Utah women will vote in accordance with their most direct personal influences.

Many of the experienced politicians in the states say they look for a subsidence of the Roosevelt movement. They do not know why; they just look for it. Whether that movement subsides or not, the whole intermountain country is vastly excited over politics. It is the topic of conversation in centers of population and on ranches. You can get an argument in a minute anywhere you go, and get an opinion that will have the merit of extreme explicitness from any person you tackle. As is the case elsewhere, there are a good many politicians in the movement who think there may be in it some individual, personal advantage, in a political way, for themselves, who want to run for office and cannot run in either of the older parties. But there are also a great many men who want no office and do want the reforms they say Roosevelt can bring about. This whole country doesn't know exactly what it does want, but it knows it wants something, and there will be some results out there in November that will astonish those people who are conventional in their political views and unaware of what is going on beneath the surface.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

His Claim on Fame

THERE is a copy reader on a New York newspaper who has one hold upon fame. Years ago he was the Sunday editor of a San Francisco newspaper. One night a modest-looking young man, who wore spectacles and shabby clothes and had an English accent, walked in and tried to sell him, at space rates, a story of Indian life, which he said he had written some time before for an Indian newspaper, but which had never been published in America. The Sunday editor took the story and read it, and then refused it on the ground that it was not interesting enough to entertain an American public.

The name of the young Englishman was Rudyard Kipling, and the story he tried to sell was one called The Man Who Would be King.

Applause From the Heart

ARCHIE GUNN, the poster artist—who was born in England—took Will Kirk, the humorist—who was born in Michigan—across the bay from New York to Staten Island, to see a game of cricket.

It was Kirk's first cricket game and he earnestly desired to root for one side or the other; but, to his surprise, he observed that no rooting was being done. The spectators, nearly all Englishmen, sat in

The WALTHAM Riverside

The Waltham Riverside—*named* for the picturesque location of the great Waltham Plant on the banks of the beautiful Charles River—*renowned* for its absolute reliability in every civilized country—*preferred* for its happy combination of exquisite beauty and unfailing accuracy.

The Waltham Riverside is made in various sizes for ladies and gentlemen. It comes in 17 and 19 jewel grades and is carefully timed and adjusted. Priced at $40 and up, according to grade of movement and quality of case. We have prepared an interesting historical booklet on Riverside movements, which you should read before buying a watch.

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"It's Time You Owned a Waltham Riverside."

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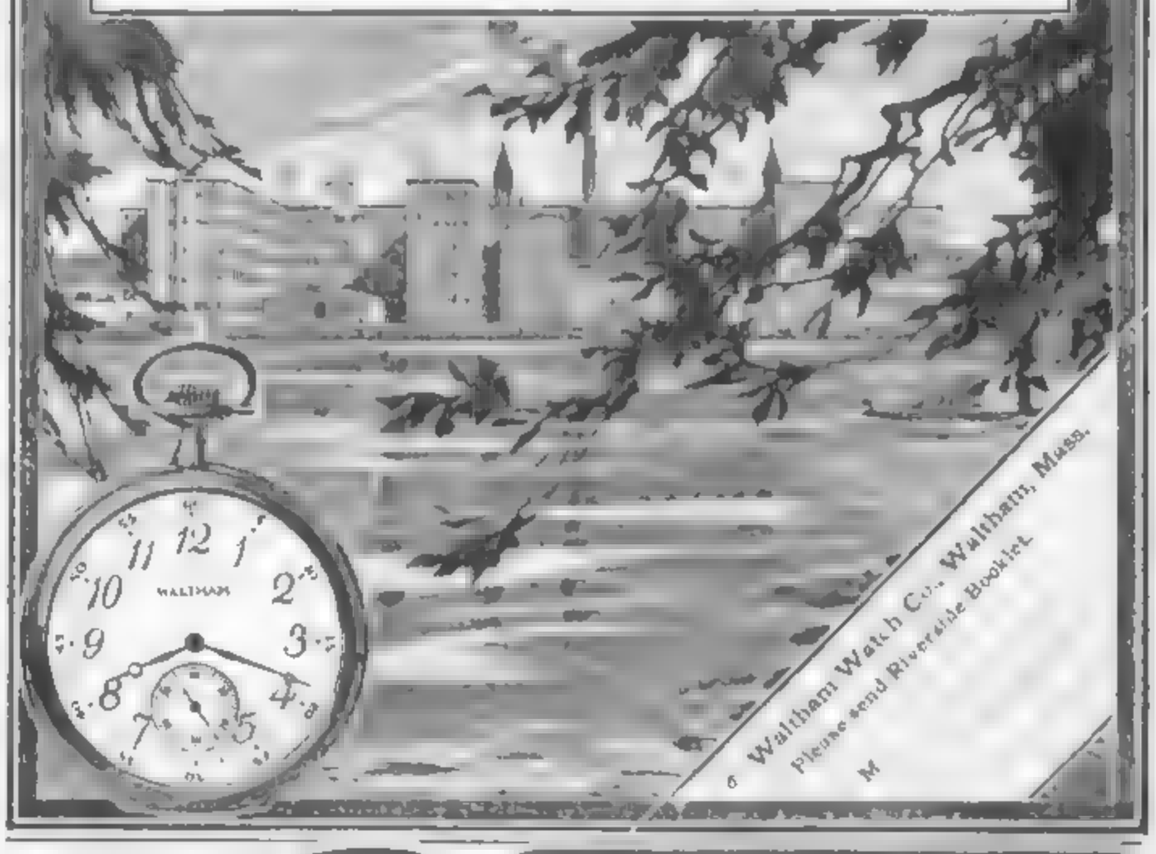

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Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
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Never sleep on a sagging spring—it's uncomfortable and unhealthful.

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is secured when the body is supported gently at every point—in a natural, healthful position. Foster IDEAL Springs are specially made to do exactly that. No sagging or rolling to the center, even with people of unequal weight. Refreshed and eager is how you wake up.

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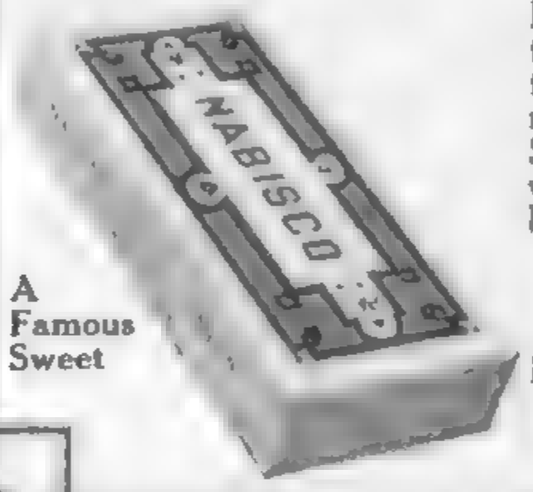
Cinderella and the Prince

"And great was the joy of the Prince at beholding her again."

It requires no great imagery to fancy Nabisco a dainty from out the realms of fairyland.

Yet the exquisite delicacy, the honied sweetness, the fragile tenderness of Nabisco Sugar Wafers are real—enjoyed by all.

Famous Sweethearts



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In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

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decorous silence for the most part, and were only occasionally moved to speech and mild hand-clappings.

A player grabbed a ball out of space.

"Well caught, old chap!" sung out a person on Kirk's right.

Another man made a vain clutch at the hurtling ball.

"Well tried, old chap!" chanted the man on Kirk's immediate left.

Then a fielder, making a hard run for the ball, tripped and fell sprawling on his face; and the ball, descending from above, hit him in the head with a hollow, ringing sound. This was Kirk's chance at last. Up he rose.

"Well fell, old chap! Well fell, by gum!" he whooped.

Free at Last

IT IS the custom among some of the New York theatrical managers occasionally to entertain the members of the local ball teams at their theaters. A young recruit from the high grass joined the Giants one day, and that night went with his new teammates to a play as guests of the management.

The piece did not appeal to the men, though, and they failed to applaud with any degree of heartiness. After the curtain fell John McGraw, their manager, scolded them for this lack of warmth.

"Here you fellows come in here free and have the best seats the house affords, and then you sit stock-still like a row of dummies!" he said. "I hope this doesn't happen again."

The very next afternoon one of the veterans hailed the youngster at practice on the Polo Grounds.

"Well, kid," he said, "more big doin's tonight! Mac's going to take us to Bill Brady's theater."

"What's the show?" asked the green hand.

"The show," said the veteran, "is Bought and Paid For."

"Thank the Lord for that!" said the youngster fervently. "If it's rotten we won't have to applaud."

Perfect Titles

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, the New York Mail's paragrapher, has a fad. He collects appropriate names. He thought he had reached the ultimate limit when he heard that Constant Agoney was a wood-chopper in Clinton County, New York, who suffered from chronic rheumatism and had fourteen children; and that Judge Rainey Wells, living near Coldwater, Galloway County, Kentucky, was a leader of the Prohibition forces in the blue-grass state.

But now he knows better, for some kind friend sent him the printed advertisement of a tourist hotel in Switzerland. The name of the chief guide was Hugo Furst. The name of the proprietor was Constant Sauss.

And the very next day he discovered that the firm of O'Neal & Pray sold prayer books in a New England city.

The Regular Rebate

CORSE PAYTON, the Brooklyn actor-manager, was sitting in a New York café one evening with a party of actor friends, talking—as is his usual custom—in a somewhat loud and oracular tone of voice.

From a table near by came a very young but very self-important-looking college youth who gravely handed Payton a dollar bill.

"What's this for?" asked Payton.

"My admission," said the youth. "I always pay to hear an actor perform."

"Thank you," said Payton gravely. Then he tore the bill in two, keeping one piece and handing the other piece back to the gleeful undergraduate. "Children half price!" he said.

Real Terseness

IN THE editorial room of a Louisville newspaper there hangs, in a small frame, a model of brevity in handling local news items. It is a clipping, now yellow with age, which was taken from a small country weekly printed near the Kentucky-Tennessee border in the troubled early seventies—not so very long after the Civil War. It reads as follows:

"The boys west of town lynched a nigger last night. We didn't hear what he done!"

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

PURITY, the key note of Crystal Domino Sugar, is proclaimed in its glistening whiteness and the clear sparkle of every crystal.

Only the best of the sugar crop is used and the refining and crystallizing are done under modern conditions of scrupulous cleanliness that insure its purity and wholesomeness.

The dainty, easy-breaking shape is the last touch of perfection.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.

Read the story of its manufacture

Full and half-size pieces

Does Your Engine Overheat —Your Radiator Boil?

Remove the cause of all this trouble—remove the rust and scale from your radiator and water cooling system—make your engine "pull" *like new* with

Apex Radiator Cleanser

Investigate at once this new scientific compound endorsed by auto manufacturers, garages and dealers. Find out how economically you can (first) *remove* and (thereafter) *prevent* rust and scale from clogging and eventually ruining radiator and water system. Get

Increased Engine Efficiency

and *keep your water system clean and bright as new* with Apex Cleanser. Remember Apex makes a *perfect* ANTI-FREEZE Solution at minimum cost.

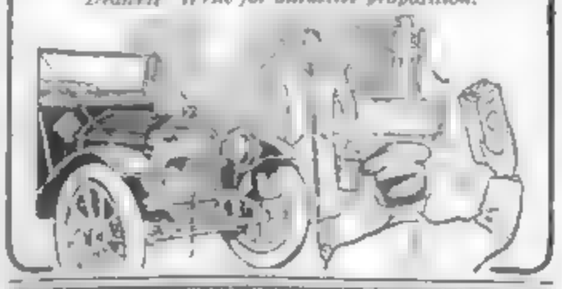
Ask your dealer for Apex Cleanser. If he can't supply you, send us your name and his name and address for a full sized can on trial prepaid. After 30 days, send us $3.00 if you are satisfied. If not, *write* us so and return what's left—we'll charge you nothing.

Full Size Can Sent Prepaid For Trial

Descriptive folder mailed *free on request.*

U. S. COMPOUND CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dealers! Write for attractive proposition.



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10 CENTS PER ROLL

ALL SIZES

VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES 3c;

3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 5a, 5c

COLE & CO., Albany Park, N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted to sell the Duntley Pneumatic Sweepers. Only machine made combining Suction Nozzle and Sweeper Brush in one frame. Made in 5 sizes. Prices from $3.75 to $11.75. Sales easy. Discount liberal.

DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPERS CO., 415 Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The 1913 Motor Car Achievement

The car of new comfort - electric started and lighted - widest possible range of throttle control - the car of pronounced distinction

YOUR motoring pleasure will be strictly limited by the comfort quality of your car.

It's the enjoyment you get from riding, rather than merely getting over the roads, which is the real element of car satisfaction.

Let your search be for the *comfort* car—and so, on the KisselKar's claim of comfort supremacy, *ride* in a KisselKar before you make your choice.

You will experience a rare riding ease which is individual to the KisselKar.

Side-sway on all but the roughest roads has been eliminated. Every tendency for the occupants to brace or hold themselves in a tense position is made unnecessary.

Extra liberal wheelbase makes possible the unusually commodious tonneaus, and generously deep seats in which you can find the comfort of full relaxation. The liberal wheelbase bridges the inequalities of the road, gives a special steadiness of motion and secures the "balance" which makes the KisselKar exceptionally responsive to the steering wheel, and light-footed in picking the road.

Springs, specially constructed according to the weight of *each* model—big wheels—big tires—shock absorbers—and eleven inches of seat upholstery absorb all road vibration. Engine vibration, even when the engine is running idle, is hardly discernible.

The easeful riding of the KisselKar surpasses every previous idea of comfort, and the *proof* is in the riding. No car is more silent—no car more distinguished in appearance—no car has greater roadworthiness.

Widest possible range of throttle control eliminates gear-shifting from all ordinary driving. The flexibility of the KisselKar engine permits you to drive on "high" (fourth geared-up speed) as fast or slow as you want to go—taking hills at easy speed, without rushing them.

The KisselKar electric starting and lighting system in itself is a notable motor car achievement. It is completely automatic. It brings no extra strains on the motor. It is positive and unfailing in action. Shift a small foot lever and automatically the spark is retarded beyond possibility of back fire—the carburetor releases a rich mixture—the electric motor turns over the engine—spins it, and then, when engine is running under its own power, the dynamo charges the storage batteries for future starting and lighting. The KisselKar system is refined to the last degree of mechanical perfection—the electric lights are more than twice as powerful as ordinarily used on motor cars.

KisselKar Service
KisselKar Service takes the mechanical side of motoring off your hands. This service is supplied by a national service organization established by the manufacturers. Specially constructed buildings at principal points in America are maintained as service centers, cooperating with sales agencies in supplying KisselKar owners with the complete service that retards depreciation, lowers running cost, and insures fullest motoring pleasure.
KisselKar Service Stations and Agencies
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ST. LOUIS, DALLAS, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, El Paso, San Antonio, New Orleans, Baltimore, Omaha, Butte, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Hartford, Conn., New Haven, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, and 200 other principal points throughout America.

KISSELKAR

"Thirty" $1700 "Forty" $2000 "Fifty" $2500 60 H. P. "Six" $3150

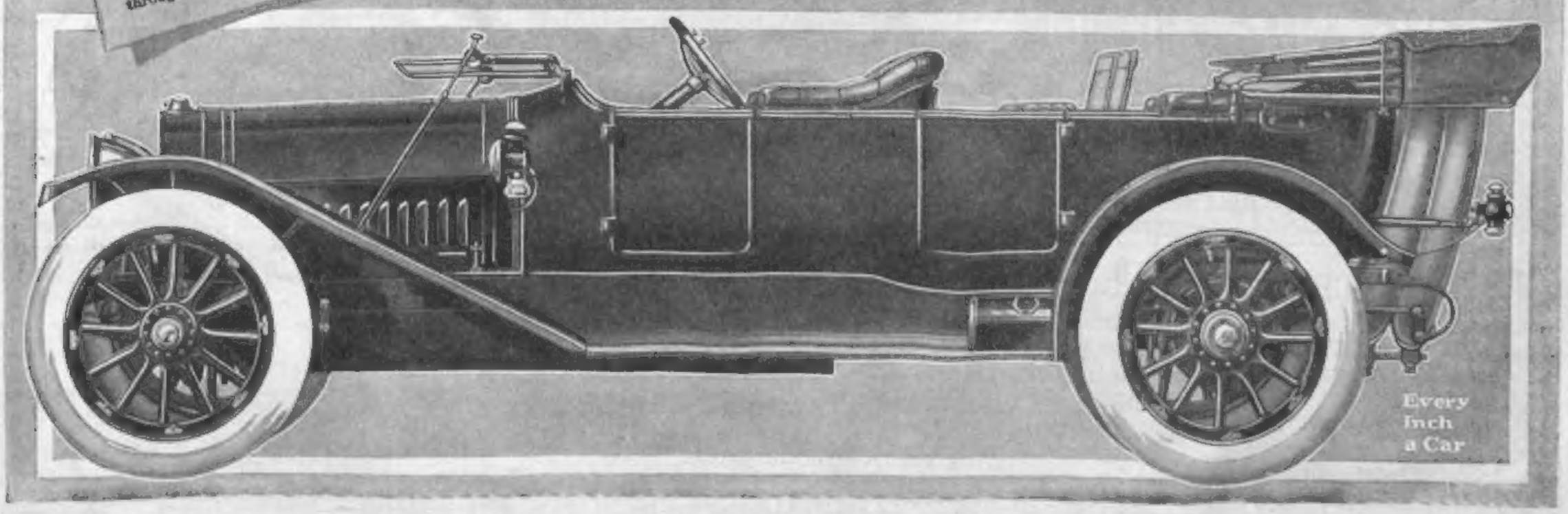
No automobile manufacturing concern in America is better equipped than the Kissel Motor Car Co. to put the fullest value in a car of medium price.

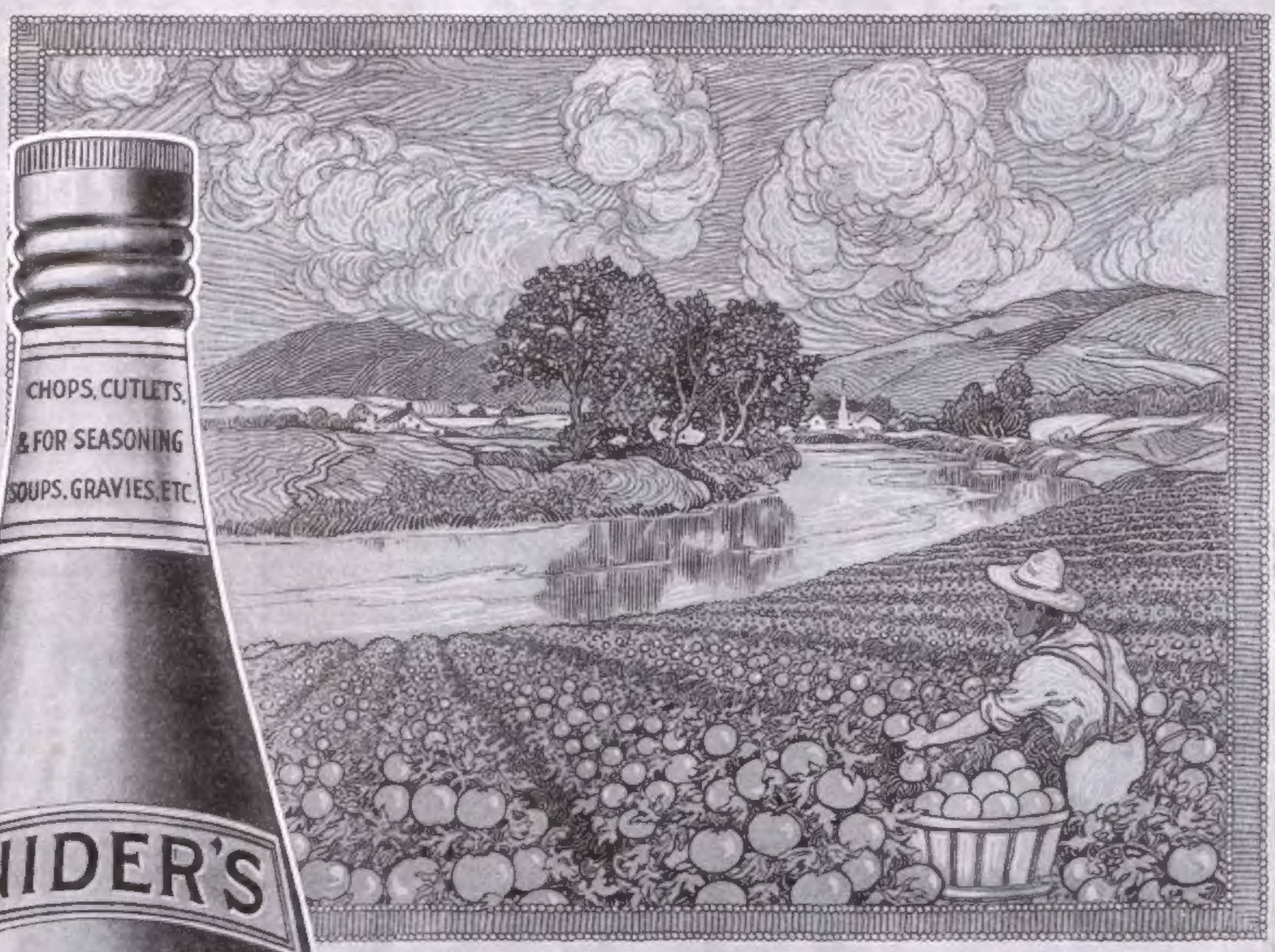
Every part of the KisselKar is built in the KisselKar factories. The KisselKar carries no burdens. No charges enter into the price beyond the actual cost of production. The car is built under the active supervision of the owners of the company, who have the greatest interest in maintaining the prestige of the KisselKar.

The 1913 KisselKar Catalog illustrates the entire KisselKar line and describes KisselKar construction. It is a valuable aid in judging automobile values.

The KisselKar commercial line includes 1500 lb., 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 Ton Trucks, Delivery Wagons, Fire Department Apparatus, Ambulances, Omnibuses, etc. Write for Truck Catalog.

Kissel Motor Car Co., 400 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.





LEADING hotels, clubs, restaurants and cafés consider Snider's Catsup the best foundation for making their own oyster cocktail sauce. This is a very high testimonial in favor of Snider's as the perfect seasoning.

TRY THIS: Two tablespoonfuls of Snider's Tomato Catsup and one teaspoonful of finely grated horseradish as the cocktail sauce for each serving of raw oysters.

FRIED OYSTER RECIPE

1 pint large oysters
½ cup flour
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt

Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs. Fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

Mrs. Clara L. Street.

THE OLDSMOBILE is the car of long lineage—and pride of ancestry is not a thing so common to the automobile industry. Fifteen years (and the Oldsmobile now enters its fifteenth) writes the complete history of the automobile. Throughout that period the growth of the Oldsmobile has been continuous and consistent.

The powerful, popular Oldsmobile of today compares to the original old, familiar, curved-dash runabout as does the oak to the acorn. The growth has been that of the oak, only quicker.

The picture shows the Oldsmobile model known as "The Defender"—the smaller car of the line. Built with bodies for two, four and five passengers and selling, completely equipped, for $3,000.

Catalog showing complete line of Oldsmobile models, including "Autocrat" and "Limited," on request.

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Dealers from Coast to Coast

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